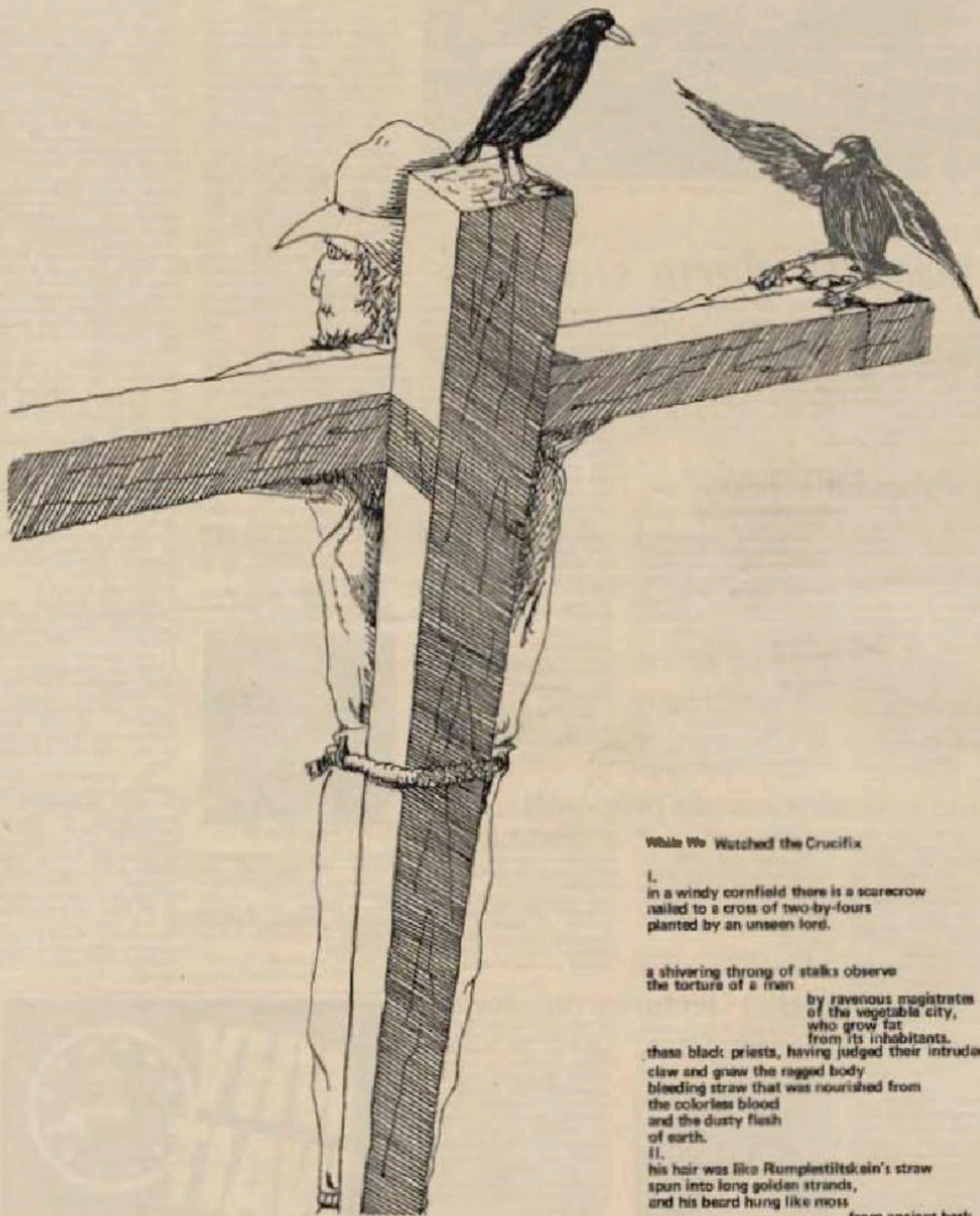


# MOORING MAST

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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 fat  
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 Rumpelstiltskein's straw  
spun 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 asburn burning brightly  
illuminating the rest of his golden face  
and his smile stays with me  
everyplace.

christopher buck