

Boys who climb trees don't have a fear of falling by Ashton Freeman

Show me where the deciduous trees grow
and I'll show you mine.

I mean, I'm used to a certain kind
of pine— tall, their branches

like wrists and knuckles.
The kind that cast that good

late afternoon shadow. The kind
that's no good for climbing.

Then again, what is a palm tree
if not a telephone pole? I'm pulling

at wires here. Me? I guess you could say
I was clawing at the walls waiting to dig in.

When I found a way out, the door
was just a door.

Now—
I check the weather in Miami.