

Cutting Willow

I mimic upraised branches
reaching with extended metal fingers
that spring hungrily from here to there.

Gold sky-turned hearts cling to thicker branches;
silver-furred shoots wag at the coming squall.

Lonely in mid-winter murk
for today the sky is abandoned,
only the breeze
looking for scraps of snagged foliage
keeps me company.

I cut
making white oval faces,
I cut
taking the green wood.

As the pile of cuttings grow
my compulsion wanes.
Leave them wild, girl.
Let them tear at their roots.

The next outside day
I sever ownership of the task gladly,
then refuse to inspect the finished work
for nothing could be altered.
Instead I will wait for growth.

Gabrielle Barnby
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