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Hymn

Dianna M. Black

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Hymn

I

A cold sun traces
a Tyburn Tree
on snow gone crisp
with age.

II

He comes as spray on the wind,
gray as the snow
and as old
as the will of his ancestors.
He comes to sit at Tyburn.

III

Consummate predator:
he leaves only feathers—
dead as leaves
beneath the shawl—
and drops of red.

IV

He is this morning's sky.
He calls to redeem
the coldness
of earth and sky.

V

I bow upon the shadow Tree,
Kneel on the brittle snow
melting from the
risen sun
at Tyburn.

—Dianna M. Black