

## **Adam Crothers**

### **Wooden**

Her walking-stick is a divining-rod  
or an oil rig, thudding into the ground  
  
to draw up lubrication for her joints.  
Or it's a tree long bereft of its roots,  
  
a prop for mother nature's grand exit,  
and its leaves have all been lost in transit,  
  
and the birds and the branches are unseen.  
Her white hand weeps about its canopy,  
  
and her clipped trunk is an ash boomerang.  
Old woman wobbles back to her old man.