

Bark Means Bite

Alissa Kuster

Her fingers reach around heat,
letting in this morning's light.

She's charcoal blasted skin and
fire licked stems.
She bares canyons that
opened and saved her.
Seeds long since dropped among cinders,
burst berries born into ash.

She feels their lives at her feet,
circling each other and learning to grow.
Do her daughters thirst?