

**From *Message on a Branch*, by Sharon Scholl**

**SPEARING STARS**

Each twig upon my tree has speared a star  
and fastened it upon a sable sky  
to glisten like a shard of crystal spar.

Tree branches weave designs as though they are  
inscribing constellations wandering by.  
Each twig upon my tree has speared a star.

Across the western hemisphere a scar  
of light, the Milky Way, is wheeling high  
to glisten like a shard of crystal spar.

The universe erects its bright bazaar  
to ornament the blank coal-face of night.  
Each twig upon my tree has speared a star.

The light of dying worlds glows cinnabar,  
while new worlds in their gaseous nurseries lie  
to glisten like a shard of crystal spar.

Up in my tree, the firmament, ajar,  
is spilling jewels where leaves often abide.  
Each twig upon my tree has speared a star  
to glisten like a shard of crystal spar.