

## The Green Man

*Sharon Elizabeth Wood*

Everything we imagine  
 Is grounded in his footing  
 Leafy measures  
 syncopating lives

He is the Am of the forest  
 A cushion for the stars  
 All creatures  
 endless in his bark,  
 The rustle of his breath

There are times he grows crisp  
 With a hint of autumn, and winter  
 nights  
 When slumber fades the pastel hues  
 Of summer white on his brow

Always the green returns  
 To the clearing beyond search  
 Cleaving the scythe of death in rebirth  
 Out of the silence, still,  
 God's own sacrifice

