

The Futility of Denial;

No matter how intermeshed its limbs, the copse
must daily kowtow to incipient light.

Its persistent tentacles separate them: pine, birch, maple, oak.
Even so they resist, replicating themselves in the lake's black
mirror. Hiding the seam between the reflected and the solid.
It does no good.

The past is just as unstoppable with its constant, "You tell her"
"No, you tell her." "Not me!" A pale awareness picking out
the smallest tangles, revealing less bonhomie and more sharp
dissent. Memory's spork scooping here, pricking there, until
stark memory is blanched against the sky.