**God’s Tea Leaves**

Melody Wilson

Some Joshua Trees repose

on elbows

some stretch

toward the porcelain sky

a teacup god has drained

leaves left behind

for inspiration—

something new

 after swaths of conifer

countless oak fingers

fluttering in awe.

Maybe

all that innovation

the unforgiving

focus on design

grew tedious.

He must have craved

a thing

imperfect to satisfy

 his darker mind.

Not the *here I am*

of Redwoods

and Crepe Myrtles,

but solace silence

and tears.

 Then he stood

among them

ropy fingers

striving for sky—

 modeled the steps

of their slow Pirouette

then left them

to rehearse

in the hungry air.