

Precarious Roots

by Kim Smart (Alvarado)

I see your bark-skin
It's quivering memories

Where you sank youthful tendrils into
Twilit drenched loneliness

Rough and gentle and soft
Boundless in yearning

Now unbridled feet in the air
Above the silvery wetness

Drifting, quiet-quieting fatigue
An almost perfect boon

...poem inspired by...

Precarious (artist Lynn MacIntyre)



Precarious

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