

Trees

by Tawnysha Greene

still slick from the womb,
hooves soft, legs lank,

her foal nurses, next to blood,
afterbirth on the ground

wind, scent of rain, scent
of flesh, something above

her in the trees, shadows
move, claws on skin,

blood, teeth, eyes,
hair, spit, bone,

quiet, her foal
down, dead

years later, she won't
go near the trees

white-grey scars
peeling pink underneath.

