

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## A Sequence of Five Poems by Vincent Dorio

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Bark stripped  
branches cut  
timber hewn

such beauty in life  
as pure a gift  
serving in death

again and again  
man and tree  
grow to become  
what they make  
of each other.

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As a boy  
I sat in trees.  
It was where I had to go  
for if you've ever sat in trees,  
well then you would know.  
The limbs would hold me  
as I imagined  
a loving parent might.  
A cathedral of calm  
leads me to dreams,  
a chapel of peace  
in a temple of leaves  
so far from it all,  
and so  
at the center of all the rest.

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When I die,  
I want someone there  
to yell “timber”  
and I will fall  
over straight  
and make that sound.  
I want to ride the big bed  
through the saw,  
the one that cuts the big trees,  
my last request to be slabbed  
for tabletops,  
the wood that has settled in my self  
polished and stained,  
each slice embedded in resin  
signed and numbered pieces.

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The last of the  
mahogany,  
like the great elephants,  
they will be hunted.

Their grains and burls,  
mounted,  
in the library  
trophy room.

I will tell of holding  
that tree,  
the last majestic,  
truly.

I will tell of when  
they all stood,  
as if the hairs,  
on the arms of God.

We stand on today,  
the air around us,  
rich and deep.

We pray together.

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We stood on the deck,  
before they'd launch the  
ship.

We put plank  
to scaffold.  
We've raised the frame.

We bring heaven  
into hell.

We've built  
covered bridges,  
railroad bed,  
docks for ship,

tables to share,  
come, sit with me.  
I've made you this chair.