

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  
fluttering 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.