

I have come to be held by the trees

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I'm on the mountain.

I have come to be held by the trees;

I see my town down there.

Wooden stars laced with lights adorn every home

I've been walking "out somewhere near the sky," I say

So many people dying, I've been trying to untangle reality

Red-tailed hawks in all their majesty,

Sleek black crows cawing defiance,

I have come to be held by the trees.

The canyons are dim and steeped with memories, like

hiding under the covers until you can't breathe.

But once I step out into the wind and the sun,

and feel my hair gleaming like golden poppies,

I realize:

I have come to be held by the trees