


December 2017

Burning

Shannon Stocks

Follow this and additional works at: https://touro scholar.touro.edu/quill_and_scope

 Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#), and the [Medicine and Health Sciences Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Stocks, S. (2017). Burning. *Quill & Scope*, 10 (1). Retrieved from

This Poetry and Creative Writing is brought to you for free and open access by Touro Scholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Quill & Scope by an authorized editor of Touro Scholar. For more information, please contact carrie.levinson2@touro.edu.

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.