

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Patch of Woods

By Barbara Siegel Carlson

On my walk I was thinking about you
and your last treatment, how parts
of your hands and feet had gone numb.
The bulldozers were gone
from the sandhills, fog filling the trees
that flanked the bogs. Everything up close
stood out, damp tufts of grass
by the bank. As soon as the speckled wet frog
sensed me, it plunked into the water,
leaving the rock of rust-colored pockmarks
and incisions an unreadable relief map,
or a book near a silk hammock
nestled sideways in some wildflowers,
the spider hidden, its hunger invisible
as its reach, like the stars still burning
inside us, ourselves rooted to their power
that pulses unseen. I strayed
off the bog road into a bordering patch
of woods where a spider strand broke
across my cheek, and I couldn't
brush it away, like so much of who we are
that is inconceivable and voiceless.