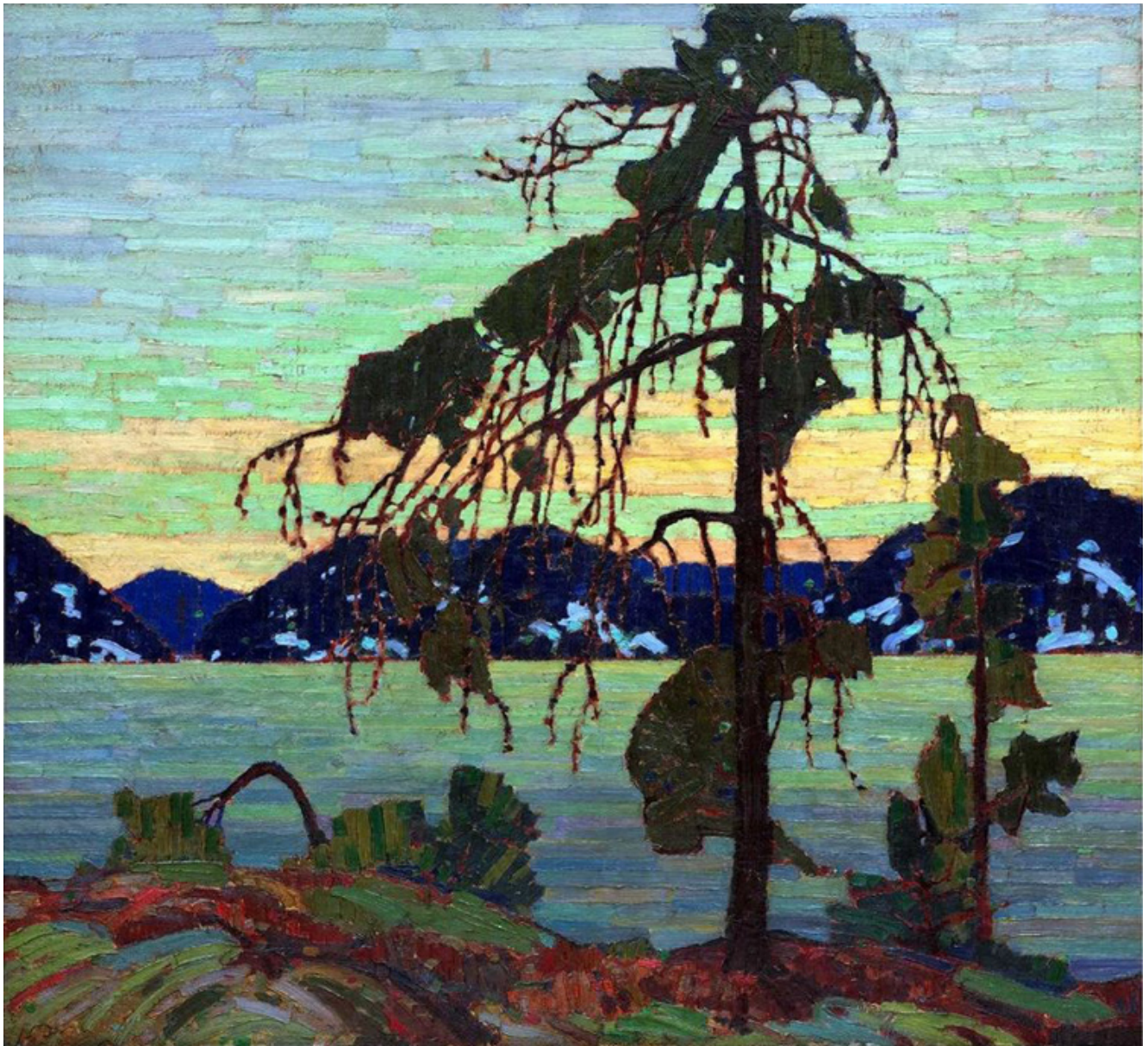


# Two Poems

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.

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