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LEE SHARKEY

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*Ground truthing*

My thought returns  
to that ribbon of black muscle draped over a high limb  
that long first day I was a girl  
its tongue was a water witch I was bent on knowledge  
of the flowering branch the wind that sweeps the sea in its path  
It has come to this  
rod in the hand of one who speaks with a scarred mouth  
storm on the mountain an arduous god  
but this gift each morning  
to every one his portion  
that opens the matrix the fruit thereof