

Coming to Treeline

I remember the Range
and bushwhacking as a girl
up the side of Mount Haystack,
scrabbling up trails through thick stands of fir,
pushing past short, precise pine trees
which politely snapped back into place,
then swishing through the soft forests of balsam—
those tiny green dwarves
waving their whiskbrooms
of sweet incense into thin air,

and finally coming to treeline.

First, there is nothing but bracken,
scrub pine, and Lapland sandwort,
but then the skyscraper
of gray granite, thrusting to the top.

At treeline, all complexity
falls away
and you can see clear
to the blue line
of beyond.

Past fifty, I come
to a treeline of my own
and sigh with relief.

Just maybe, I can find
my bearings
now.