

For they shall be comforted

by [Tania Runyan](#) in the [July 28, 2009](#) issue

This oak took its bad news to the heart.
Lightning struck two springs ago
as I snored between my flashing walls.

Now scallops of orange fungus layer
the fissured bark. Spider sacs trailing
ragged webs streak the splinters like comets.

I have lost someone. Her eyes flash
among the decaying leaves. I hear
her small hands fluttering in the creek.

*Grieve me, she calls. Split your heart
with my face.* There is nothing else
I can do. I pull up a broken branch. I sit.