

CHELSEA McCLELLAN

*When I Finally Get to the Redwoods*

*To my children*

and you look up at the ancient trees  
with their impossible growth, then notice  
me face-first in soil, singing the praises  
of its complex notes of compost, sweet  
times, griefs, and arguments; when these  
shovel-hardened fingers finally part its  
mycorrhizal sea in search of the twists  
where tree meets root and two roots meet;  
when you stretch your fingertips to mine  
around roots wider than you thought  
a trunk could grow, sing with me of time,  
of sap, how its sweetness can't be bought  
but freely flows to give the growth, how I,  
today, am so weak—not yet that tree you sought.