

JEREMY WINDHAM

Transfiguration

When the sky is empty of sunlight
and the coyote has finished his song,
a boy looks for a new shape to take
and finds himself in a bull thistle:
bristles stinging violet, a sturdy stalk.

He is not the murder of crows cawing
in a mauve sky, darkening at day's end.
He is not the jade prickly pear
or the spiraled saguaro blossom
whose petals unfurl in the dark.
He is not the lone coyote,
harbinger of dusk and starlight.
He is not the thick ponderosa pine
that was once a man who woke
as a tree, an ancient Pueblo legend—

the story teaches its tribe
dreaming is not diluted
by the deepening of age;
even a grown man would trade
his life to live coniferous
if he were troubled enough.

The boy buries his feet in the dirt,
raises his arms, and waits.



ABOUT JEREMY WINDHAM



Jeremy Windham is a student at Stephen F. Austin State University, where he is pursuing a BFA in creative writing, literature, and music performance. He serves as the president of the campus organization Subplots: Friends of Creative Writers. His work has appeared in *The Blue Route*, *Psalter and Lyre*, *Steam Ticket*, *The Lake*, and *Diverse Voices Quarterly*. He lives in Nacogdoches, Texas, and is a violinist for the Symphony of the Pines.

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