

MAKING BIRCH PAPER WITH MY FATHER

Elizabeth Wing

(Fairbanks, Alaska: 2017)

Peeling birch bark
Off this dead log

Knife flashes
Cool in the amber
Of perpetual afternoon

(Summer – north – sun won't sleep)

Things half-die
Each winter

Under
This
Brittle bark

We find
Green, peeking life

Sir Francis Drake High School, 12th Grade ☆ Second Place