

Pitch Pine

in the wind, in high
unfamiliar register

on the ground, in tones
below the drift and range of the ear

as women beyond men's hearing
as men unheard by women

years inaudibly
ringing one another

dense heart knuckle fist
clenched where branches once forked

the air alive with voices released
the knot untying in tongues

igniting more reluctant limbs
lain close for maximum heat

going on when the rest is ash
to climb the cold mountain singing