

THE HANGING TREE

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The creak of a withered branch,
wind sighing sad acknowledgement,
perhaps pity.

A rope splintered by bark,
burning the place
where it was so hastily knotted.

The tree groans,
bent double,
unable to free itself
of the contorted weight
clinging on its arms.

The shadows must be peeled back,
dawn shining,
hands reaching with knives:
for this it must wait,
to be released.