

The Pear Tree

And Also The Trees

She hung her gown from the pear tree
And watched it swing,
Above the daisies ox-eyes
Like the flapping of wings
Through the blue marbled sky,
From her chest...
And the trickling of sweat.

The midday sun slants down
Around her through the leaves,
Like a loosening embrace
The colours fade,
And the branches creak.
The hanging gown in the pear tree
Flutters its limbs
Turns with her breath to autumns-
Barning sky a-beckoning
With the song of the lark
She could sing
To the summer but it left.

The evening sun falls down
Around her through the leaves,
Like a loosening embrace
The summer wanes,
And the branches creak.

The hanging gown in the pear tree
Above her swings,
Like earths abandoned angel
Loosely flapping its wings
With the regular rise and fall of her chest