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Trees

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ORION

What Orion asks of the night
is a well
of purple flags and shallows.
There they drink,
his serene gazelles,
step into the pool
and swim
from the hemisphere.

His son has buried himself
by the creek bed.
Buried his heart
by the lilac.
And Orion
can be endlessly alone.

TREES

Say it again about the honor
of our silent trunks
and the leaves that collect by the pool
and are unshared tears.
Speak to us for we are with you,
and have had time to hear
the same thing never too often.

You are motionless in our name
and our name has caught you
and made you stand still,
as the name of ground gives rest,
as the name of lie has built a city.

By naming the bird, you fly,
but when we fly we burn.
Do not be afraid. Your tiny words
have brushed at us forever.