

Observation

Cam Coleman • 5.28.19

Oh,

the trees.

They begin to

create a form of

literature as their own

form of language speaks

and spreads with a variety

of tones and chosen words simply

with their choice of color. Their words

will fall, beginning their implementation

into the world in order to create their own

form of poetry, their own form of colorful writing.

The mountains speak as wind slices the muted sierra

and forms Lady Earth's own Venus de Milo while muted

rocks gain their ability to speak, to scream, to shout, to run

on their negative slope down onto the plane of green homes

of the wild that created a biome of history and old, ancient script.

The beauty of the world, the concepts of Mother Earth, the sphere

that provided lives of beings that created their own history with their

own expression of literature, their own derivation of history, their own

depiction and description of their lives on the only known Goldilocks Planet.

All cherished, admired, depicted, honored through the infinite, admirable power

of a camera lens.