

Lonetree

In Lonetree, there is more than one,
though so sparse on the hill—
these crags of broken-armed pines—
they never quite span the lighted spaces
amok with bluebells and mountain grass.
Their forward lean
suggests they meant to be a forest, once,
and hold this ridge against the seasons.
The snowline comes six feet up each trunk,
higher toward King's Peak,
where winter wind shoves isolated drifts.
The northern face is turned this way,
clearly seen from here,
though perhaps a million miles—
fewer as the crow flies—lie between.

—C. Wade Bentley