At Cross Purposes

By Samuel Menashe

1
Is this writing mine
Whose name is this
Did I underline
What I was to miss?

2
An upheaval of leaves
Enlightens the tree
Rooted it receives
Gusts on a spree

3
Beauty makes me sad
Makes me grieve
I see what I must leave

4
Scaffold, gallows
Do whose will
Who hallows wood
To build, kill

5
Blind man, anvil
No hammer strikes
Your eyes are spikes


Source: Samuel Menashe: New and Selected Poems (The Library of America, 2005)