

## 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