

**Only***(for Grandma)**Zhang Jie Qiang*

Already, your eyes are ringed with grains  
as trees age by rings of grain.

Your palms are beginning to resemble leaves  
etched with autumn.

The back of your hand, like the underside of a leaf,  
is mapped with veins, each one travelling  
through your gnarled limb, through  
your gnarling trunk, to  
your heartwood.

Only: I would you could also learn  
the unresting trick of Larkin trees  
that each year could begin afresh,  
afresh, afresh.