

Communion

I curl off words like the birch tree pointing
silently to the sky sheds white bark scrolls,
free to be unknowing.

The rutted aisle opens above to a white sky
with blue promise. Bare branches reach
like upholding ribs; skeletal leaves hang.

On a lichened rock someone has laid offerings:
two stones painted red and yellow,
coiled snails arranged in a mussel shell.

The lake by the rock is a grey silk altar cloth
embroidered with islands of dark green spiky pines.
Worshipping woodpeckers

hammer staccato hymns
single-handedly demonstrating
that everything exists to nourish something else.