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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