

Regeneration

When its longest limb went wearily to ground
and from the bark and cambium
larvae bubbled up

and red-throated flickers feasted
there, a decision
the willow transforming to meadow

a coat now of moss, drinking meadow earth
and unmown grass

the approach of smallest daisies
with the odd purple-throated petal

marking daisy-time
kept by deep-rooted clocks

we could not say this willow is broken:

in the heartwood, see all that has passed
in the falling, the opening door

--Eileen Walsh Duncan

<https://cdcpoetry.wordpress.com/2018/03/27/trees-and-their-forbidden-things-eileen-walsh-duncan/>