

## BLUE MOURNING

*April 27, 2020*

I don't notice the moon anymore  
now that I'm not lofted above the city  
gazing nightly down, as I've done  
for the past seven years  
like some lonely princess in a tower.  
Except that I'm not alone—  
nearly never—  
followed around by the plaintive  
desires of children  
even in my private moments.  
The needs have followed me here,  
to the land of thin woods  
and hollowed trunks.  
I can barely make out  
the upper branches of the trees  
that circle me.  
I am only looking squarely into  
their lower parts,  
root bundles and mid-sections  
all the grooves and hollows carved  
by animal burrowing and insect toil.  
Face to face with the twisting furry  
poison ivy vine thick like my arm  
I lean in for a closer look and it laps  
at my ankles and grazes my hips,  
silent menace.  
These trees block my eternal sky view,  
no hint of horizon,  
all brown and dull  
the musk scent of forest  
earth and fungi softly sifting under foot  
with a backdrop of iridescent green  
shimmering spring.  
What if I drew them blue,  
these mournful trees, my captors,  
my guardians?  
Then would they feel like the infinity of  
a New York blue morning?

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