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The Forest

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The Forest

I'll plant my roots here in the forest's heart
At sunset and sing and sing until my
Voice gives out, watching for signs in the dark
Of storms that roll in from the western sky
I'll let my tears fall hot against cold rain,
Let myself feel the solitude, alone
And let the water wash away the pain.
I'll hear the thunder of the past atone.
When morning's light rises above the hill,
I'll bask in gold light like morning glories
And rise from the ashes of dreams that fill
My heart no more, but now are just stories.
I'll leave my tears behind in that forest
And whisper my woes to the trees that I trust.

-Maggie Pomerence
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