

Two Poems

Christopher Levenson

BANYANS

Though hacked at piecemeal, year in year out, for firewood,
the banyan trees
sacred to Hindus, still spread their limbs protectingly,
send down
feelers into the soil again, plumb lines seeking out
forgotten roots. They make a gentle prison, an all-embracing
shade for the villagers so broad support is needed
to keep the boughs aloft. Did the tree grow holy
only for being so old and powerful? No one seems to know,
but gnarled and bending villagers gather there.

Lizard

I am sharing my room with a lizard . . .
and how many other creatures? The earth
has crevices for all of us.

--from *LOCAL TIME* (Stone Flower Press, Ottawa, 2006)