

# February

by [Jean Janzen](#) in the [February 24, 2004](#) issue

Fig tree dominates the garden,  
gray and knobby against gray fog,  
its bare branches grotesque.  
Like the old, bent parishioners  
my father would visit, taking me  
along, a child. They stroked  
my hands, my woolen dress,  
reached out with cloudy eyes.

This tree reaches everywhere,  
as though light can be caught.  
Slow sun drains through, stirs  
a wing. Then one morning  
I see them, green tips of figs  
hard as emeralds escaping  
from every knuckled grasp.