

Black Locust

Star Coulbrooke

My sister says
the name
for a tree long dead
but not far from memory

the Black
I always thought
was Honey

and now
it comes back
blossoms bursting

branches
upright and forked

tree that burned
with the farmhouse

lacey framework
of twigs
with paired spines

leaves
pinnately compound
bark
furrowed into ridges

upper branches
level
with the second story

a bridge
to our bedrooms

seed pods
clustering hanging

until winter
breaks them open