

# 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.