

Jacob Shuler

An Earthly Eon

The mountain remains silent
Withstanding the harsh breeze
Yet life continues to be defiant
With the howling skeletal trees
Like the hardness of their bark
The ground does not care to yield
Making the mountain ever so dark
Even with the white covered field
Which show the animal's tracks
A search constantly renewed
For what the mountain now lacks
Is the hope of finding food
On this snow covered hill
Blessed by the wind's chill

Red, green, orange, and brown
The leaves shake free when they sway
As they all softly float down
Falling to become a stray
Massing into a large pile
Crowding the forest's trough
Where they will stay for awhile
Until the wind carries them off
Swirling around a flying crow
Repeating a chant of its signature caw
As if it's trying to drown its woe
Leaving the entire forest in awe
As it swims through the trees
With a certain elegance and ease

Bees buzzing around their hive
With the news of fresh flowers
Speaking in their unique jive
About previous day's showers
Which watered the thirsty mud
Loosening the harden ground
Allowing the growth of new buds
Painting a future rainbow all around
But first the snow must recede
For birds build their nests
From the grass of Burma reed
In hopes of avoiding pests
Who now scour the fresh field
Keeping their presence concealed

The waves wash upon the shore
Bring a refreshing mystique
Guiding the fireflies as they explore
In search of what they seek
As Sol's blessing begins to set
And Luna brings about night
In their timeless celestial duet
The daydreamers take flight
For their part of the show
On the stage of this paradise
Underneath the starry glow
Is its own unique spice
That is guaranteed to appease
When mixing with the sea breeze

