

Black Saturday: Fell

how old was the tree
they hung him on? was it as old as he?

the first ring for the year he fell bloody
into the hands of a carpenter

the last for the year he fell bloody
into the hands of a crowd

they sprayed a red X and marked him for death
they took an axe to his trunk let loose the dark sap

they shook their fists
and shouted TIMBER

when he fell his skin was carved
with the initials of us all

when he fell the devil dreamed him
kindling for the biggest fire ever

when he fell he tore the black
curtain of the sky in two

no one guessed his tanned torso
held all the rings of eternity

no one guessed GOD would right him
like a home movie running backwards

his ten toes buried again
in the warming earth like crocus bulbs

his arms reaching up through the gash in the sky
he himself had made, up to where the winged ones sing

no one guessed he would again
spread wide his muscled branches

and whisper to the children

climb me