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Lens Flare

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Every Time

J.D. Isip

there is a fire the sap goes to a stop,
pulling ourselves inside of ourselves
for fear, we let the extremities drop off—

each kindled needle, each scorch mark, if
it survives, will form a ring within; without
them who or what are we, we think
but marks on the horizon?

year by year, winter flurries, sun, and moon,
we grow back large and hard with scars, with
life that welcomes the flames and heat
to push us past the tree line in ourselves

until, one autumn afternoon, the final fire
fells us soft and noiselessly and we are smoke
and embers rising higher still.

Lens Flare Jessica Meyer



