

Forest Poet

Math Jones

He never found her person in the woods.
But saw the signals of her passing by:
the sister's gaze she'd settled on the trees;
her tread within the brook; the pebble's sigh;

her kiss upon the yew; the owl's distress;
the song she'd given the halt crow to sing;
the grove found only where she'd slipped her dress
in tryst with her lover, the forest wind.

Only this he'd found: a shelter of stick,
ash, oak and elm upon the leafy floor,
a woven house, of branch enbound with twig,
of birch-bark, holly-green and sycamore:

knotted words, with willow stitched, interspersed
with elder rhymes, to make her heart-wood verse.