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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.