**Autumn Birch**

Freya Rohn

Of gravity the trees

are borne—

sap, sucked into sockets

of root and marrow—

disrobing at the first cool

breath of equinox—

open jugulars of autumn

enameling earth.

We scrape and gather the lost fire—

put out smoke and ash

refuse the wicking

downward pull

that steadies trunk and limb—

whose heights

stand bare-skinned and

ready for the ravening

dark.