

Holly by Mary Meriam

I grow outdated spending time in woods.
Nothing in town is like a rhyme for woods.

No maple, oak, or sycamore can halt
the murder, fire, felling crime to woods.

The roots of trees network like holding hands
inside the earth. They chant that I'm the woods.

Wasn't my flock of vultures nesting there?
Didn't they save me in my prime, the woods?

Trees make my breath and breathing possible.
I hike high mountains just to climb through woods.

I drove across the river long ago,
her cello poetry in nighttime woods.

An evergreen named holly makes my thunder
vanish in winter's merry chime of woods.