Stars and Blossoms

James Finnegan
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.