

Shadows gather where no light is  
The yew tree stands alone

What can be told?  
Nothing can be told  
What remains hidden?  
All remains hidden  
Where does the wind go?  
Where does water hide?  
Why are three birds an omen?  
What is the pulse of a stone?  
Why does the spirit speak in tongues?  
Why does the yew tree weep?

A circle of shadows  
A dialect  
Leaves for a fire  
Flare of a flame  
The blackened stone circle  
The shifting wind  
The expectation  
The deliverance  
The oracle of embers

It is not other and never will be  
The weight of spoken words weigh on the world of stone and shire  
The wings of birds are beating the air about you

Sit in a field and call for the crone to instruct you  
Learn her words  
Speak them quietly  
Burn stalks of corn  
Ain't yourself  
Make a cairn of stones  
Measure the land to the house you have walked from  
Cast the ashes into a pool  
Decipher the flight of crows

*Please recycle to a friend!*

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Cover Photo: 350 yr old yew tree  
Flickr.com group

**Origami Poetry Project™**

**Yew Tree Vision**

Martin Burke © 2013

## Yew Tree Vision

Martin Burke



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The yew tree  
The pool  
The burnt stones  
The evening gathering about the shire  
The light forking into lesser light  
The door opening into history  
The name opening into other names  
The memory  
The prophesy

Measure the space  
Six paces from the gate to the first head stone  
Measure your mind  
It is wandering over the fields like a drover in search of cattle  
Measure the ground six feet deep and deeper  
Measure the fall of a stone you do not hear the thud of  
Measure the water measuring you when you reach into its depth

