Chinese Maple

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TIME
LIKE A GREAT
INVISIBLE GYROSCOPE
CHURNING EFFORTLESSLY
PASSED BY THE WINDOW OF MY MIND,
TURNED THE CORNER
ONTO THE STREET OF FORGETFULNESS,
IT STIRRED THE AIR
DISTURBING THE FIBROUS GRAY SHIELD
WHICH HAD SETTLED GENTLY OVER
A RED FIRE TRUCK
ONE-ARMED BEAR
STAMP ALBUM ONE-TENTH FILLED
AND THE DYING SWIRL OF A TOP
SUDDENLY THEY CAME
MARCHING OUT OF THEIR SHELLS
AND FOUND THEIR WAY
INTO THE QUARRIES OF MY SOUL
—DAVE FISHER

CHINESE MAPLE
When I was a boy and just growing up
there was a small tree that blossomed
in bright red leaves where
When I—was-a-boy would say that
the day had begun,
but little boys grow tired
and leaves fall down on a day
and the air is cold and the tree is bare
When I was a man hidden in
the snow-muffled world outside,
There was no chinese maple . . .
—PAUL FERRARI, C.S.B.