Mekeel McBride lives in Kittery and teaches in the MFA program at the University of New Hampshire. In her poem she shows us what we have missed in the winter trees we observe every day.

Where Inspiration Has Learned a Thing or Two

By Mekeel McBride

From the trees because they are the true intuitives. Palm readers of sunlight and storm, calm interpreters for any kind of wind, doing most of the detective work on shooting stars and aurora borealis. Their easy come, easy go romances with migrating birds scarcely bear recording and not even the quick cinema jump cuts from summer to snow bother them. Even if there is snow, temperature in the minus numbers, something continues to live, invisible, at the core. Looking at the trees, you might see in the bare branches only the bones of Babayaga’s hand or the possibility of kindling for your wood stove, owl haven, or a kind of living elegy blessed on the highest branch by one thin crow. Of course you could be wrong. What inspiration looks like is never really what it is.