

sugaring in branford

after the first freeze-thaw
be careful
as the snow crunches beneath your feet.
look up
and find the sugar maple
by its naked crown and brown bulbs, u-shaped branches, outstretched arms— arterial
variations,
note its skin, its bark, is it well?
approach and
interspaced between two grooves of bark,
drive your clamp, plastic blue tubing, the whole of it curling—
split woody skin, hearty xylem, strike core—
a break, a gasp, a shudder
the pop
sweet sap spills

--

By Kelly Dunn