

Ghost Gum

by like_queen

Drabble/Poem in praise of a Ghost Gum. First effort.

Ghost Gum

Chapter 1 of 1

Drabble/Poem in praise of a Ghost Gum. First effort.

Note: in my defence can I say I was young(ish) when I wrote this, but I wanted to post it anyway. It really was the first thing I ever wrote.

The sweeping body of the Ghost Gum is entrancing;

a prima ballerina perpetually dancing Swan Lake.

Tchaikovsky would be proud.

Her arms are held aloft, communing with the sun

during the never ending pirouette.

She reaches out in a tireless stretch, the pose held forever.

Her roots extend far beyond her reach and cling to the soft earth beneath her.

Her majestic trunk is sinewy, pale and lean, with only the slightest skin-folds indicating her great age.

The adolescent wind impudently attempts to tear the leaves from her, but with a defiant toss of her head she resists, standing firm.