FRANCIS BLESSINGTON

TWO TALLEST TREES

The god is accustomed to cut down all over-weening things.
—Herodotus

They are the tallest and straightest beeches,
she slimmer. The perfect match
for the festival: they are cut, stripped,
catapulted by cables down the mountain,
tractored on muddied, over-worked paths
to a derrick Coke truck, plumed
with a green branch high as a small tree.
Whispering rockets pronounce the work done—
interrupted as the harvest must be.

They lay them on the village square,
till they rise a two-part mast, the tethered hen
flutting like a ribbon for the greased climb,
for La Maya, though no one recalls the cause
of the sausage, the orujo, or the widow Blanca
draining the bota, dancing the jota, centuries ago.