

Walking

Gigi Marks

An older grove of maple, beech,
the stream that runs through it,
the shiny pockets of moss that disappear
in the hazy new undergrowth, clouds
tucked among the opening of branches
where the canopy has not closed yet
with leaves; still there is green everywhere,
even before leaves, before May has come.
One gray trunk after another, and all the wood
that holds up a tree is dead, while a thin skin
tells us what is alive, what runs up
from the ground and fills with sun. There is,
also, a fine network of spring bloomers
on the ground, and while the stream trips
the water into waterfalls over rocks
all those flowers shake and shiver, petals
pale and dark only here a moment longer.