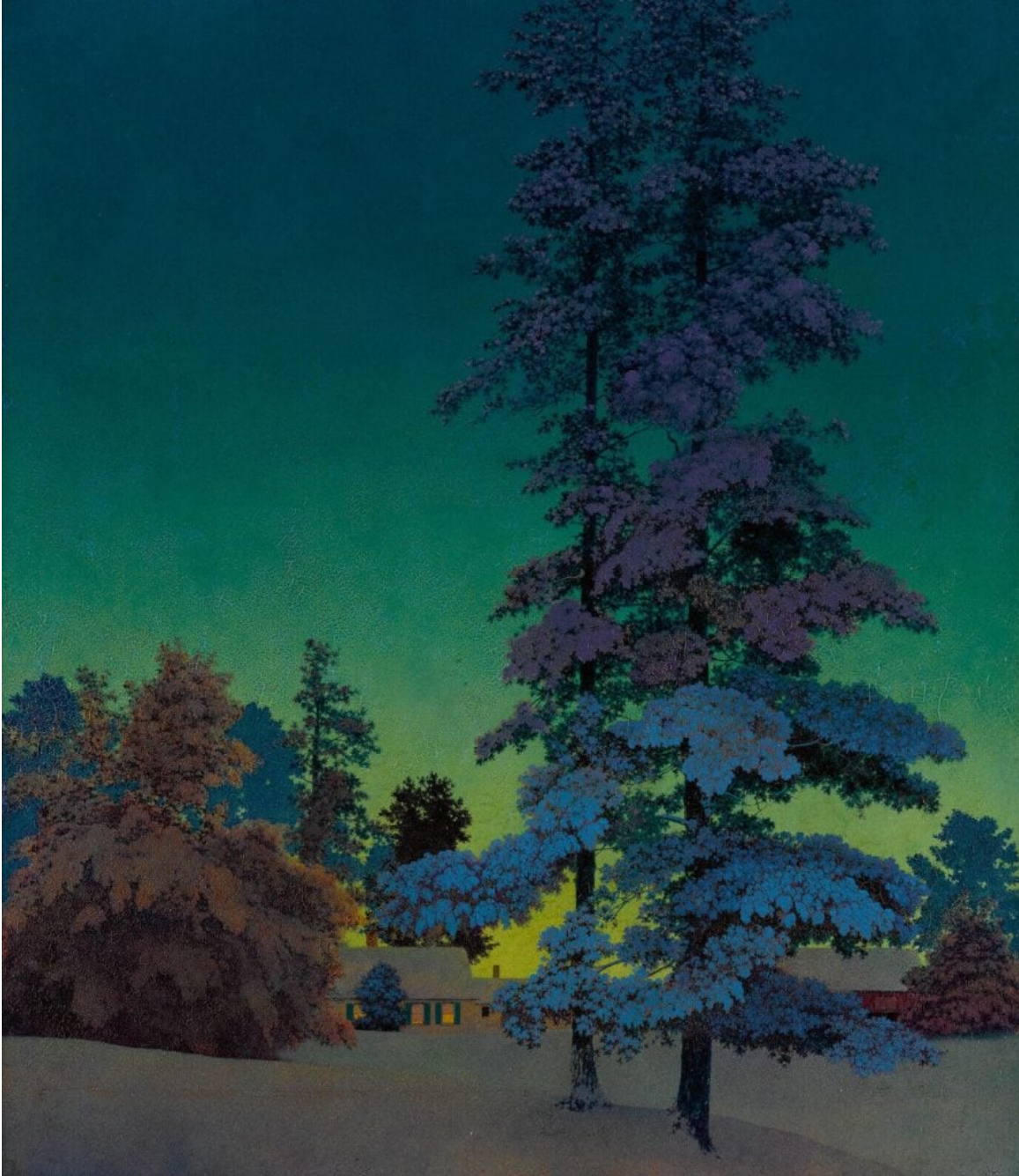


A Branch Moves

by [Michael Shindler](#) (April 2025)



Winter Night Landscape (Maxfield Parrish, 1956)

A branch moves back and forth in the evening
Breeze, in the dances of darkness outside
Her window. And she twists on the second

And fourth beats. It retreats and she advances
And by turns the two go and by the light
Of a lamp upon her desk the green leaves
Seem almost a Rembrandt-brown and the pane
A burlesque: a reflection of a clown.

Nonetheless in the darkness, in the black
Of the breezes, the rhythm of a pulse
Against the pane, as with young prince Hamlet
In his Denmark, she does as the shadow
Of her heart pleases and she twists and lives
And laughs and loves the moving branch in vain.

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Michael Shindler is a writer living in Washington, DC. His work has appeared in publications including *The American Conservative*, *The American Spectator*, *National Review Online*, *New English Review*, *University Bookman*, and *Providence*. His new book is *Fret Not* and is available [here](#). Follow him on Twitter [@MichaelShindler](#).

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