

## IN THE WOOD

Peter Hoheisel

We came together in the wood  
 and it was good those dark trees  
 standing rooted in the hilltop,  
 the great living tangle of their roots  
 sunk deep in the cold earth.

It was early spring, the best time  
 for a gentle promise stirring,  
 not the orgy of May profusion  
 but the shy buds of March  
 gently tasting the world,  
 and our coming together was  
 like that

a gentle even cold meeting  
 as sensitive as eyes of animals,  
 checking their instincts against  
 what they know to be true.

## DISROBAL PROTEST

Myra Stilborn

Convinced at last  
 that each day's rationed light  
 is being nibbled  
 stealthily  
 by rodent darkness,  
 the choleric maple goes up in flames of anger.  
 This bearing no result  
 he flings his clothing from him  
 left and right  
 and leads a great mass protest through the woods  
 till all the trees stand naked and defiant  
 except the lady birch  
 who hangs her head  
 suffused with blushes,  
 tearful ---  
 exquisite.