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 crysing 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