



# HYMN OF HERMIT GOOD

*by Bruce McClain*

I press my face against an aged tree,  
its bark dry, rough. It reeks like a  
rotting ship.

I stare at its remains, a skeleton bearing  
worn rigging. Voices heard in the hollow  
mort.

Brittle limbs too weak to bear nest.  
oak branches clack and snap, bones of a  
tired mariner.