



In honor of National Poetry Month
April 2021

Birches Within the Preserve

Among our vowels the language of leaves
murmurs the way a stream begins and ends

with falling diction, syllables spilled
downhill into the Sound. The birches

lean like dozens of brides waiting
for husbands returning from war. The scars

along their bark tell of hard pulse
and what wind can do to love. We fold

our fingers into fingers, marvel at the bleaching,
these carvings of moonlight,

marble-white secrets, fabrics of ghosts
that rise from our spines.

--John Davis

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