

SUSAN BROWNE

This Too Shall

The trees talk to me.
See how they move their green?
Don't say it's just the wind.
They're alive as you and me.

See how they bow and sway,
they are alive all day,
as flammable as you and me.
The trees lullaby the stars.

Alive as a mad dog off its leash,
should we pray ceaselessly?
The trees are dark lanterns,
so we can see the forest.

Butterflies pray with their feet.
Living sounds its alarms.
The forest lies down to weep.
Our only hope is tenderness.

The earth rings her alarms.
Don't say this too shall pass.
Our only hope is humility.
The trees pray ceaselessly.

Susan Browne's poetry has appeared in *Ploughshares*, *The Sun*, *Subtropics*, the *Southern Review*, *Rattle*, *New Ohio Review*, the *American Journal of Poetry*, and *180 More: Extraordinary Poems for Every Day* (Random House Trade Paperback, 2005). She has published three collections: *Buddha's Dogs* (Four Way Books, 2004), *Zephyr* (Steel Toe Books, 2010), and *Just Living* (Catamaran Literary Reader, 2019), which won the Catamaran Poetry Prize. Awards include prizes from Four Way Books, the Los Angeles Poetry Festival, and the River Styx International Poetry Contest. She lives in Oakland, California.

JEANNE ROSEN SOFEN

Into the Forest, 2011
Acrylic and art papers on canvas, 36 x 48 in



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