

## **The Real Iseult the Fair**

*Tristan's discovery*

I planted her, but I'm still surprised she grew.  
Up there in the hair of her branches, my face

was the view wherever I looked. The air  
was sparrow-bone thin the day I grew wings,

branches to beat against her trunk. The ground  
growled, opened its mouth and whispered

all the names I'd given her. Every one of my heads  
turned to dead leaves and she held lit matches to them.

That's a warning, she said, and blew them out.  
Black smoke still clouds my side of the story.