

A Poem for Your Pocket

GEORGIAN WHITE PINE, I DANCE

Munching blueberries near Dinner Lake,
Crone climbs me, a Georgian White Pine,

presses her ear to my osmotic chute,
hears my fire flow up and down.

Crickets, nature's town-criers, abrade their legs,
red oaks creak in the wind.

Aflame, Crone dips larger brushes
into cadmium colours, indigo.

Her spirit paints itself – like old Celts
jumping over ritual bonfires, or Big

Lonely Doug rocking in clear-cut,
daubing the sky in gratitude to Dennis Cronin.

Wowed by Fall's cadmium, why can't people see
we trees love them? They'd hear

Big Lonely Doug mourn for fallen kin –
heart-knowing we're family

*Dennis Cronin is a born again ex-logger.

BY KATERINA VAUGHAN FRETWELL

