

Shade

Today I don't burn and grieve
for each loss and unmet need.
Today I just hope
to find a tree
so generous
its branches might shelter me completely,
a tree whose leaves lean close,
stroking, whispering –
look at all that's still green. It is enough.
Stay
Still
Breathe
Whatever follows grief
finds me hidden here
and flutters.
Ah, an awaited breeze.

Betsy Unger