

THE CYPRESS

-Ken Haas

Yet another crazed storm system threatens the highway system.
My love worries the native conifer, whose root system has already
wrecked her patio, will fling its brooding skeletal system through
her salt-worn roof, smash her sound system, though she's certain
the fierce lemon of its crushed leaves tones her immune system.
The arborist has offered a permit to bring its hulking spirit down,
but she feels deeply part of the ecosystem, prefers sleepless nights
spent questioning the solar system through dense, evergreen sprays.
Her belief system dreads an empty yard, dreams a reproductive
system of quilted cones and gritty seeds evolved in an ice age.
She is an open system and I am a closed one, so again I listen hard
to the war between her value system and her nervous system,
because my operating system insists that I come to understand
what exactly in this system of systems she needs more than me.