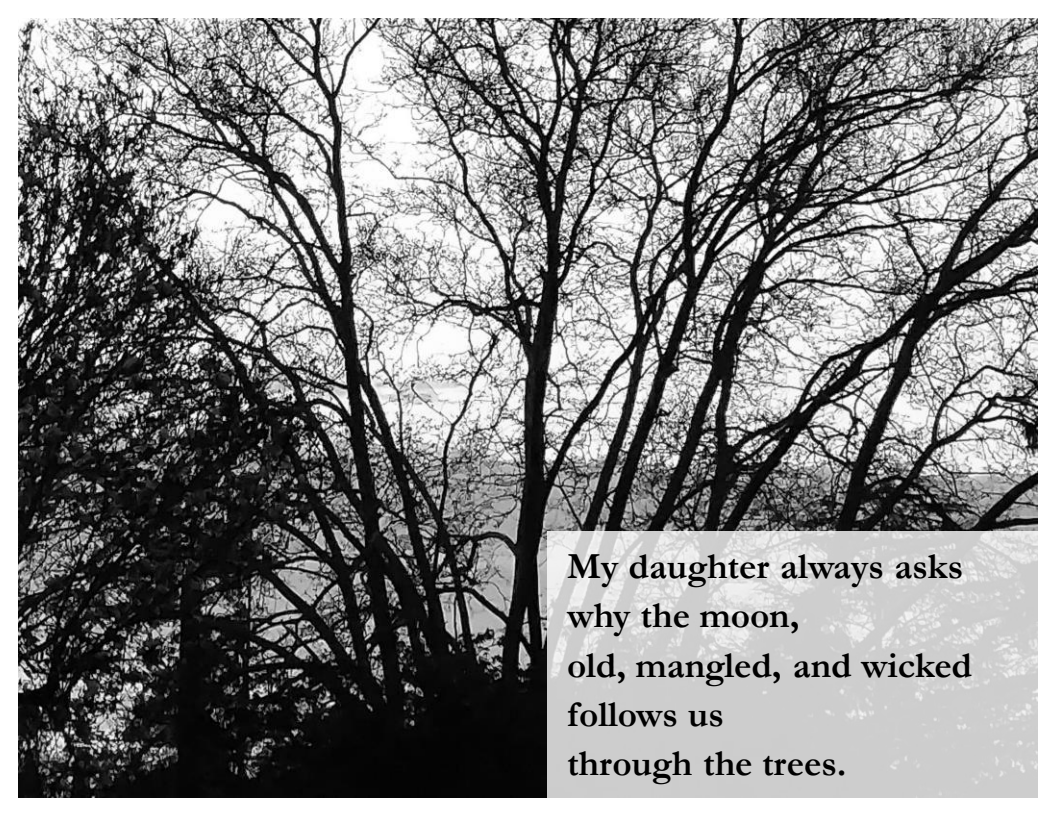
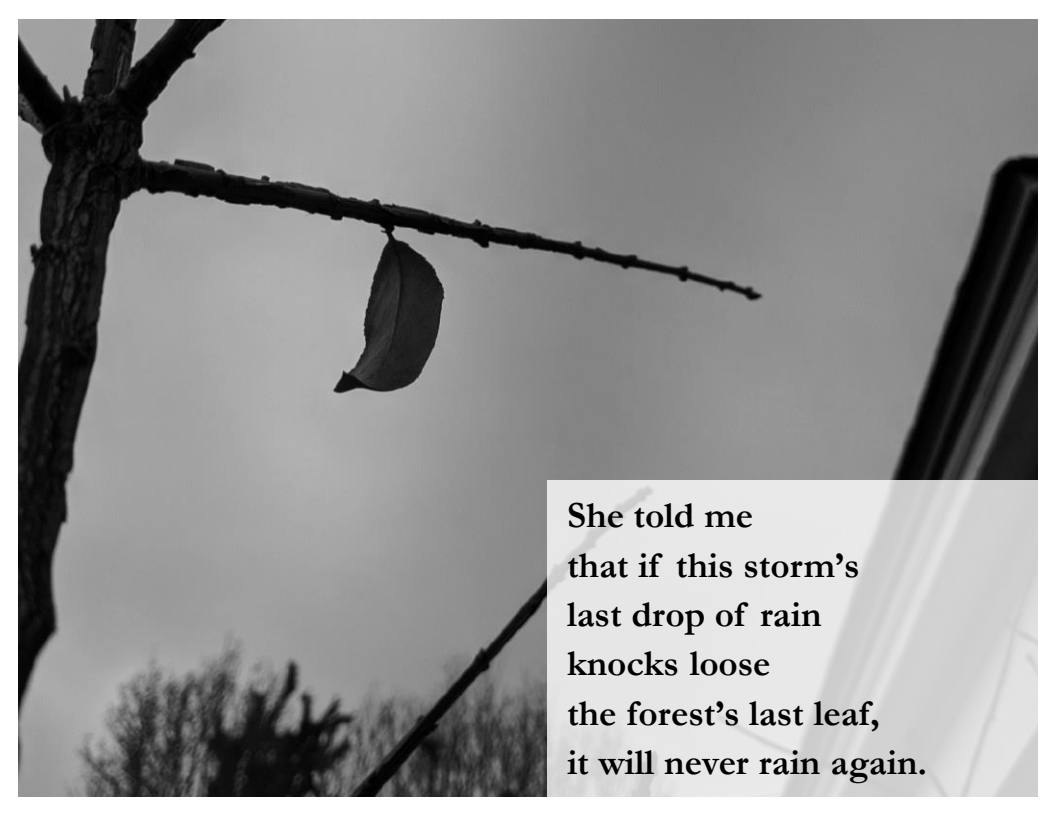


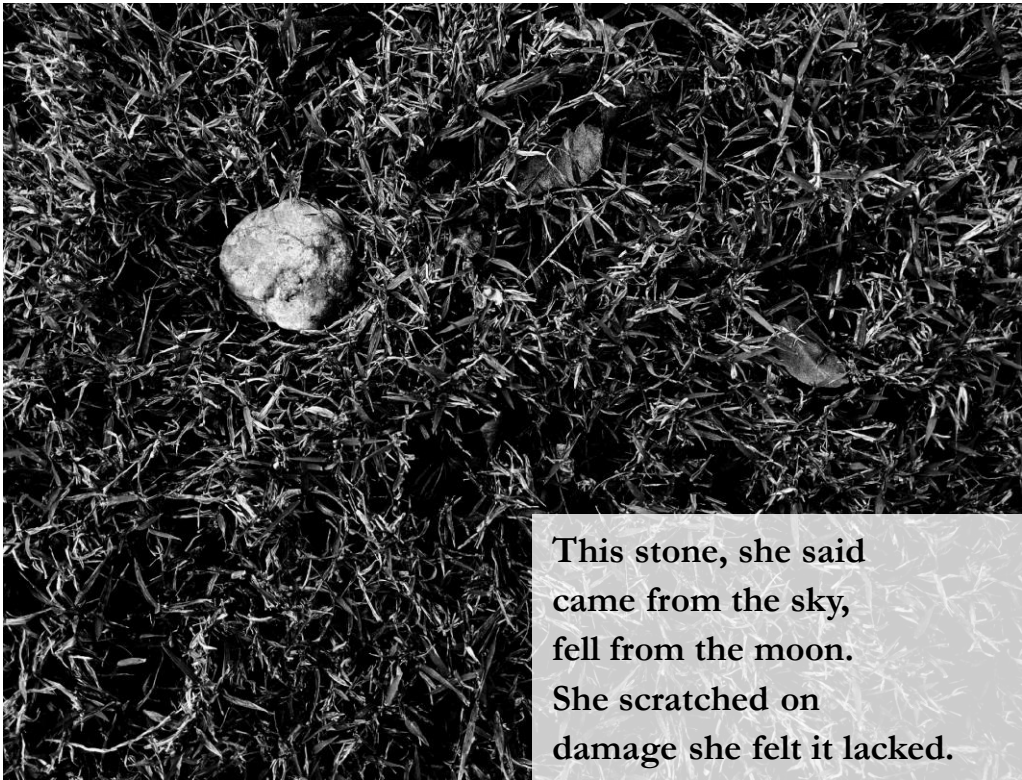
**From
the
Sky**



**My daughter always asks
why the moon,
old, mangled, and wicked
follows us
through the trees.**

A black and white photograph of a single leaf hanging from a tree branch against a grey sky. The leaf is the central focus, hanging from a thin branch that extends from the left. The background is a uniform, overcast grey, suggesting a storm or a gloomy day. The overall mood is somber and reflective.

**She told me
that if this storm's
last drop of rain
knocks loose
the forest's last leaf,
it will never rain again.**



This stone, she said
came from the sky,
fell from the moon.
She scratched on
damage she felt it lacked.



Words and Images:

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“From the Sky” first appeared in the
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