

## Passion Flower

Around a fragile trellis,  
our summer sun wove this vine,  
filling empty spaces  
between slats of wood.

Now wind and cold  
brown the stems,  
and brittle tendrils break  
with the touch of a finger.

We cut with scissors,  
heaping to the earth  
yard after yard of thin pipe,  
dry and drained of sap.

Just a few arteries remain,  
moored to the wood.  
Beneath our feet,  
old growth crackles.

With the gray sky, the air bitter,  
it's easy to believe we've cut too much.

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