

Fallen

by [Julie L. Moore](#) in the [October 17, 2006](#) issue

For we are fallen like the trees . . .

Wendell Berry

Still teeming with green
The body of branches my children once climbed

Lay fallen on our lawn. Through our window
We'd watched the storm's silver arm

Fling a rain-swelled axe into our white ash.
Watched its torso split. Watched one half lean

Into nothing, drop like a scarf.
And after, we sawed the massive bough,

Sorting the limbs still so
Electric with life, that green

Burned onto our hands and legs
While dust like ashes

Settled to the ground.