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One has been flung down with its roots in the air.  
Another tilts at an angle.  
One has lost a limb in the storm  
and stands with a white wound.  
And one, covered with vines,  
every May puts out a mass of flowers.

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Poetry, says Baudelaire, is melancholy:  
the more we desire, the more we shall have to grieve.  
Devour a corpse with your eyes; art consists  
in the cultivation of pain.  
Stupidity reassures you; you do not belong  
in a bourgeois establishment, it can never be your home.  
Restlessness is a sign of intelligence;  
revulsion, the flight of a soul.

## The Tree / Stanley Plumly

It looked like oak, white oak, oak of the oceans,  
oak of the Lord, live oak, oak if a boy could choose.  
The names, like ganglia, were the leaves, flesh

of our fathers. So Sundays I would stand  
on a chair and trace, as on a county map,  
back to the beginnings of cousins,

nomenclature. This branch, this root . . .  
I could feel the weight of my body take hold,  
toe in. I could see the same shape in my hand.

And if from the floor it looked like a cauliflower,  
dried, dusted, pieced back together, paper—  
my bad eyes awed by the detailed dead and named—

it was the stalk of the spine as it culminates at the brain,  
a drawing I had seen in a book about the body, each leaf  
inlaid until the man's whole back, root and stem, was veins.