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## The Transplant

*Larry Kuhar*

I am sleeping awake, wandering woods  
as a hum encroaches in the gloaming.

A tall tree, I overlook the valley,  
breathing life into this liminal space.

My exhaust competes with a thrumming jet  
thirty-three thousand feet over this peak

carrying the donated piece of me  
I have not met and do not yet discern.

I have been rooted here for six decades,  
a proud rosary of circles carved deep

telling my story of searching for light.  
But today I am uprooting myself —

leaving a counterintuitive hole  
in the ground where many others before

lay silent fallen by storm and the saw —  
to have one of my xylem rings replaced

annulling time told in concentric curls.  
Through the terminal glass I see myself

boarding the 767's arc  
away from life and land I know so well.

The gate agent tells me the flight is full.  
Asks me to remove dead boughs to save space.

I cast brown limbs into a silver can  
wobble to my seat impaired by wet sap

dripping from exposed holes as if a wind  
mimicking a dieback ripped them from form.

I am the only tree on this transport  
who does not know if it will root again.

I will not feel turbulence encountered  
just before we circle around red streaks.

What I will see will not be remembered  
until I feel the hard jolt of touchdown

and only then my old roots will tell me  
if my trunk accepts its new replaced ring.

### **About the Poet**

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