

Rowanbough

by Brandon M. Dennis

It took up an acre, a
whole acre it stretched,
thick as a clenched fist.

We called it Rowanbough.
I dont know why; it's
not a rowan, but the name worked.

One day I stayed
by old Rowanbough a
bit longer than I intended,
and the sun had sunk before I realized,

realized the sun had sunk far,
far into the sea, where the waves tossed.

So I climbed Rowanbough and used
it as a big wooden nest,
where I decided to rest.

But I lost track of time and I sort of
sank into the tree, like after
it snows and you lay there getting covered
and you dont care, you just slip away, piled under, getting colder.

But in this case, in the tree that is, it just got darker
and darker,
and my senses faded, under that dark leafy snow. Then I saw first
water, for I was in it in that tree-shade.

Then I saw light, and moss, and I couldn't see far,
even though this was the acre-tree, and last
I saw a man, sitting on a stone, blanketed
with moss, lots of moss. Lots.

He said, "What brought a
fellow like you here?" and he tapped
the wooden wall. I said, "It's
dark," and I stumbled.

He laughed.
"Maybe you should go up where it's lighter?"
and I said, "How?" and he said, "Yonder

root will fix ya.”

He winked and waved.

I alighted,

and the root took me to where it was lighter,
spiraling upward.

Outside the wind picked

up and leaves started

dancing, making a leafy-wind mist.

“I am Rowan, and this is my Bough,” I heard from the roots
below. “Come visit me when it isn’t so dark!” I sprinted
home and did as he said, quite often, until later,
when I became too old to believe what my memory knew.