

Woods

Bluebottles stitch a buzzing sampler of the scene:
sun coming up on a prone shadowed doe,
light not yet forensic this low in the trees;

you see blood pooled past flowing, the way
when you kneel to pray in a dim transept
you can just make out your knees.

When my thread's snipped, I'll petition to be
a refuge for all the small, hurt things
needing to hide: dryad me up,

hollow what's petrified, this unused marrow
hope inside; turn me into sweet gum
bones, room for the story to end.