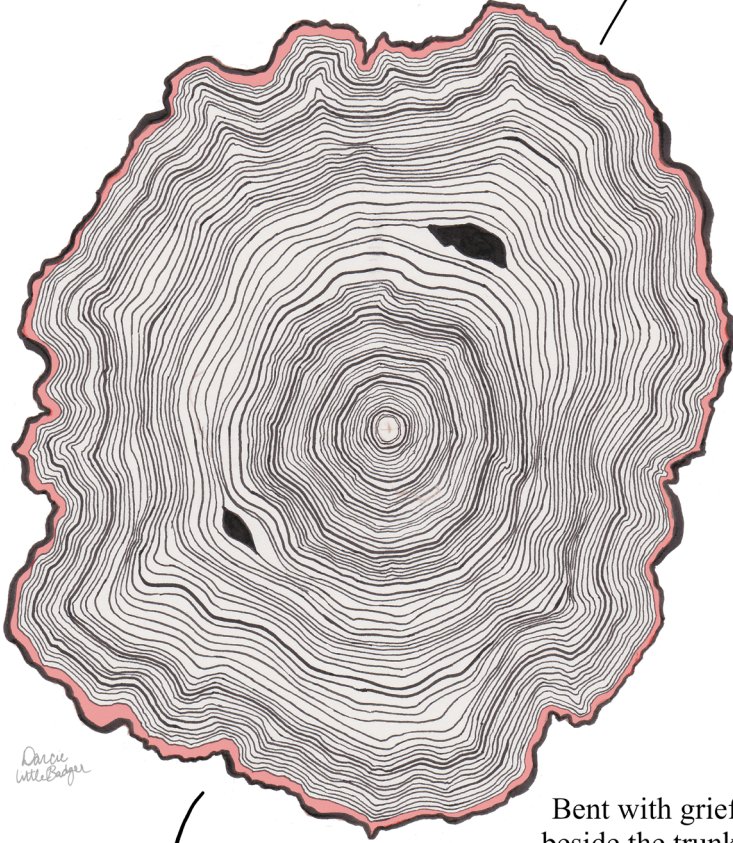


"Dendrochronology"

Darcie Little Badger

The week you died,
two men felled the old red maple
that once lived outside my bedroom window,
exposing memories
rippling outward until
the abrupt edge of life.



Bent with grief
beside the trunk,
I counted back annual rings to
the season of your birth.
A moment of rest,
latewood cradled by the growth of gentle springs.

