

Anna Nickerson

**[At the coinciding point of the years]**

At the coinciding point of the years  
Where minutes, hours, and days run not to time  
But to a vivid centre—  
There stands a tree  
Radiant in its being.

They say its name is ONCE and HEREAFTER  
WAS, IS, and SHALL BE EVERMORE  
That it stands in the bareness of eternity  
At the austere edge of the real  
And in the lengthening shadow of the unknown.

They say that each creature must find its way to this tree  
And that each life is a movement towards contemplation  
Of its abounding moment  
And that the creature, transfixed by its time-blown boughs,  
Will find itself returned to the perfect lightness of itself  
And to the infinity of the other  
As the tree drops its leaves like yellow coin:

NOW

and NOW

and O

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