

# A Vision of Judas

*Timothy Liu*

The light was too harsh  
in the South. All day  
I sat beneath that tree  
growing darker and darker  
until I was all shade.

*Looking up he saw  
the feet dangling . . .*

I left without a trace.  
Now miles from that tree,  
no water, no rope,  
just this one leaf left  
to hold up to my face.

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