

Spring 1982

## Stars and Blossoms

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## STARS AND BLOSSOMS

Late April is a sudden  
and deciduous green  
in the saddlebacked hills  
of Missouri.  
At night the trees are nomadic  
and we get lost.  
Large skeletons of trunks  
with dead roots that clutch  
the soil they can no longer feel.  
A turkey hawk circles  
for a century  
on the same updraft.  
The sky pulled taut at midday.  
We fold up like pinecones  
and rest in late afternoon.

It is time.  
The sun has congealed  
into a gong of bronze.  
Now you must follow me  
into the high woodlands  
above this deadfall of shadows,  
already the trees darken.  
The wind has awakened the leaves  
and encouraged them to chant.  
The trees will not wait for us.  
In the clearing at twilight  
the dogwood, ignited with blossoms,  
will cast spark-petals  
along the ridge.  
These are our constellations.