

YEWJOURNAL



A Journal of Innovative Writing & Images by Women

[WINTER 2017](#)

[FALL 2016](#)

[SUMMER 2016](#)

[SPRING 2016](#)

[FALL 2015](#)

[SUMMER, 2015](#)

[SPRING 2015](#)

[WINTER, 2015](#)

[2011](#)

[2012](#)

[2013](#)

[2014](#)

[BIOS](#)

[NEWS](#)

[SUBMIT](#)

LOIS LEVINSON & GABE BROWN

Lois Levinson

featuring images by

Gabe Brown

November Nests

High in a cottonwood a hawk's aerie
braces on sturdy branches.

A woven oriole's nest dangles from the tip
of a bough like a forgotten sock.

Nestled into the V of two crabapple limbs
a robin's cup of grass and mud.

Skeletal trees expose last summer's nests
ruins silhouetted against slate sky.

I see them only now, their job done:
eggs hatched, young nurtured, fledged.

Used husks remain.

~

Last spring's magpie nest
still visible in the blue spruce.

For days the female paced
back and forth

beside her nest tree,
shrieking her grief and rage,

her nest invaded, eggs devoured
by marauding squirrels.

Her mate stood by
powerless to soothe her.

I heard her cries
and knew.

~

I remember the failed nest
and the empty womb,

the proto-lives that vanished
before they ever were,

the promise unkept
the body's betrayal,

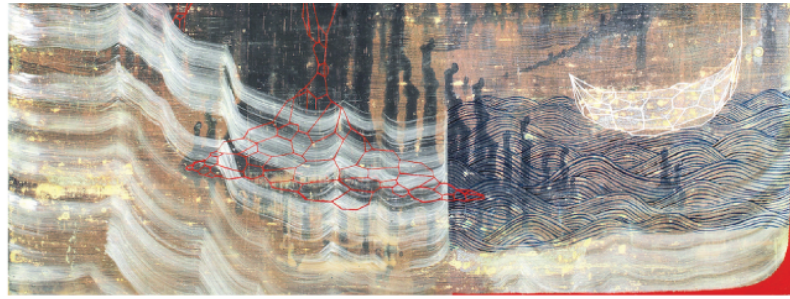
a blip on the ultrasound
then gone.



On a Ragged Point

I stand alone
on a ragged point
high above
a rocky shore
fogged in
tucked in
bony fingers
of cypress
cling to the edge
droplets make
the air palpable
spider webs purred
by tendrils of mist
dancing veils
of light and fog
no hard edges
no visible decay
liquid silver
flowing
far below
the onslaught
of the tides
relentless
bass of water
assaulting rock
otherworldly shapes
of cliffs emerge
tied neither
to earth
nor sea
naked rock
floats free
above it all
the spiral aria
of the canyon wren





text © copyright Lois Levinson and images © copyright Gabe Brown, 2017

[Blog at WordPress.com.](https://yewjournal.com)