

Leper Tree

By Noah Manzarek-Naghi

There is a place of naught
In the dry valley
Where the air smells of rot;
Where the lepers flee.
Father told me that
It's no place for me
But I look down there at
That old leper-tree.
There's a pulpy amber drum,
Red,
That seems to glare at us from
The leper trail's end.
It sloughs from the
Old and scaly bark,
And when it stares back at me
I see countless darkened hearts.