

Eyelashes

*That hill was an eye,
Ash trees as its eyelashes.*

It was observing me.

It could see that

I was thinking.

Reflecting.

Those trees

That shadowed a crested iris

Could see.

See through to my shaken roots;

My bark.

My scratched bark.

Scraped initials

Inside the outline of a carved heart.

Her letters are fading.