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## Cherry Willow

Claire Shipman

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## the river

moody water,  
still, passionate, and warm  
touch of a kiss across the body  
flow of emotion from a soul  
eroding and uncovering  
as it swiftly flows  
back into the sea

at the edge,  
that rippling, tripling rage,  
that silent serpent of life  
winding earth through me  
cursing my destiny  
down dark caverns  
where the tide goes

on shallow bed  
where reed and willow  
sway their shadow's  
sensual water sprite song  
tangled in undercurrents  
seductive and sweet  
drawing me to its breast

*Molly Boyce*



*House White by Nick Young*

## cherry willow

I don't remember how it died,  
but I know it wasn't pretty.  
I don't remember if it was  
struck by lightning or  
shot in the heart.

I remember the blossoms  
pink I think or maybe white.  
And they snowed down in  
the every which way wind,  
sticking to my little girl sweater  
and piling up in drifts against  
the chain link fence.

Does a tree have a solar plexus?  
I swear I heard it scream  
but it was low and drawn out.  
Time is different for a tree.  
Maybe that scream was just a gasp.  
Damn him for that shot.  
Damn god for that crack.  
And damn me for never climbing  
as high as its branches would hold me.

*Claire Shipman*