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Growing Up

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SHARON BRICKER & GROWING JP

She remembers the daughter who planted light bulbs In hopes of raising a glowing silver maple Before the storms of late summer. The storms came and went, then The autumn wind stripped the leaves from their places And she grew up, longing To hide herself in the midnight held in the arms of the trees, To wrap herself in the black of the calf's side. The snow fell quieter that winter Than the year before. Every year, quieter. When visitors came, their steps crunched harshly, Startling, like a frightened partridge bursting through the still air. When the front screen door stopped banging in its frame, She listened to the calm, appraised her four walls, And continued knitting the delicate lace curtains She hung over her windows, layer upon layer.



TIM HOSPODAR (OCTOPUS TREE

