

Mullen Days: A Collective Poem

Fire darkened trees still standing with gold-colored bark showing through
Witnessing bite marks on the regrowth,
A scar on a scar on a scar.

Ungulates have established their trails through the scarred land.
The half moon hangs in silence.

I don't even know what I'm grieving.

Leaves are the tongues of trees stilled after death from fire.
Shards of charred, brittle, pines slough off onto the punky forest floor.

Grasshopper: Where did you come from? Where are you going?
I wonder if the chipmunk feels aimless, its landmarks charred and twisted and
absent.
Pine bark stripped, peeled cleanly like an orange peel.

The silence is deafening.

We are the ash, we are the dust.
Each burned tree holds their cones aloft,
Cooked to oblivion and regenerating anew.
The charring of the wood, and the charring of my heart

Small colorful tufts erupt from the soil.

This is something we share.