Black Locust
Star Coulbrooke

My sister says
the name
for a tree long dead
but not far from memory
the Black
I always thought
was Honey
and now
it comes back
blossoms bursting
branches
upright and forked
tree that burned
with the farmhouse
lacey framework
of twigs
with paired spines
leaves
pinnately compound
bark
furrowed into ridges

upper branches
level
with the second story
a bridge
to our bedrooms
seed pods
clustering hanging
until winter
breaks them open