2nd August Poem

august trees
stand over us

tired

their leaves dark
with all they have taken in

rain
smoke
dog days
the breath of buses
children climbing too high
and being called down

one branch
over the sidewalk
has died

but the rest of the tree
keeps feeding it shade

all summer
we have mistaken
green

for ease

but every leaf
is labor

every root
a question

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2nd August Poem

pushed into dark

and under the parkway soil
where bottles sleep
beside old nails

the tree remembers
without telling

how to hold
what cannot be healed

and still

make air

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