

# *Sonnet Scroll*

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## **Aspen and Sycamore**

By Rachel Weintraub

In a place called Merriewold, I take your hand  
To walk a shade-dappled forest road.  
Aspen and sycamore people this land  
Made from granite green and ferns that lead  
With their sunlit tips and ocean sway  
Further up and centuries before  
To a round summit clearing where you say  
The glacial stone once used to create fire  
Looks like a whale, the felled moss-aged pine  
A crocodile. Canopied by summer  
Leaves, we descend with footfalls now fine-  
Tuned to nature's signs. You whisper, *Come here.*  
I see a dark half-open eye in the earth  
Home to the bear, totem of strength and ancient birth.