

# Avocet Spring 2011

## Dark Pointer

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Cypress on the hill,  
dark green pointer drawn  
on canvas of light pine,  
overleaps the margins  
upwards to heaven.

Soldier of the forest guard  
standing stiffly at attention,  
straightly tall.

Rooted in soil,  
its peak the axle  
of the sky's turning.

Birds nest in it,  
a rose entwined in it,  
lizards, turning brown,  
dart on its trunk.

Life rests in its shade,  
lives in its branches,  
crawls in cracks in its bark.

The tree, the centre,  
yearns for heaven,  
seeks to link  
earth to on high.

There are cypress trees  
on the Temple Mount,  
growing up out of layered sanctity,  
out of laminated levels of holiness,  
polluted and disgraced by  
God's so-called warriors  
for three millennia.

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Cypress pointing upwards,  
stretch arms up towards heaven.  
if they touch it, like on Jacob's ladder,  
angels will descend and ascend.