

## A Poem by Michael Meinhoff

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### Among Trees

I don't know  
if the strange old man  
inside me  
is an oak or a pine

some of his branches  
have died  
but he continues  
to grow, to endure

to take what comes  
like a tree

\*

far into the woods  
and meadows  
we stop walking

he works his bare feet  
into the earth  
and holds them firm

saying he is content  
to grow, to age  
to die (someday)  
without remorse

**Michael Meinhoff** lives with his wife on twenty-five acres near Yosemite National Park where he enjoys the solitude and closeness to the land. His poetry has appeared in the *Aurorean*, *Brevities*, *Lilliput Review*, *Plainsongs*, and *Song of the San Joaquin*.