

Tree Line

by Marjorie Gill

Open the blinds, take the stub
of pencil from your pocket
and list the ways you could fold
the air. Start with your house,
a streetlight, the overpass, work
away from here in a straight line
towards the barn, the turbine, still
in the lack of pressure, that bridge
that always asks you to jump;
the arrow points to the only peak
still visible from your window,
the view in negative when you close
your eyes. Note the oak and maple,
a yew bringing the ancient
into new, how they all give way
to pine at the foot of that glen,
cut into two like a fool by a body
of water. At the tree line, make do
with less; twist the words
into a krummholtz, larch or spruce,
and the chough that nests
beyond them in a fissure of rock,
altitude already in its blood,
hiding away the fat of summer,
asking no pardon for choosing

a life at the edge of wind.