

## OF SAP AND TEARS

Diane Hale

## I.

I sit in the woods  
     and watch the stream  
     admiring the trees as they ripple and flow  
 Waves sweep us in,  
     lulled into dream-sleep,  
     carrying us away—  
     content to settle beneath the gentle caress  
     certain to end as we began

## II.

I listen,  
     voice-bodies walk by  
     (I ripple and flow with the trees)  
 They do not see me  
     those on the road beyond  
     gazing down at the dirt—  
     into the ground—through the earth  
     to the other side of the moon,  
     as if answers lie in darkness  
 They pass by  
     fixed in soiled thoughts  
     unaware of the forest's voice  
     the confusion of their black thoughts screaming  
     too loud to hear its whisper  
     blind to brilliance reflected  
     on red-golden leaves,  
 (the brown-yellowed shield barely allows



who carried away the bank,  
 whose lullaby rocks the trees to sleep)

## V.

Too soon she reaches my beginning  
                   the sun pulls on his tattered cloak,  
 the eccentric lover that can stay no longer,  
                   and hastens away  
                   with ragged ends flowing  
 Stream and wood modestly clothe themselves  
                   faces darkened,  
                   ashamed of the sun's extravagance—  
                   of the naked radiance they flaunted—  
 that he had glorified and  
                   shown with silent pride to those of the wood  
                   that could not but watch  
 How unlike the sap of trees are my tears!  
   It is the sun that soothes them  
                   and bids them weep—  
                   proudly glistening in their sorrow  
 I weep at his leaving,  
   fearing my own shrieking thoughts  
                   in chaotic darkness.

I cling to his cloak—  
   brazen even in my darkened robes  
 But as I rave, the stream chants softly to me—  
   “come tomorrow, come tomorrow  
   and perhaps you will understand  
 He leaves—but is the constant lover—  
   I sooth by his touch  
   his warmth inspires my compassion  
 Go from the wood—  
   the night's chill is on  
   and your robes have less substance than ours—  
 our textures are those of many more years

I send you away,  
but love,  
come tomorrow."

## VI.

A glow remains still—  
I sit in the wood—  
watching the wood and stream  
Somewhere, far-off,  
a young man cries out  
Softly I whisper,  
"Come tomorrow, my love,  
come tomorrow."

## UNTITLED

Alice Monds

He took an old Barlow knife from his pocket and eased into the cane bottom chair, tipping it back on two legs against the low stone fence. Methodically, he drew the gleaming blade across a fragrant block of red and yellow cedar. His gnarled, weathered hands moved deftly. He worked intently for some time, honing the block to a soft roundness and piling thin light curls of cedar around his feet. He peered at his companion from singular eyes set below incredibly unmanageable gray brows.

"Mighty fine shavins, ain't they?"

The boy nodded in agreement.

"Knew a feller once," the old man said, "won a whittlin' contest. Took a big kitchen match and made such fine curled shavins, he had