

TYLER MILLS

OAK

How do you describe the emptiness above
the shingle & tar & threads
of power lines, the bark dabbed in with lichen,

the capillary beds
of branches—bronchioles—more blue
between them now? Though rain will come

late afternoon, drumming into my child's nap
(*water running*, she'll wake dreaming), for now
blank space arcs above me in forget-me-

not petals. Fans in the clouds. The lungs are
the light organ. *We float, we float*, they say.
No need to cover your lips and noses.

Now you must cover your lips and noses.
Paisley bandanas. Shoelace ear loops.
Faces on screens like shadows in the water.

If you look through
the woods, layers and layers of limbs.
Song sometimes.

When I kneel underneath
to hold her hand and turn my face
sunward I want to see through

the bark—bluebells and seeds,
grubs twisting into yellow moons.
The tree was going to come down.

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