

Two black oaks

 growing on a hill
one with a hole where a limb was severed
trunk bent at the hips
the other leaning into its heels
 struggling on the incline

tired some days with sheltering

what is sorrow for
but to lie down in
where is happiness oh, to lie down
 back burrowed into oak
 nestled into memory
 a hand
 pressing the small of my back

by Sheila Stewart

Note:
From *The Shape of a Throat* (Signature Editions, 2012).