

POETRY

## One Tree

*Mary Lythgoe Bradford*

Outside my window  
one lone dead tree  
is standing firm  
in brave desiccation  
among other hickories,  
that share the light  
of their chlorophyll  
while swaying in the wind.

Already my bark is stringy,  
my fruit drying as it drops.  
leaves falling quickly.  
Soon my roots will give way,  
and my frame will crack.  
But there is this to say:  
Naked limbs against the sky  
will open windows on the sun  
as it leaves its message  
in blazing signature.

## The Word

The Word was made Flesh  
and the Flesh made Words.  
He fed the Five Thousand  
on words shaped like loaves  
as fragrant as the breath  
of God,  
easy to digest  
sweet as honey.