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## Bear Hugs

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*Bear Hugs*

Every Tuesday I walk past a set  
 Of pine trees, planted just over a year ago.  
 I know they are planted too close  
 To each other, and that in a few more years  
 They will be ripped up  
 By their roots  
 And replanted  
 Somewhere else.

When I think about the approaching  
 Winter, I feel the Summer months grow  
 Distant, the Spring months blossom in  
 The soil, and the Fall months Fall  
 Out of every tree.  
 I rake up the Fall and place it aside the curb  
 For somebody else to deal with.

In the corner of my room  
 There is a cactus. If I don't turn the lights on  
 When I come in at night  
 There is always a chance that I will trip  
 And my left hand will land  
 Directly on the cactus' sharpest needle.  
 Better my left hand than my eye.

The townsmen rushed to the store  
 On the corner of Boulevard and 18th  
 When the results came. The townswomen  
 Crossed their fingers, some prayed.  
 The townschildren sang a song  
 About an egg that fell and shattered  
 Into several pieces, none of which  
 Fit back together in the end.

I captured the captain in the capital.  
 He photographed quite well.

—*Timothy Henry*