

Weeping Willow

Poetry — Lucy Gamblin

There is a place I go to grieve
The person I used to be
When in shoulds I did not believe
And I lived only for me

It is a willow growing
Deep in the back of my mind
The moonlight there always glowing
Wide tear rivers run behind

A young girl sways beneath the boughs
Her face and dress translucent
But her chapped lips, a smile allows
Unkempt hair, a soul unbent

She runs and plays and jumps around
When I make my sad return
How do I tell her she is bound,
She is dead, already turned

That she's the one the trees for
Living six feet underneath
Time's worms chewing at her before
I save memories from teeth

That she fell to the world's schemes
She stepped their scaffolding
Traded skyscrapers for leaves
Became a tall, lonesome thing

And how do I tell her she lives?
That some days she still stands tall
Though her face worn, lines like knives
Drawn across, betray all

That she would not recognize
The woman she's become
And that I don't either. Her eyes
The only piece left, a crumb

And when will I be left here too?
While she moves far beyond me
And I start weeping, willow through
All ghost and worms and free

And a woman I don't know grieves