

## Crooked

by jules *Sunday, Apr 28 2019, 7:37pm*

international / poetry / post

the screaming wind gnarls trees  
clinging twisted/contorted on the cliff since sprouting,  
green leaves snap and slap each other,  
on gnarled branches -- victims of the wind

a man crazed by the constant roaring, hissing, whistling  
balances on the edge  
defying the wind and death  
gambling a maverick gust doesn't  
push him over

raising his arms like the gnarled branches  
he pushes against its force  
twisting his body on the edge

he looks back at his temporary lover  
who is wondering why she bothered  
but wind-blown minds do as the trees  
though not secure in their grounding --

they fight against inevitability, insanity, loss

in day and night trees and leaves  
continue screaming for the  
misshapen people in the village  
where crooked minds and spines  
lure them constantly  
to the windy cliffs  
high above the sea

in the salty tidal pools below spiked red sea urchins  
walk on needles feeding on the dead