

## Again and Again

Janet M. Pehr

I'm made of wood,  
Yet I cannot grow.  
I live in a forest  
Of tall pines,  
One small maple,  
Deciduous.  
I strive at first light,  
Then feebly shy away  
From the ominous shadows  
Around.

How deep are my roots?  
I feel no strength from below,  
Yet this trembling  
Does not come  
From the wind.

A beaver in the pine forest?  
No stream near for his delight,  
Yet he gnaws away at the rough bark  
Beside me.

My green eyes glance up  
And peruse the patch  
Where light might be mine.  
With a glimmer of hope a wisp  
Shoots from my bony arm,  
The first new leaf in weeks now.  
Let me nurse it  
Through this long night,  
Tomorrow will speak for itself.  
Yet my spirit flutters  
As the fickle sun splinters the forest –  
And then, as always,  
Darkness swallows my soul.



Drawing: Cécile Wadlow