

WHAT TREE IS NOT PERFECT! THIS ASIAN CHERRY

What tree is not perfect! This Asian cherry
bark split up through branches
like braids of separation open and to grow
from the original one of fingered roots,
all seeking expanse, seeding, place
in the nameless and unknown sea
that says “earth lives” in splendor,
“See me as I am is to see me in that splendor,”
how else spell words out of root systems,
the core, whose brute power and thrust to sun
and rain and wind and snow and moon know
no bounds yet are this Asian cherry, not American
maple, yet each proclaiming perfection, its voice
in the leaves of seasons whose impermanence and flux
holds the fluids of the river that is the finger of time,
call it divine, call it sublime, call it aggregated forms
of sufferings, call it the whole she-bang, call it wonderful,
call it the wound that never heals, call it soul, call it
unnamable so as to be the creature, who does not know
what to do to be a creature, who creates creation
each moment, call it what you will and by that call
will miss its fill of all of the world you see appear
before your eyes, an Asian cherry blooms, leaves,
the cherries, these turnings are a creation more urgent,
more direct, more pungent whose perfumes, unlike ours,

are the ecology of love in other words than our human form.

So much to go to hear this brother sister whose braids open to split to make whole that very thing that walk us and wake us, an exchange direct for imagination, are kin as ken and make a forest stand of all of us.