

2012

Trees Pantoum

Julianne Hyer
Denison University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Hyer, Julianne (2012) "Trees Pantoum," *Exile*: Vol. 58 : No. 1 , Article 4.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol58/iss1/4>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

Trees Pantoum

By Julianne Hyer

The trees are shedding their skin.
Shaking the crackling flame-colored flakes from their limbs.
The trees are showing their bones.
Exposing their tough and tender selves.

Shaking the crackling flame-colored flakes from their limbs,
They dance and sway in the whistling wind.
Exposing their tough and tender selves,
Once again to the cold embrace of winter.

They dance and sway in the whistling wind,
Their crumpled fallen prayers rustle at my feet.
Once again to the cold embrace of winter
They defiantly dig in their roots to hardened ground.

Their crumpled fallen prayers rustle at my feet,
As I look up, past their outstretched arms to the grey above.
They have defiantly dug in their roots to the hardened ground,
Prideful and strong, they face the swirling ice.

As I look up, past their outstretched arms to the grey above,
I see a sky so different from the blue warm bliss of my home.
Prideful and strong, they face the swirling ice
With so much more tenacity than I could ever muster.

I see a sky so different from the blue warm bliss of my home.
The trees have bravely shed their skin.
With so much more tenacity than I could ever muster.
The trees are bravely showing their bones.