

Other Voices

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**Cypress**

Michael E. Stone

Cypress tree planted thirty years ago,  
no pencil now but full-bodied.

In February climbing roses  
dot half its height with flowers  
and its peak pierces through the blue  
and joins earth to heaven.

Cypress burnt on the altar  
its smoke rose up on high  
to be a pleasing odour  
in God's nostrils.

From Paradise Seth brought  
a cypress branch,  
harbinger of redemption.

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