

IX

One little boy was sleeping in a tree  
no thing to think, adrift harmony.  
Clouds cushioned low, held a castle in the air:  
boy in the tree, he needs this sight to share.

As the lights grew cold with a moon-time shiver,  
the stars flew upstairs as dreams grew bigger.  
All around the table they spoke through the night,  
revealing to each other their mind's eye sight:

'What a child this will be, and how like his brother  
but beauty must remain in the heart of the other.'  
The stars commenced to draw with ink of the soul,  
Colours ebb from earth in streams of control.

When rose began to patch the fabrics of the sky  
sleek owl knew too well what this did signify:  
'It's time for me to fall among the sound asleep.  
I'll kiss the moon good day, until the dusk we keep.'

The boy in the tree arose at this hour  
with a warmth on his back, in his time chaste tower.  
He opened up his arms and as wide as they could reach,  
'All of this I am – from seed to copper beech.'

But stood on the earth, waving up above,  
was a boy like himself, though paler than the dove.  
Colour spread her coat all through this boy,  
when he knew at that time his heart was built on joy.

'Come down mystery, and let me touch your face,  
I wait here for you – I know no other place.'  
But boy in the tree, he knew this perfect child,  
it was the brother that he loved, but a brother in the wild.

A whisper from his lips held the one below,  
'travel in my light and rest in this shadow.  
Never I will leave the branch of my tree,  
Ill be with you every step, your body binds with me.'

The child on the earth, he shed his largest tear,  
he prayed his only friend would never disappear.  
'But you stand so far away, a silhouette in mist.  
Walk with your friend, darkness crawls adrift.'

The owl gave a wink as silent as the ghost  
that let's the earth roll – the cradle and the host.  
Indeed the land was cold, as blue fell to black  
nothing gave a stir as the child lay back.

The stars had a dream, and the dream ran true,  
they had painted their minds between the brothers two.  
'The heights of our salvation have never grown to this:  
this world is our design, bathing in a bliss.'

The next day dawned and the boy on his branch  
looked down at his brother, the child with a chance.  
The child lay dead, a broken infancy,  
he was scared in the night and had tried to climb the tree.