

Entire Oak Afloat

Entire oak afloat, not drowning but with no future for streams of foliage. What crooks it could never have been ready for this strange fluvial steadiness. The tree holds its astounded keel, no longer leaf-upright but stranded like an impromptu yard-arm amid the shrouds of current.

Rudderless roots intact, any full forest array out of play: the oak prods with a sudden inventive fervour but ferries its ultimately branchless acceleration. The flow can't ramify at this speed but is riding towards a stemless reawakening.

How unclogged roots can only offer their longer swivelling rotation, the oak has yet to understand its own hull-effect. How it spins will be clarified headlong in the waters, no final gangway between crown and trunk.

A single oak in its universal flotation bids for no future forests, no exchangeable liquidity running ahead of the earth's furious ill-absorbence. A perfect buoyancy of disaster finds its slipway at local fault: an oak is shipped with no charts for arrival: will travel its global circulation of nil immunity.

Stumped by misadventure, it propels, parodies future invention. The oak projectile finds its perfectly holed forest. If the oak were ever beached, it would rest bluntly among the craning stagheads of neighbouring trees, but tapering survival itself.