

Anathallo

"Hanasakajijii (Three: Man Who Made Dead Trees B"

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Through silence,
When something fell,
I saw a smear of red across
The neighbor's leg.

The land was dry as dead.
He crawled with dripping heels.

Trailing black bits followed out of the mound,
Clung to the speckled skin where glue blood spattered.

I saw a bone, a nail hooked and hanging from the foot
of man.
I knew he thought it dead.

Knelt down,
I dipped my hand, an urn,
Into the mound.

Gathered all the parts together
And cupped my fingers as a cover.

I ran faster to the trees whose blossoms
Dried into grey exoskeletons.

i climbed from limb to limb.
Cracked the oldest spines.
Some would snap and some would fall.

I knew he thought it dead.
When I could see it all,
The barren, closed, and dry,

The ash took from my palm
And danced down white.

Come green! The trees to bloom!
(O hana! Buds, split open!)
Wash the heel of man
And lick the wound.

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