

Father the Tree

Leaned so far over the road
It fell this winter.

Nothing left
But upturned roots on one side
Hacked-off limbs on the other.

Your old shoes have nowhere to go.
All your tools wait in the basement
With the look of your strength worn into the handles.

As for the rest,
I see you rise to take the view,
Place more wood on the fire,
Your smoke part of the haze
That tinges sunset.

You burned a lot of trees
In ninety years.

[Doris Avshalomov]