

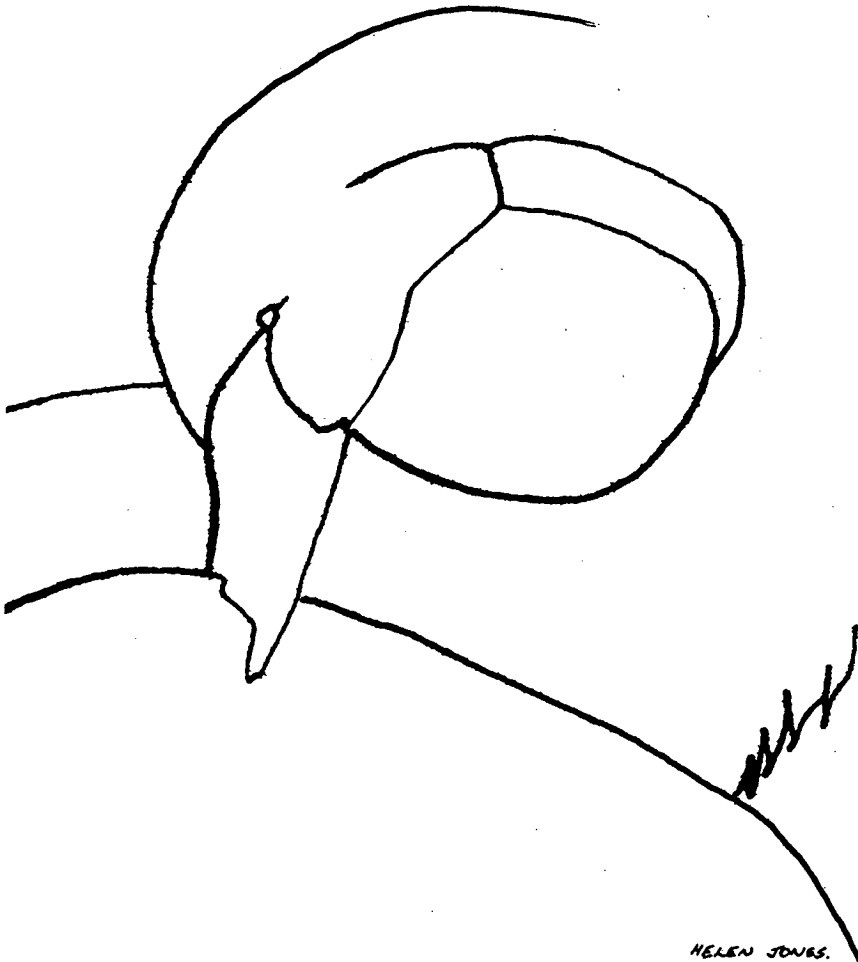


Jennifer Woodhouse

TWO SHADOWS

She is the tree
remembered all in blossom
tall and frivolous
casting lilac patternings
of shadow, soft and curly-haired
in cool dust of summer
at my infant feet

and she is the tree
grown angular and flowerless
casting harsher shadows
on the painful earth
the tree whose wintering
chills all my childhood
into nothing
but a memory
snatched blithely
from a green branch
on a summer day.



HELEN JONES.