

The History of Strands

by Shannin Schroeder

The children of older vines sway across the gully.
The unbraiding strands conceal a subtle threat,
risking our ancestors, our future, on the rocks below.

These same stones shoulder the weight of our histories,
and we are inconsolable. We cannot love the past
the way we intend in this simple ritual.

The past is inconvenient, a taunt suspension
over a gorge we leap with heavier loads.
But the bridge further down
Need have no fear. It is far, far easier to cross.

