

# Red Oak, Black Oak

AMY PENCE

Fog-locked trees  
bear forward  
mute insular  
close  
unclothed  
not dis  
closing  
bound by root  
subterraneous  
leaf - shorn  
time waved  
rocky insomniacs  
marching  
ghost - like  
back-lit  
etched  
upper  
branches  
arterial  
pumping  
dormant seeds  
they gather, gray  
frayed by winter  
sentinent red oak  
burr oak black  
our mantras like egos  
resolving dis  
integrating  
silvered  
on the horizon  
our ancestors conjoin

three generations  
in the photo  
I pass  
by them  
each morning  
arranging my  
self for the day  
each dead  
faces the flash  
two wear fifties  
pillbox hats  
my grandmother's  
iron board flat  
my mother beams  
holds a figment of me  
my sister grasps  
father's hand  
just she and I now  
alive all their  
grievances adventures  
mis takes  
extinguished by this day  
my uncle our only suicide  
still a crewcut boy  
wears a look acute  
with longing forms  
incarnate & crumble  
as grandmother did when  
she found him stilled  
amid smoke lo, we  
abide so close & a part

