

## Instagram

A new generation of trees pulled down by the weight  
of an invasive species which sprouts from the soil  
like Devilish fingers and grips the saplings' necks,  
engaging in an elaborate bout of tree-bending,  
gradually warping their forms until the wood  
is a low-hanging canopy turned away from the Sun  
or a field of sickles turned astride  
reaping their sisters' barren bodies  
until the impotent orchard waxes dark:  
the trees feeding on their own sap to survive,  
drinking of themselves, to themselves,  
with their necks bent in coronation like  
queens looking down, losing all sight  
except for their roots and fibrous skin  
and stumps stretching out from blackness  
only to return to blackness.