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.