Seasonal [1]

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Poetry by Khalil Elayan

Seasonal

The pines gather densely like old monks,
tall and gaunt,
wearing evergreen cloaks.

Their brittle fingers pick at each other.

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This is the only language they speak.

Other trees gather, willy-nilly,
naked, unlike the brethren
hooded in shadows.

A paved snake winds its way
through the crowd of bark and needle,
tempting winter monasticism to fail.

Air is light and quick
as my vehicle plows its weak resistance.

I want to stop and break a dead branch
—or two
from a poor monk’s trunk

But this silly play
hinders not my snake bend,
nor the speed at which I take it.

I plow on.

Wood smoke is pervasive
and copies my paved serpent,
creating barriers among brothers.

Smoke, balsam, and memory
perfume the horizon…
whetting my appetite for leisure

and regret.

In pursuit of a holiday,
I have found solitude—

and Satori.

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Khalil Elayan is a senior lecturer of English at Kennesaw State University, teaching mostly world and African American literature. His other interests include completing his book on heroes and spending time in nature on his farm in northern Georgia. Elayan's poems have been published in *A Gathering of the Tribes*

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magazine, *Dime Show Review*, *About Place Journal*, and *The Esthetic Apostle*. Elayan has also published creative nonfiction, with his most recent essay appearing in *Talking Writing*.

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