In the Trees

Joseph Kerschbaum

The wind,
Isn't innocent anymore.
She uses it,
As an instrument now.

As the sky outside this window darkens,
She composes unwelcomed knock-turns,
And everything,
Is at her disposal.

In the cold morning she plays instruments,
With broken strings,
And a winter orchestra,
Only I can hear.

Her bones are strung up in the empty trees around my house,
She plays the wind beautifully,
As she taps against the branches and the trunks of the trees all night,
And all day.

Like a minstrel,
Who has nowhere else to go.

Lyrics submitted by Sarah K.

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