

Evidence of Lightning Strike

discovered on the day George Floyd's murderer was found guilty

The sugar maple –
 scarred

 beneath the bark

Burned –
 a flash once

 hit it at its top

The sound
 shook the house

 woke the sleeper

Thunder –
 it happens

 on those summer nights

We didn't know.
 The damage

 was street-side

The bark
 flaked off

 gradually – over years

I see it now –
 the black streak

 at its core

Weakened –
 yet – there's new growth

 on its branches

Buds
 increase and fatten

 explode to flowers, leaves

Above us,
 spring green

 against the blue sky

Proud tree
 pulls us from our lows

 delivering a verdict of possible

