

The Oaks Stand Old

March 25, 2013

The oaks stand old as the hills they hold
and the waters fold the grassy frame
to wrinkled plain. As sculpture cold
the oaks stand. Old as the hills they hold
great elders gray-clad, legends told,
their laud their wolds wake; full aflame
the oaks stand old as the hills they hold,
and the waters fold the grassy frame.