

A Distant Berry
by Scott Wenske

in the realm, Dawn hungers
she nears collapse, then spies a huge tree
its branches scrape clouds, a berry touches the sun

good for food

Dawn's eyes brighten, craving for the meal
the great tree looks grim, uninviting as Mirkwood
but starving is far worse, and she rushes for the tree's black bark

latches on tight

up the trunk she goes, scampering just like a squirrel
gray sap seeps from the wood, and spider webs lace the foliage
branch after branch she conquers, the berry coming no closer to Dawn's reach

so far away

. . . such a distant berry . . .

now the limbs grow so apart, a giant can hardly traverse the wide width
but the berry beckons, and Dawn has already come so far
thus she leaps forward, as gallant as Goliath

so far away

Dawn flies twenty meters, yet sadly the gap spans twenty-one
now plummeting down, an Icarus incarnate
but unlike him, a branch rescues her

latches on tight

thoroughly shaken, she climbs the tree no further
her stomach cries, but as Dawn descends
there it is, a berry

good for food