

# 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.

