

Sculpted Cherry Wood Head

For Michael Gessner

A shadow's birth in sun
drawn into shine,
the first line I see, is darker, almost
black, is its nasal ridge brought out like the vein
of a merciless nobility,
the secret grain of god's loam

and its eyes are a single word. A gaze
tapped from bedrock, aligned with wastes
and hollows, fixed on a centre
that is not there, says: anathema.
It was not sculpted. It was recalled
to warn we have forgotten.