

Reemergence

The Trees

When I was seven
The city razed exhausted storefronts
To grow a small park
And planted thin trees

Then winter
The saplings bent and moaned
Arcing toward the soil
Under wind and ice

My father and I watched them
On the way to school, tip-toed by
Wondered, worried
Watched them slowly die

Come spring someone staked them
Tended them
And my father and I
Watched them slowly live

Yesterday I greeted them
After many years
Monuments of strength and sanity
In a city that sometimes eats its young

Reemergence

Storyline

*I am splintering
Like the tusk of a walrus
Caught between the
Ice and rock*

*I am splintering, splintering
And no one knows why
Least of all me*

This is the storyline I feed
With silvery fish
Mercury scaled
Who swam ever so swiftly
Until

Reemergence

Molting

If I should molt
Would I crack open
Split and emerge
Juicy, raucous, jazzed

Or slit and ooze
A new self
Puckered and pruney
Damp, spent, drained
From the strain
Of shucking that shell
The last layer
Of crisp skin
Two me-shaped halves
Crumpled about
A gelatinous
Mound

Reemergence

Wrestling Angels

Before the sun rose
I wrestled angelic dogs
Turned demon
Over some imagined slight
Or I tried

Each clamped to the other's neck
I threw myself upon them
Joined the fray
And they blessed me with bruises
Arm in sling

Once I parted them
I lay and panted
Gulped for air
They were, as they say,
None the worse for wear somehow

Now undone and loosed
I shower
Then
Hair ensconced in towel
I lay down to shake, move on
Curls escape
Unfurl at the nape of my neck