

## KATIE'S CABIN

Under the spreading apple tree  
With Katie's house in its branches  
I open my body and soul  
To the healing force of nature.

Her swing still hangs. The ladder  
Makes a comfortable place to write.  
I run my hand along a branch  
A few inches above my head

And learn that a tree too suffers  
Pangs of unrequited love.  
As for the hot cabin itself  
With its view over the forests

I'm quite sure the child in me  
Could live there always. My blood  
Warms to the challenge of writing  
One of my best poems ever.

Karsdale, Nova Scotia  
26 August 05.