

## Catherine Arra

### Ode to Forest

—as if you slip between  
folded time, slants of light, a traveler, messenger  
you appear & wait. Your moon-pool eyes

swim me in milky-earth brown, & then  
a single beam of soul fire, just below Betty Boop lashes, beckons.  
I swear I hear my name.

Sweet young doe, spirit animal, mine,  
you came in early spring, alone—an open slash on your right flank  
& though wounded

you tender-eyed, ear-hugged, wet-nosed nodded me  
to stop, stay, see—to meet you beyond the wood, the wild  
& whirling of planets. You offered me passage

taught me to match breath, heartbeats, read nuance & gesture.  
I named you Forest. You named me Tree.  
I gave you an apple. You gave me root.

**Catherine Arra** is the author of *Her Landscape, Poems Based on the Life of Mileva Marić Einstein* (Finishing Line Press, 2020), (*Women in Parentheses*) (Kelsay Books, 2019), *Writing in the Ether* (Dos Madres Press, 2018), and three chapbooks. Arra is a native of the Hudson Valley in upstate New York, where she teaches part-time and facilitates local writing groups. Find her at [www.catherinearra.com](http://www.catherinearra.com)