

Erosion

The trunk of a tree
is more like a chest —
 scaled and rigid, etched
with the permanence of lovers
who couldn't make it past one summer

love weathers the most barren weather — they wrote
the crudeness of their notions
augmenting the trance of their thesis.

No one knows of the girl who went missing
that summer, a lavender tunic was what's left of her.
 Some said she died for love,
others claimed she ran, for the lack of it.
Eventually, they moved on.

whether the most barren can weather love? – they ask now
a kind of pretext that exonerates a womb from stillness
(*perhaps they too will perish in the summers to come*)

Inside the park, a little boy is hewing the trunk
with his figurative axe, the little girl, presumably
his sister observes as he grunts with each blow

soon he'll crack open its chest and maybe she'll
see them - initials, axioms all
on the edge of erosion; the girl
in the lavender tunic — a memory
grappling for existence
on the cusp of forgetfulness.