

IN TOUCH

A poem by Deborah Kerbel

The tree hugger knows
the feel of smooth summer leaves
and the tickle of grass
under toes.

They know
the thick raspy chunk
of an old maple trunk,
and the brush of fall's breeze
as it blows.

They know
the hooked, prickly fur
of the little brown burr;
and winter's sting
on bare skin
when it snows.

And the warm kiss of sunshine
on a spring day,
so divine,
they wish it would
 never
come to a close.