

## 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.