

Enigmatic Bind

The local lore is unconfirmed
so I am left to ponder your past,
rusted metal and torn tread imply a prior life
humming in the field from dawn to dusk.
I would ask if you miss your heyday
but the inquiry seems insensitive,
it is possible you are content to sit in symbiosis with cedars.
Do you know who is the supporter and who is supported?
If you believe in fate – which I suspect you must –
you have taken time to consider my questions.
The raccoon would not have visited in your previous state,
she trusts now, then scrambles over the nearby fence.
When she returns – which she will – you will still be here
rooted in soil and secrets.

--Kristin Alexander
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