

KATIE'S CABIN

Under the spreading apple tree
With Katie's house in its branches
I open my body and soul
To the healing force of nature.

Her swing still hangs. The ladder
Makes a comfortable place to write.
I run my hand along a branch
A few inches above my head

And learn that a tree too suffers
Pangs of unrequited love.
As for the hot cabin itself
With its view over the forests

I'm quite sure the child in me
Could live there always. My blood
Warms to the challenge of writing
One of my best poems ever.

Karsdale, Nova Scotia
26 August 05.