

## Virginia Young

### My Woods

My eyes offer the gift of sun-splashed trees to my soul.

No two limbs, no two sprays of luminous pine boughs,  
No two winter-dried oak leaves hold the same size or shape  
As they cling with desperation to grasping twigs twisting in the wind.

I write very little poetry these days because I am occupied writing short fiction and novels. This poem, *My Woods*, was written after I lost a dear pet, but I think it applies to the loss of anyone or anything.

The boulders sit stoically, guarding the stream as it trickles and tends  
To the river a glance away. Sun dances on the ripples, inviting the birds,  
The deer, the ducks and geese, and yes, the coyote, to quench their thirst.

Today at least, the very blue sky forms the perfect frame for the most  
Exquisite work of art the world could know. It's all here, free to touch.  
And yet, amidst this magic, without you, how can it be that I am still breathing?

How does the light and warmth of the sun reach into this dark place you once filled?

**Virginia Young** writes very little poetry these days because she is occupied writing short fiction and novels. This poem, *My Woods*, was written after the loss a dear pet, but it applies to the loss of anyone or anything. Two short stories have been purchased by Level Best Books for their anthology, *Thin Ice*, and the new edition, *Blood Moon*, coming out in autumn.