

MOSS

It hides under leaves with malicious intent, like a soft bed I want to lie on,
scattered
with a patchwork quilt of warm autumn leaves.

The restful green contours of covered rocks
beckon with the appeal of comfort
like soft pouffes.

It creeps up trees and hides in old scars
which peep out at me
with an old man's beard.

Branches are covered with insidious growth,
thin, gloved fingers reaching down
like a witches' claws.

It hides in rocks, nooks and crannies
unheeded and unseen, then, needing the light it develops strength, grows
outwards.

It pads the night like a cell
for the insane, which does not protect.
Delicate, fibrous roots are torn out
leaving bare stones, and we are satisfied.

Bev