

# Quill & Scope

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## Burning

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Burning  
Shannon Stocks

I quiver, a tree shaken, my leaves once  
golden now crisping at the edges, slow  
roasting from words miles away. Absence  
molds fabrication so I wilt, aglow

with the burning abjection of my  
own creation. It's possible, I think,  
that memories can ground me, rectify  
me, become the roots to coarsely begin

again. So I pick myself up by the  
words of my mother, I grow by the touch  
of all the hands I've ever held, a  
thought that I was unworthy, not much

begins to fade begins to fade begins to fade.