

Michael G. Smith

wild

*at HJ Andrews Experimental Forest*

we are wild  
always will be wild  
hitched on everything  
our crawling mosses  
anything but dull  
i too rise beyond myself  
my crowns not shy  
swaying above the creek and its rapid loves  
wild with stress,  
burls and artful beetle galleries  
we never give up patience  
sing cysing singcry  
limbs rubbing against one  
then another  
catch the erratic light  
(we know comfort gained and lost)  
and when winter snows arrive  
early, well then  
we welcome them  
our tamed boughs, bowed