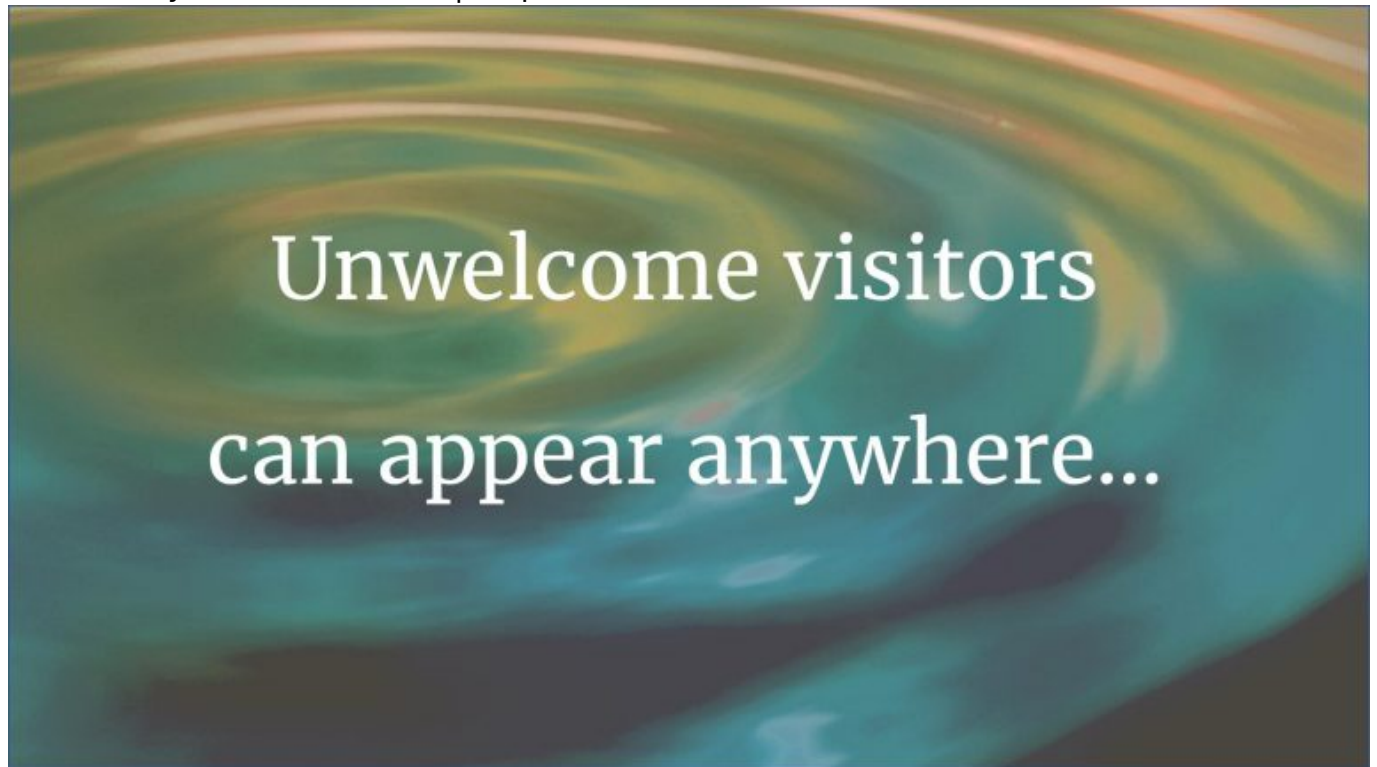


Invasive

Category: Poems

written by Laura Altshul | September 27, 2019



I never grew Virginia creeper,
this twining shiny vine rapidly
unfurling its five-leafed bouquet,
yet it crept into my garden, stealthily
wrapping its strong tendrils round
stems and bushes and trees
in lusty demanding embrace,
attaching onto the house foundation,
embedding into cement and wood.

I yanked at the growth, and long
strands came forth, breaking off
at the base. I pulled and pulled
yet realized I could never reach
deep roots, and after retreating
it would revive and return
the way mania steals back in,
creeps up, and takes over my son.