

Pool

by [Jean Janzen](#) in the [May 13, 2015](#) issue

My gift for his fiftieth birthday,  
a Japanese maple, buds swollen  
and ready to release first leaves.

After planting he digs a small  
pool underneath, lines it  
with cement edged with rocks.

This mirror, shaped like a uterus,  
reflects the tree as it rises,  
the soft green lace spreading

its wings. "Womb," we whispered,  
little girls in church singing  
the word, that secret place which

under the bare branches of December,  
holds the sun, moon, and stars.