

This Is Not A Poem

*for Magritte*

A dark tree stoops  
with shadowless branches,  
bark sweating  
beneath a sky  
of hot white fluorescence

But in essence

the tree is sculpture,

on second glance

a man upholstered.

Trunkish legs stuck

in the ground,

cut with      hollowed navel

and twiggian

frown.

His debudded crown      stretches radicle fingers

toward the blinding shroud,

seeds raining upside down

and bleeding stains

into incandescent clouds.

Incessant weeding bound,

saplings spout

and cling to the drought

of his lingering frame.

What happens when man

sprouts his own doubt,

and stops to count the rings of his brain?