



...august 6, 2013...

beneath the giant of a redwood tree
i saw a squirrel struggling to stand –
as if sick – or injured from a fall –
it strained from sitting up to toppling down –

quietly – so quietly – i spoke –
saying i would move it from the path
and place in in the ferns behind the tree
away from gawkers and from passersby –

slowly and so carefully i moved
cupping my hands around it as it stilled –
i carried it into the shading leaves
then stroked it gently in a soft goodbye –

not knowing if i left him there to live -
not knowing if i left him there to die.

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