

Young Turks

TMIII, 3-9-2014

Strolling the old log road
toward the south wood's cornerstone
Young Turks abound alluringly with
divergent names and muscle tones.
Filtered sun their daily dream
a warm wind for their body
fighting friends and family
for sun sheen on their face.
Silver body beeches bully
all their playground friends
survival of the fittest
a crescendo through life's lens.
The woodsman knows whose time
has grown to an end,
Young Turks watch above them
and pray for safety from the heavens.

