

At the doctors for the sniffles.
Outside stands a strong tree,
Only about eight feet tall and rail thin.
Slight obtuse angles,
organic deep brown elbows of the limbs
small speckled defects corroding the climb
to the canopy holding up, offering
Its confident, vibrant, Red berries
Emitting a sharp glow against the bland, white reflective snow.
There, protruding the landscape,
Defying nature, defying the season,
Defying my eye's expectation,
It beams a wench through my eyes,
Cups my heart, and slowly click-clacks my spirit a few links upward.
A pencil-thin, bright, shining, Red berry-tree I am.

Zachary Wheeler