

F R A N C I S H A R V E Y

The Scarecrow

In memory of Simone Weil

Sun, rain, snow, storm; the derision of crows;
God letting the world be what the world is;
the children of the children we fed
on a diet of stones with nothing
to throw at me now but the stones of their hearts.
Such weathers have reduced me to this:
a clown's trousers and a clawhammer coat,
my soul slowly beginning to leak
into the boghole at my feet. God knows when
the bliss of all this affliction will end
and the wind finally strip me of my rags
and lay me out on the ground in my shroud
of mist. Then you will know who I am and why
I wore the clothes of the creature called man.
I was made in the shape of a cross.