

# Family Trees

by Sarah Heffner

On my walks  
I meet my birth father  
who is any willow tree.

He owes me but it doesn't  
prevent him from making demands.  
He doesn't sway easily for a willow.

My mother I've met in real life.  
But before that only in my poems,  
and she was always a magnolia.

My brother is a field of trees,  
that can morph into birds,  
that are always flying east.

But when he is a tree  
it's as if he transformed,  
mid-flight as a bird.

And so, it is hard to tell  
even as a tree, that he is one.  
I am not a tree.



#MMPPisLIT

Happy  
Phantom