

## **Storm Damage**

The stress of high winds  
Split the tree along a weak fault line,  
Revealing the cross-sectioned  
Inner workings of life forces.  
The up, the down  
Of the xylem and phloem,  
The round and round rings of adding years  
Before and after the coming of the scar  
Of a knot, from long covered history.  
A branch, cleaved off the tree,  
Then knitted a covering of flaking, silvery bark.  
The framed photo we gaze at, allows us to  
Remember you how you once were,  
Now frozen in time, and placed  
Inside the closed cabinet,  
Like the knot left by the broken limb,  
Embedded in the trunk of the tree,  
Only to be seen clearly when opened.