

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.

