

Scarecrow

Undomesticated, animal-poor,
strung up in a field of Alabama deep.

Everything that can be done to a man
was done to him. His limbs are

1936, the year my father turned five
and learned to name things.

Scarecrow. Jesus. So begins the record
of human forms, primer in first memories.

This is the tree. This is the tree's scarred bark.