

exit strategy

by claudine toutoungi

**Regard the copper-beech by evening sun
To find some height, some hope of what's to come**

**And if the lassitude of elms confounds your heart
Take note of how the robin stops and starts and**

**Tries to trip you up with cavalcades of joy so sharp
You almost stagger; and if you stagger when**

**Mute darkness holds you tight, enlist the tender
Clatter of the morning birds to chase away the night.**