

EMBEDDED

With my back against the sink,
I sip a cup of coffee and search
for the ending of a poem.
That's when I see it: the shape
of a whole tree embedded in the soft
pine plank of the floor
running under the table where I write,
as sharply outlined as a dream,
as smooth as slumber, as straight
as intention, an ancient image alive
around me, under my feet, over my head
before and after, remaining here
and going with me, embedded.

- Trecia R. Greene

Hedgebrook 1991