

The Tree

stands there crying like a man who thinks
nothing memorable will ever happen
to him again. Because it's filled

with gleaming crows

disturbed by a change

in the taste of the air. And I can't quite see

from this distance what kind of tree it is

though I notice the house behind it looks

like a farmhouse from some other century.

If I squint, I can see horses in the fields

beyond the house. That tree is really

crying now, and as I lean

to listen, I realize with growing alarm

it's not the tree crying but someone inside

that farmhouse, someone whose voice I think

I must recognize. So I call back, like a crow.

And then another crow joins in, and another,

until all I can hear is our own incessant cawing.

The house might as well be silent.

Michael Hettich