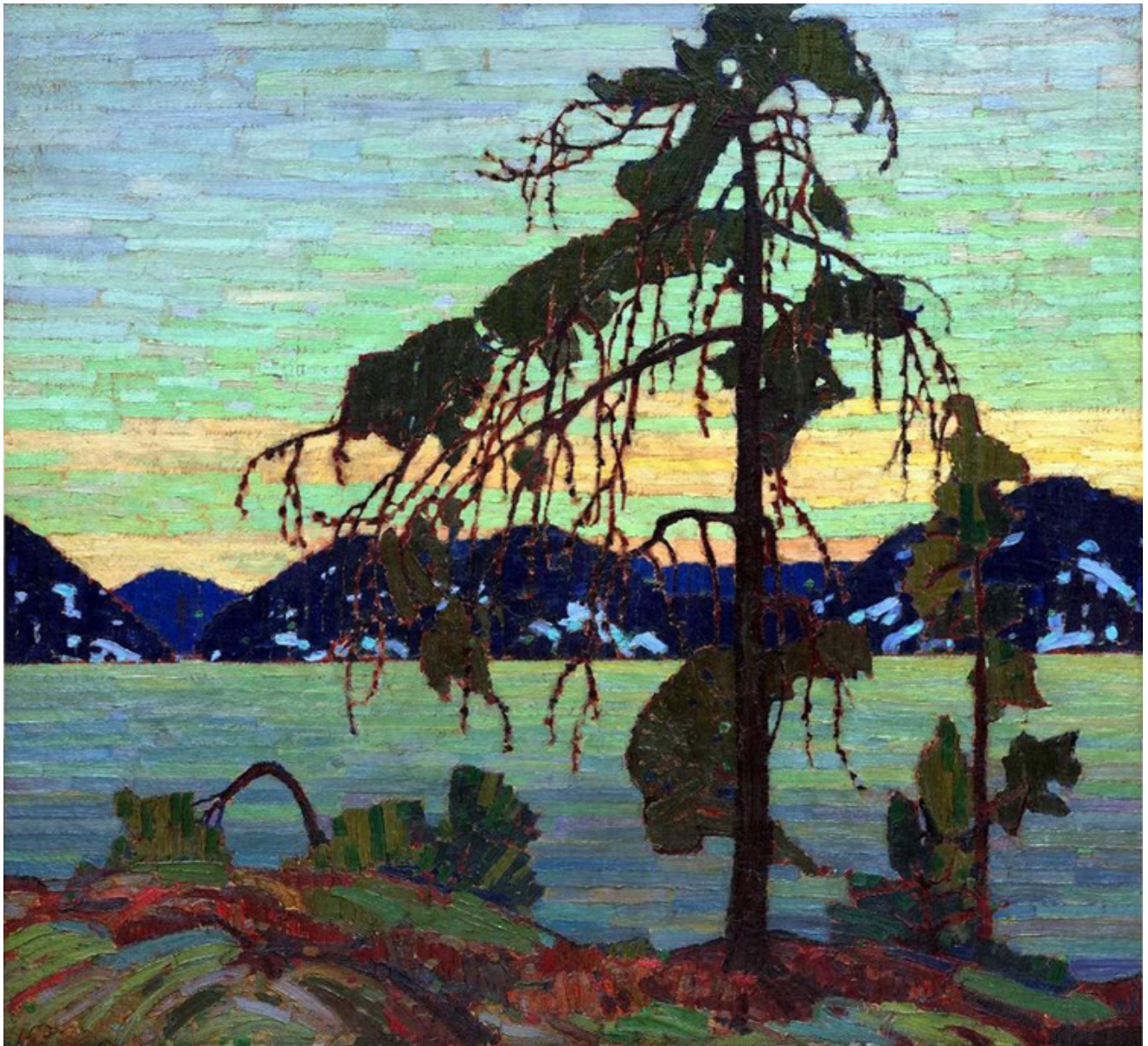


Two Poems

by [Michael Shindler](#) (May 2021)



The Jack Pine, Tom Thomson, 1917

A Willow Branch

A willow branch leafless
In a blue-brown sky
Does not wave; and nonetheless

It seems like a goodbye:
Soon there will come the moment
When the sky stretching dims,
Takes on the tinge of judgement,
Framing frozen limbs.

But do rest assured,
Green will come again;
The willow will have endured
With kinglets in the glen.
But we shall not wave either
Into the blue-brown sky,
Give our greetings neither
To friends low nor high.

And now it is raining,
Feel the little drips,
The purple light is waning
On our immobile lips;
A law still seems to govern,
For a moment, the place:
The same that in a tavern
Gives blue lips grace.

There is a Fire

There is a fire burning
Past the heavy mountain
Lashing light into the firmament;
Wheel-spokes turning
Towards ends uncertain
In mock-tournament.

And in the dew-damp foreground
A fawn walks unawares
In search of his mother,
And birch trees surround
Him utterly in their cares

Like a little brother.

But a lash leapt into the wood
Towards the little fawn
And being bright blinded him.
So, in nature's love he stood
Alone in the play of dawn
At the hour's whim.

«[Previous Article](#) [Table of Contents](#) [Next Article](#)»

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