

## Forest Glass Houses

The green garb grabs over  
An underlying, unspoiled track  
As if garnished by green gauze,  
Covering lives seen in flashback  
Grasping reality entangled  
In the images of attack.

Figures flash forwards  
Half hidden in the herbage  
Stories absorbed in the luxuriant,  
To be extracted through the jumbleage  
Of lifetimes visually intermittent,  
In a mere punctuated passage.

We perceive other people  
Through the jungle shade,  
Glimpses of temporal transience,  
Upon which hasty judgments are made  
Summarised in an instant  
Before they quickly fade.

But knowledge is kinda cantankerous  
When viewed in flitting flashes  
Opinions formed and flimflammed,  
To be unmasked in mishmashes  
Disclosing lives dismantled  
In critical, condemnatory splashes.

Gentry in glass houses  
Covered in the jungle vine  
Meander around the meaning,  
To plunder character so asinine,  
Regenerating the wildwood  
And terminating the track Divine.

On how to find a fairway through  
The interlocked limbs of frailty and fault

Seeing only the qualities sound  
And over vexation to vault,  
Forgetting not the flaws within,  
Perceiving when to praise and to halt.

The green garb grabs over  
An underlying, unspoiled trail  
As if garnished by green gauze,  
Covering lives seen in travail  
Grasping reality entangled  
In a picture of pastoral.