First, the tree wished

for nothing. Then when it was full of silence and soil

the dreams began: husked edges sowing outward, the drip of an above, a singular

great haemorrhage toward height. And so its second wish was for death: the

kind that cracks one world into

the open lap of the next.

It landed fragile as a wisp

in its allocated

post. Heard

the warbling of an early god who wished for song

over colour, saw his beak open and close

the brief unknowable, felt the shrill rattle of wattlebird castanets and wished, of course,

for music. So

air offered a duet, wreathed motion

into branches, plucked sound

from the secret place where it is kept between leaf––light. A thousand thousand suns were born

and buried. The tree wished for nothing.