

The Branch & A Thousand Lances

by [Michael Shindler](#) (August 2022)



Large Tree Group, Victoria Crowe, 1975

The Branch

The branch that beats the skies
In a sickly motion
—that beats almost black in the dawn:

Its sickliness implies

a hopeless devotion
–the echo that follows the yawn.

A Thousand Lances

A thousand lances
Charging at the hour;
Chances
At Christian power;

A thousand shrouds
In crowned graves;
Clouds
Over crimson waves.

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