

*The Willow*

if I stand in front of this willow  
long enough, it may crack open into  
the doorway of my childhood.

Does it remember me, like I remember it?

I trace  
the imperfect hearts carved its bark,  
brush my fingers up against the  
moss sprinkled in  
its coppered grooves.

They say if you tell a willow a secret,  
it'll trap it inside the hollow of its trunk forever.

Is that why its branches dance, braids of silver-green  
fluttering in the wind?

Too many secrets to keep

without  
dancing.

**PROMPT:**

Pick a tree. What do you notice about it?

Pay attention to the shape of leaves and the texture of its bark.