

ANGIE DeCOLA

Learned Ever to Pine

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Tap and mingle memory

Yesterday she walked out of the woods and into a meadow

Misery wind
How the trees blew
This way and that way
And shivered their timbers

Listen

There will be a lovely marring
Bundled branch
Cherry twig

A note from the edge of the forest
Sounds of tomorrow

And after

(after Donald Revell)