

# When the wind/sky really is God

*by* Ed Higgins

and all the trees are holding  
their limbs up in prayer

and rain is mating with soil  
and loam itself is sperm

life for the oak, or maple  
or any other tree

and you stand there admiring  
the green, or red, or orange

or brown leaves depending on  
the season's fecundity

or maybe just enjoying  
the stark naked tree in winter

and the whole thing is a gift  
to the wind/sky God

or to whatever is beyond the sky  
where solar winds that are now swirling

streams out into the infinite universe  
which is hope or at least something like it

looping back toward us at the speed of prayer  
where it helps keep pace with dreams

that can eventually outdistance even  
those forms of darkness at the center

of nearly everyone's need for  
forgetting and forgiveness.

