

Stories to Tell my Daughter

Some people can weave
stories out of dry
willow branches –
creating wicker fiction,
thrones with velvet pillows

Some chisel tales from
rugged sensualism
chipping granite into
wine
squeezing stories from
grapes
sucking the marrow
out of oak trees

Feathers fall from birds
become pens
then take flight
across pages to retell myths
about an apprentice
who tripped
splattering paint
across the sky