

In a Name

I see it in the park, red spikes
shooting from branches' tips.
"It looks like a buckeye tree,"
I tell myself,

"but I have never seen one
that color," decide I am mistaken,
check the sign—which informs me:
"Red Buckeye," and my world
seems to be in harmony
once again.

In this way we discover the power
of a name.
And I have decided to use it here.

First, be surprised by the colors
of flowered spikes shooting
from the tips of my branches. Now
listen as I reveal that my name
is Steve—and perhaps your world
might also find itself in harmony
once again.

April 2005