

## Hymn to a Maple

*Gerrit van Dyk*

Your inverted slant is an acute note  
west to east in the shaded sunrise  
surrounded as you are by that moat  
of rocks and weeds, dry as a chalk line.

One Goliath's push would likely do,  
would end your wind quivering forever.  
And still I pray to you. Pray for you  
to suck the least dew from your dust.

Forget you. Never seem to find the soul  
to water—had plans of course—a desert  
snaking pipe, brown as your bole  
shaking from the easterlies of winter.

You've made promises, too, long gone.  
Once you might have burned for Moses  
cursing the crossing, striking the stone,  
hoisting the serpent, left unseen.

Yet your sap untapped returns to me  
against all odds, yes, despite my neglect  
your dark blood robe covers suddenly  
while I watch still through crusted glass.