

Where Fire Has Been
Damaris West

Where fire has been

snarling, leaping at trees
till, groaning, they turn
to black torsos,
twisted limbs:
over the bleak scene
a breeze now blows
cloudlets of seeds.

Rich ash feeds
green embryos,
pushes shoots skyward,
opens leaves, till finally
these flowers,
fierce pink as sundown,
bright as flames:
rosebay willowherb—

fireweed.