



Tree/Woman

*We have a beautiful mother
her green lap immense.*

Alice Walker

more & more I have become a tree
not planted grown
seeded in a dark forest

I do not remember
nine hundred years ago
as a sapling

only woke here
knowing -roots sunken
deep reaching far

entwined with others
locked - I would set fast
even to rock

slanted diagonally out
tipped over an ocean
my claws would still creep

between tight crags
fingers would still dig
down and grip

all these years
I hold inward
a chainsaw would tell you

but look how I reach
and stand tall
acquiesce to the wind

look how honestly
I wear flaws
reach out to seed my own

more and more I have become a tree
seeded in a dark forest
not planted, grown.

Charlotte O'Brien



Charlotte O'Brien holds a B.A. in Creative Art with a double major in Creative Writing & Fine Art. She won the Australian Dorothy Crawford Memorial Scholarship for Creative Writing. She is the host of "Woman's Word" for Feminist Magazine on KPFK and a performance member and staff writer for LitRave. Charlotte is currently studying in the Master Poetry Class at USC under the instruction of Dr. James Ragan. She has two chapbooks, "Bedroom, Kitchen, Beach" and "Miscellaneous Love Poems."