

Mary Ellen Shaughn – Two Poems

If a Tree Falls in the Woods

Some years ago a tall anorexic-looking tree in my woods, its trunk stripped clean of bark by Pileated woodpeckers, deer and small ground animals, was knocked off its base by a heavy windstorm. Rather than crashing to the ground it was caught in the arms of a tall, sturdy oak, and there they remain to this day, one tree swaying slightly in the breeze, its feet not quite touching the ground, the arms of the oak still hugging it, having become used to its company, unwilling to let go.

Wednesday Morning Coffee

Six white-haired women of a certain age gather around a table in a coffee shop every Wednesday morning.

They all talk, sometimes taking turns, picking up where another left off, sometimes all six voices at once.

Looking at them, you would be hard-pressed to tell which ones are widows, which are divorced, which have a partner.

Their grieving does not show, their anger does not show, their disappointment does not show.

They all smile, alone, together, even the one for whom this moment is all that she has, and even she, with her eyes resting, wears a smile.

Mary Ellen Shaughan lives in Western Massachusetts with her beagle, Zeke. Her poetry has appeared in numerous journals Her first collection, *Home Grown*, is available on Amazon.