Tree House

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College of DuPage

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Tree House

My tree house
Is breaking down
After two decades.
Weathered planks submit to
Nature’s insistence.

Before I started to
Build my house,
The planks were
Covered in
A fine charcoal dust:
A thin layer of self-destruction
Recovered from a
Trainload of lumber that
Caught fire and burned.

Unwanted and under-valued,
The planks were
Prized by me:
One decade old,
Unwanted and under-valued,
Prized by no-one, and
Covered in
A thin layer of self-destruction.
Consumed in my parents’
Inferno marriage.

From the wreckage, I
Built my house in
A giant willow tree
By a stream
Protected from the sun
Bowing to the wind
And to no-one else.