

MY FATHER IN THE WOODS

Barbara Hughes

Dear Brushing,

Thank you for considering my poem, "My Father in the Woods." As an emerging writer, I am grateful for the time my work receives.

I am currently an English major here at Rollins College and a senior. As a Rollins student my life has been evolving since I set foot on this campus and started my new life journey. Writing has opened new worlds for me. In my spare time, when I am not studying or working, I love to drink potent coffee, create poetry, and have long conversations with the moon.

My father standing tall, from the roots up,
doesn't hear me when I call
his limbs are like wings fluttering across the forest
yesterday, I ran to the trees to listen

My father's smile is a celestial globe
with eyes that are sea-blue under the glossy crescent moon
his gray hair shimmers into pale waves,
his strong legs, like tree trunks, sink
into the milky sweetness of the cosmos
as he walks away from frozen-over footprints





My father's voice is like a songbird singing through the silence
his teeth like pearls blowing smoke out in rings
misting the windows of our house
he stands in the night like a ghost
his graceful fingers wave goodbye like weeds that are dying

My father steps into the void toward consciousness and away again
the earth's drum carries him against the urban wind
scattering his ashes for miles