

Stars by Other Means

No branch, no twig, no bark spot bare
Of steady, twinkling lights applied

As to a mummy, this tree an anti-effigy
Of nothing left to resemble or resent

This tree so dead I can't say what genus
Of what being had been beneath its skin

Of light white through clear glass thousands
Of times it takes to outline something finely

When finally the whole thing melds
With twilight more than half settled in

The mired light of myriad tries
And the light of the one sky we have

Behind a wooden gate, not far from a street
Someone has decorated death and it looks

Confident as two open eyes, mid-kiss
Flickering in the greater endarkenment