



Caught in Amber

Such long odds that
a single drop of resin
in a forest of long-dead trees
could embalm a fly
and,
be buried for millennia,
transmuted into amber,
tumbled by the æons,
discovered in a bell pit or
tossed upon a seashore,
only to be
set upon a woman's breast.

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Pinus ponderosa resin droplet, Myrtle Creek, Oregon