

Poetry Porch: Poetry

December Trees

By Richard Fein

(for Al Bogarad)

1

Trees inhabit the mid-December fog
like durable ghosts, their foliate
outlines of branches and boughs barren,
yet each tree a lineament of leaf,
a counter homage to former foliage,
even arthritic twigs with nodal swells
imagining themselves as frozen sprouts.

2

Standing there in that barren scrim
the trees persist in their nakedness,
stripped down to basics, schematic stems.
The trees insist on exposure, no ruse
of beauty in a naked helplessness,
waiting in this naked helplessness,
waiting in their stretch of leaflessness.

3

*We are the greatest mystery of our lives;
it takes this yearly molting to help us*

*find ourselves inside this germination.
We, in post- and pre-vegetation state,
exist in our vacancies, barren-shaped,
stripped now, waiting out brumal darkness.
Steeped in naked shape, ghosts of foliage.*