

Leigh Nash

### Into the Wood Chipper

The maple throws up its arms  
in fright. *Oh*, it says with each  
hack. *Oh*.

All the keys tossed  
out over the years, potential  
heirs –

all weeded out. The struggle, lately,  
to stop the balding.

*Oh*, says the maple, the final  
blow imminent. The wind  
in the upper branches replies

*Oh, take a bow.*