



Fallen Spire

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After the snowstorm and freezing
My daughter and I went out to see why
The icicles were weeping.

The smell of pine was thick as we
Drew near the stand where a great
Short leaf had given up the
Fight with wind and sky,
Its jagged heart exposed
Like a dying fire.

We knelt to touch the glassy casts
That brought down this force of life,
Felt the weight of the wounded.
Among the broken limbs,
The smell of injury was pungent.

To witness pain is to share pain,
To raise our guard, to measure risk.
But even as we were quiet to honor this loss,
We grew cold to be so still.

So we breathed in the essence of
This spirit's last gift, stood, held hands
And continued on our way.

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