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This House

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This House

The trees grow close to the old house, reach out with blossom-stippled limbs as if trying to remember. There are bodies buried beneath the layers of stucco and drywall, a skeleton built up of skeletons stolen from a forest long ago.

If you plant a tree limb in the dirt and care for it, feed it, water it protect it from wind and errant children's toys, it will put out tiny roots and then bigger ones, and then one day, it will become a tree.

I'd like to image that someday, when we are long gone, and this house has been reduced to its original pine-timber frame, those rough-hewn boards will put out tiny roots, too, find some way back into the soil.

-Holly Day
Minneapolis, MN