

## **Bent Trees**

My summer path  
through Fieldcote Park  
blocked by a blasted cedar  
leaning low

Each time I ducked  
I wished it  
out of my way

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At summer's end  
up north hiking  
I saw a new log house  
framed with 400 erect trees  
growing on site

spotting one crooked cedar  
the owner had designed his home  
to enclose this natural banister  
swooping to the loft

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It comes to me now  
the ache I feel  
My lopsided tree  
tears at the cloak  
shielding me  
from life setbacks

Ellen Ryan  
**Tower Poetry**, 2009, **57**(2), 36.