

The Living-Together of the First Mention of Trees in Each of the 9 Books of Poetry in my House

Enmeshing done by Anne

A radar gun aimed at the trees cresting the dry hill behind the house (Anne Holub, 1)

the tree looks
like a dog
barking at heaven (Jack Kerouac, 3)

she yells encouragement to her mate
and his clever brother who, when lightning struck
the dead oak, with his flint hacked hot punk onto a flat stone, and brought the smoldering ashes here. (Daniel Hoffman, 7)

it was already late
enough, and a wild night,
and the road full of fallen
branches and stones (Mary Oliver, 10)

you walk for days among trees and among stones (Italo Calvino, 13)

i am a lake, my poem is an empty boat,
and my life is the breeze that blows
through the whole scene
stirring everything it touches --
the surface of the water, the limp sail,
even the heavy, leafy trees along the shore (Billy Collins, 19)

they rear on their hind legs, taller than men now.
they eat the branches, they eat the trees (Nathalie Anderson, 20)

since his death a tree in the yard
has been hung with fish, silver in the wind (Devon Miller Duggan, 32)

I am wealthy my limbs free of moths (Sonia Sanchez, 41)