

*NELL SMITH*

*Grafting*

Among high ponderosas in Arizona,  
I remember Maine's white pines—  
how after climbing them,  
their clear sap drew pieces of that homeland  
straight into my hands.

I have been grafted here and there,  
with the seasons, out of season,  
I have loved light rising like heat  
across highways dredged through the land,  
woken to a broken shard of sunrise  
reaching through a canyon.  
I am fastened in transient topography  
by the movement of stars,  
the constancy of things I cannot hold.

The sun seeps up through the Atlantic.  
Maine shifts into the idea of belonging,  
in longing, as if it no longer exists.  
It is like the memory of scents.