

EMILY ROSKO

Timbered

Round and round they go
with a ribbon and garlanded
flowers in hand.

The bark won't unravel,
the tree spells solidness—we
grand oaken, elmed selves

of the ancients. Our blood
is clean. There's no pining
away for tomorrow, we are

in current respiration,
we move with the wind.
Singular we are

stunning. In horde
we are dense differing
dream. The autumnal

flashiness these days
is drought-determined.
We barely go beyond

the red. Our hollows
are never vacant. We live
to board, we take

the ax. Marbled inside
the original stem. We were
born we don't know when.