

The trees. Cambridge, Mass., Lowell House Printers, 1964.

The Trees

The trees inside are moving out into the forest, the forest that was empty all these days where no bird could sit no insect hide no sun bury its feet in shadow the forest that was empty all these nights will be full of trees by morning.

All night the roots work to disengage themselves from the cracks in the veranda floor. The leaves strain toward the glass small twigs stiff with exertion long-cramped boughs shuffling under the roof like newly discharged patients half-dazed, moving toward the clinic doors.

I sit inside, doors open to the veranda writing long letters in which I scarcely mention the departure of the forest from the house. The night is fresh, the whole moon shines in a sky still open the smell of leaves and lichen still reaches like a voice into the rooms. My head is full of whispers which tomorrow will be silent.

Listen. The glass is breaking. The trees are stumbling forward into the night. Winds rush to meet them. The moon is broken like a mirror, its pieces flash now in the crown of the tallest oak.

Adrienne Rich

Joan Goguen

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