

Crosses

by Michael Tusa

Crosses sitting on the hillside
Crosses indifferent to the wind

Crosses hanging from the awning
Crosses hanging from within
Crosses in the street
Crosses in the ground

Crosses at night alone on the porch

crosses his feet
Crosses at midnight
Crosses in the deep diamond dark

Crosses in his eyes
Crosses in his heart

Little crosses
Big crosses

Crosses sitting on the hillside
Crosses in the church
Crosses in the park

Crosses in jail

Crosses all over town

They are hammering heavy white
Crosses on the high hillside
In the rose's rain

He has crossed his little black fingers
And his blood runs red across the white painted pores of wood.
The sun goes down.

