

rooted in rock  
terrain craggy  
slope where nothing  
else grows river does not  
reach trunk brittle  
weighed by crop  
never picked  
skin  
bark  
weathered  
to sheer  
core  
held you  
upright eighty  
years crooked  
last six crumbs  
not for hardwood  
for dust

*Vicky Tsaconas*