

Joel Moskowitz

In the Town Forest

Giant pines rustle,
some with birds in them,
so I can believe if I want,
in this gauzy light,
that nobody's sick.

What if I build a nest up in a tree?—
train myself to like the cold,
wear a yarmulke under my woolen cap,
feel embraced by branches,
inhale their scent,
sing in an ancient language,
words I vaguely know,
a familiar lullaby,

write letters on birch bark—
drop them, let the wind
take them— news to friends,
advice to the president,
questions to my lawyer,
gratitude to my librarian,
and appeals to my wife
to wait for me just a mile
away in our warm home.

Every hour, I'd hear bells
ring from the town center.

Nights, a barred owl calling,
another answering.

Days, the silence
of absent children
yelling in the woods.

Joel Moskowitz is an artist and retired picture framer who lives in Sudbury, MA. His poems have appeared in *The Comstock Review*, *Ibbetson Street Press*, *J Journal*, *Midstream*, *Naugatuck River Review*, *The Healing Muse*, *Soul-Lit*, *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Boston Poetry Magazine* and *Soul-Lit.com*. He is a First Prize winner of the Poetry Society of New Hampshire National Contest.