

Every Morning I Walk by a Sakura Tree

By R.J. Cordes

Every morning I walked by a Sakura Tree—
observed its youthful whites and pinks, its wise purples,
its bends and branches and slants and scars.

But not today.

Aeolus, keeper of wind,
plays his children against their mother.
The animate Anemoi breathing hate—
staining the earth with their seething, cold breath.

Charging and ceasing, my feet sink in mud, and my heart, in my chest,
while church bells ring a lingering hymn
in the womb—in the thoughtless violence of Notus' hurricane.

Every morning I walked by a Sakura Tree.
It's blossoms now litter the pavement.
Wet, blackened, and under the boot.

Wet, blackened, and under the creaking Sakura Tree
with all its bends and branches and slants and scars
from birds and bugs,
and storms.

By its crackling hearth sit the distant sounds of storms,
which pass as surely as their winds lash—
and visions of the Sakura,
its youthful whites and pinks, its eternal purples,
and its place in court in the coronation
on the eastern hill—
and tomorrow.

Every morning I walk by a Sakura Tree
Every morning a warning to admire
its basking in the fire of the sun,
a reminder that one day
its leaves will grow,
and on another, die.