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## Timber

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AMY PATTULLO

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## Timber

Napping in the bright bedroom,  
my love's head sleeps upon my chest.  
His mind, though, flees  
like that ungodly glance of Christ  
beaming heavenward.  
Some timber! this summer beam  
booming through his body.

Lumberjacks had a certain intimacy  
with giant things. Hopping upon the prone  
trunks, up and down the length they combed  
and trimmed. Is it any wonder some  
would tuck themselves by a felled tree to sleep,  
and straightening out their slight six feet  
of length, try to imitate extension?  
That tall grace soared both directions past them.

My love gives up his head upon my breast.  
I can only think to touch his face;  
my fond, dumb hands touch all of it.  
His bulk, though, crashes  
in that forest no one's there to hear in.  
Therefore I hold his face, which has floated  
into sight like a river from that place.  
Where crashing is soundless, and silence concussive.