Afternoon lights my way through a cemetery,

On a clear spring evening.

Around a sharp corner something catches my surveying eye,

It appears to be a stump that was recently sliced,

That cannot be more than two or three days touched.

The air is thick this afternoon,

But is sliced by a sudden aroma that sparks recognition.

It is a simple scent from my childhood…

The redolence of raw mahogany.

I peer down at the residual reminents,

That of a previously prosperous tree and question its prelude.

I attempt to count the rings around and around the center,

but I apprehend that I will not get my answer.

My mind is pacing with questions to ask this pedestal.

The remains in the luscious grass requests, “How deep are its roots?”

The ancestry on stones all around inquires, “Where did it arrive from?”

The porcelain babe ponders, “Did children climb its branches?”

The fallen husband and wife wonder, “Did lovers carve their names?”

I think, “Has it been here to see all of these heads burried?”

I’d like to ask them the same question…

Though, I cannot take myself from this trance of mahogany.

Afternoon lights my way through a cemetery,

On a now not-so-clear spring evening,

But it is the mahogany that makes me lose my way.