Root Words
By Forester McClatchey

They say that trees can feel it when you walk.
Their fungal nerves are shuddering as your foot
thumps earth. They ponder you. A threat? They talk
about you, gurgling sugar through their roots,
uttering sugar-language, a grammar thick
as honey, in which every word is a root word,
and takes a week to say. A sentence trickles
over months. Conversations ooze in slurred
centuries. Long after you are dead,
they're still debating you. They recall
the pattern of your feet, the seedlings snapped
by your passage, what little difference you made.
Your name goes dark in human circles first.
It's held by trees a while. And then dispersed.