

Arboreal Advisor

Our sandaled running feet stopped at the foot of a pine rising sticky and sweet

My brother's cheek peach round against the cracked puzzlework of bark

as he tilted his head back to see where the tree's paint brush tip

tickled the blue of Big Sky Country.

His blonde mop, cut square around his face like a jolly old Quaker, swung back

as he grasped the first branch

and pulled himself against the scratchy stalwart arboreal sentinel.

From his easy squat on the roundness of the second big bough he beckoned me.

Bouncing with the bottom woody arm, my stomach skittered a long moment.

My path to the place where my back was solid against the tree is unremembered,

the same way we find ourselves somehow in middle age.

But we knew with certainty that these branches would hold platform perches,

no,

a tree house!

perfect because we met that tree in the midst of a 20-acre wood

and we nailed slivery boards

solid as our future dreams against

the sky.

Karí Tai July 2020