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# Portrait of a Shingle

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## Portrait of a Shingle

Oak leaves bake into your  
seams of asphalt and metal—  
of plastic and flagstone debris.  
You are a slab, a factory-made  
copy—tar selfishly hammered  
in the name of progress, in the  
name of growth or expansion.  
What hawks, or moths, or rains  
come thrashing? What squalls  
or snowstorms pelt, leaving  
you in need of a patch, a nail,  
a piece of polymer strip on the  
edge? There's the sun (blunt,  
as you are blunt) simmering  
your surface. There's a possum  
blinking toward your underside,  
plump and dark in the rafters—  
in need of protection, of a tarmac  
embrace. There's your chunk on  
the roof, replacing the oak leaves,  
venturing to be a thing that loves,  
that understands, that belongs.