

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

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