

Sonnet Scroll

The Attempt **By Shaune Bornholdt**

See; not a hair is, not an eyelash, not the least lash lost...
—Gerard Manley Hopkins

Great living oak, your branches split, crown whirled,
Erector-set spewed, sprawled, trunk torn, hard-hurled
Car's metal mangled, dead-on smash, sparked wood,
No brakes, no bag, no belt, no life, no good,
Leaves galvanized, cells spiked, the girl un-girled:
Full throttle, pedal down, her flower unfurled,
Intent as shrapnel pollinating death
Into life's tree—Oh!—hold her, give her breath,
Be green, begreen in cradle's gentle strength,
Refresh, renurture her, go any length,
Relimb, relieve, re-live, be fast, be fast,
Act now, make time reverse, and die uncast,
Reveal to her, her worth. Tear down the rack.
Put forth your branches. Stop her. Hold her back.