Fall

by Lisa Bucki

The tamarack, its wavering leaves heaving a red fire at me, bites at the back of Earth’s great love.

The throat is bruised by the tough blue fingers which ruin Earth’s mud, cool skin. A slipping grip makes root stoop, not dive.

The space around looks like a wheel, with barren ground broken by spokes. The whorl hurled out above, as limbs.