

The Old Ponderosa Pines

rooted along the ridge
of Kamiak Butte

tops blown off
by a howling wind
the younger trees never knew

leaving dead spires
barely reaching thirty feet skyward

but the heft of their lower limbs
bends earthward
reaching back into the ridge

only to surface
a few feet further
with needle heavy branches

sprawling into a chaos
of frozen green fire

our daughters lean in to smell the way
you transfigure atmosphere rain and hail
snow and ice and sunlight through your being

into that unmistakable aroma
call it “vanilla”

they lean in
and remind us to lean in
and breathe deeply some breaths

the seasons took eons
to prepare

Aaron M. Moe
© 2014