

Poetry Porch: Poetry

A Forest Remnant

By Barbara Siegel Carlson

Along the bog path I found you,
wooden figure with a fin
for a wing, your face
worn away, or maybe
you're a totem
carved and rubbed
by grit and ash,
water and wind.
Once you swayed
with your kind,
then broke and
scraped along
before coming to the spot
far from your tree
where I beheld you
wordless as a prayer
to the missing
with a pale sheen
on your grayish brown
lightweight body,
something so still
and holy that came
to me in human form
like a face on the water.