

Winter Planting

By light from the kitchen, this sapling
quiet in a circle of freshly turned mud:

Naked, except for two tags, a yellow, a white—
one bearing its name; the other, the ways to care for it.

Reddish nubs barely raise its silver bark,
but from it stretch two invisible lines—

one to the apple, the other to the myrtle,
forming a triangle in the garden's vertical aspect.

Though years behind these two older trees,
it is a presence, loaded with fruit to come.

—Theresa McCourt