

NO TREE

There is no history here  
where my feet scatter old leaves  
and cascade the grass.  
I planted a tree here once,  
somewhere here. I wanted  
futurity in that, foolishly,  
I think now, for there is nothing  
here to split asunder stars above.

Those memories out of the past  
I planted elsewhere, crowned with palms,  
flash about the mind's eye;  
there is no echo on this mound,  
not even a dark and pebbled hill  
like history's telling skull,  
or the abundance of symbolic events,  
blurted out of silence in rocks, trees.

All around me the hug of horizon  
is the only fact that locks  
me here - not the tree's firm hold.  
A year ago when I left house  
history walked off too,  
to battlefields and vistas,  
sprawling hills, boulders of bony earth  
that breed spirits of the wild dead.

So here I move about, let the heart  
and not the hand reach to grasp  
the binding fact that  
fixes this moment to the past.  
Yet the tree is the embrace that holds.  
Now only decay abounds.  
This ruffles up fear like wind.  
So now, departure. Begin. Begin.