
Doubtless

The trees stand doubtless,
apish in grub rich stares,
curmudgeon white but for dark rain
stripping away modest November mottle.

Curiosity runs like sap
on crushed samite
its season snagged
its will, a shallow tree-god's roots
feeding a wooden fate, intricate
and disposed to topple
the certainties that wet birch
sends in both directions

Even from this distance
and through this winter-fly window
an unusual touch—
the trees penitent;
the rain forgiving.