

**I wander into the woods searching**  
**By Katharine Zaun**

Root and branch, the sun  
plants seeds the moon  
harvests. Or is it the moon  
that plants

these deep desires in the caverns  
of my being  
for breaking through  
and reaching up

and up toward celestial planes,  
only to find myself again  
covered in soil,  
roots extended down

and down, my arms  
the arms of my mother  
and my mother's mother  
and so on, holding

my lover's dreams. Baba Yaga, let mine bloom  
like the cereus hildmannianus,  
well-acquainted with the order  
of things—life, death, life.