

GREENBRIER FOREST

He keeps coming back, holding it together,
a sketch of his self. The oaks and hemlocks
across Hart's Run show only a mottled light
even at midday, held in the shadows,

a sketch of themselves as oaks and hemlocks
might become, no matter the perspective.
Even at midday, held in the shadows,
the self may merge its disparate layers,

might become, no matter the perspective,
a focus of its own surprise at being.
The self may merge? Its disparate layers
aren't trees or understory or a creek,

focuses of their own content at being
what they are. Yet the place he comes back to
isn't just trees and understory and a creek
he loves for their own sake. He imagines, too,

what they are as the place he comes back to,
inspired by light, defined by shadows, shifting.
He loves for his own sake, too, imagining
himself as he is in the place he dreams of.

Inspired by light, defined by shadows, shifting,
he becomes whatever merges when he sees
himself as he is in the place he dreams of.
He keeps coming back, bringing it together.