

Ripped From The Tree

TOM HANSEN

(beginning with two lines by Anonymous)

There is no easy way
into another world.
You have to be ripe fruit
asleep in the wide sea,
alive to its drift and sway.
You have to be willing
to die. You have to die
willing or not.

There is no other way.
The great wind of god
rips fruit from the tree.
Let it fall where it may,
on hard ground or soft.
All is one to the one
neither father nor mother
but alien, other –

whose mute decree
is that you must die
to get out of one world
and into another.