

## POETRY

### BENEATH

Dale Mosher

Arbutus shed their auburn garb, curled  
ragged shreds of blood-orange bark hang down.  
Paper-pale skin of birches unfurls  
in layers over mossed, velvet ground.

When the veil is scraped below,  
the essential loam lies naked,  
a revelation thinly disguised to know  
that honesty exposed is slaked.