

The Orchards Poetry Journal



Summer 2023



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Laura Vitcova

Felled

My arms once covered in needles
like a porcupine, now boughs

sweeping the dirt beneath your feet.
I pine for you, I am willing

to be eaten by mold, I am letting
worms bring water to lobes

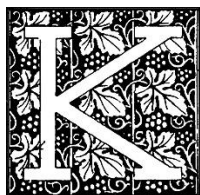
breathing crimson rivers,
no longer exhaling sulfur.

I am as indifferent to termites
as I am to woodpeckers,

but to you, dear, there is no cap.
I have surrendered all thresholds.

My roots no longer hold onto dry soil,
gale and gravity have instructed

me to fall now and I am
kissing the earth over and over again.



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American Fork, Utah 84003
KelsayBooks.com