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Tulip Tree

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Tulip Tree

Hardened,
the blooms
came down
like bishops,
their holes
filled with ants.
Brittle were
the cicadas
sucking
at the roots.
My finger-
nail was a tooth
for twisting
at the scars
swelling over
the old joints.
Today, there is
this: I bend
better than
long grass,
my palms
flash silver

in the morning,
my nodes
are full
to bursting.
The vireo
hides within
my silky nooks.
I never long.
The beak-pricks
heal so fast.
You hum
a trill
in my ear
every night.
This arm
is a boon,
that arm
is also a boon.
A blue beetle
works his
way up
the insides
of me,
the dankness

is my balm,
a visit from
the grasshopper
comes like
a visit from
the ladybug.
Everything:
a new pleasure.
Behold me:
I feed the earth.
I trust none who
cannot see it.

Pablo Peschiera is Visiting Assistant Professor of Writing at Grand Valley State University. His poems and translations have appeared in a number of journals, and he is the former editor of Gulf Coast. He lives on a dirt road in Hickory Corners, Michigan.