

CATHEDRAL

forest

columns of cut stone
that live out of gravity's realm,
perfect balance is their nature.

they grace my eyes
with a tapestry of arches
for unity
completeness.

but i know the illusion;
never-ending they

curve up out
boughs of stars,
arches in space,
weaving with the infinite sweep
of leaf edges.

leaves float
at their chosen height
musing,
tiny sporadic mirrors
of the light of fusing
of the lines
of their own tall cathedral.

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