MOORING MAST

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While We Watched the Crucifix

I.
in a windy cornfield there is a scarecrow
nailed to a cross of two-by-fours
planted by an unseen lord.

a shivering throng of stalks observe
the torture of a man

by ravenous magistrates
of the vegetable city,
who grow far
from its inhabitants.

these black priests, having judged their intruder,
claw and gnaw the ragged body
bleeding straw that was nourished from
the colorless blood
and the dusty flesh
of earth.

II.
his hair was like Rumpelstiltskin's straw
span into long golden strands,
and his beard hung like moss

from ancient bark:
darkened by weather and scarred.
a marble-sized sun hung in each glowing eye
a light shade of auburn burning brightly
illuminating the rest of his golden face
and his smile stays with me
everyplace.

christopher buck