

1.  
*Primal*

I put roots in my garden,  
my arms become branches,  
heels dig in the soft loose soil,  
son waters me from time to time.

Songbird finds me one spring,  
builds her nest in my hair.  
A squirrel scuttles on my limbs  
as the woodpecker knocks  
at the cage of my heart,  
hoping for foothold.  
My hair kisses the earth.

Days pass,  
I see my parents wither,  
my son brings home his bride  
and I sway in the wind.  
Wind that, months later brings  
the tinkle of baby laughter  
to my moss ears.

Warmth of baby feet  
climbing my shoulders  
on a winter morning.  
I feel the rush of me  
flowing in her veins.  
She tucks a red crayon  
behind my ear as I tickle  
her with my leaves.  
My juices stain her shirt  
as she plucks a fruit  
from my fingers.  
She leans on my chest  
and I kiss her curls  
as we bathe  
in the winter sun.

A single new leaf  
on my snow ravaged branch.

2.

*Leaving The Circus*

Her circus after all,  
the best ringside view,  
curtains go up,  
ring master struts,  
his lion flies through fire.  
He stammers a few notes  
of admiration.  
She claps affectionately,  
her circus after all.  
The knife tamer slices the air  
around her pretty head.  
She blows a kiss to the  
trapeze artist hanging  
precariously on thin air.  
But if you knew her,  
you would know  
her soft corner for the  
clowns- She has twelve of them.  
While their coup de act  
is on, a lone man jumps  
on the stage, starts  
reciting Shakespeare.

Ah! Thirteen is a  
special number, but  
it's time to leave the circus.

3.

*The Last Train*

Thirst so old, it becomes the air  
I breathe. Between a cup of tea  
and valium, I choose the latter,  
relish the sweetness of pill after  
pill melting in the heat of my mouth.

Hypnotic song of the morphine  
in my veins. And rain, after many  
days of no sunset, rain. The drops  
vanish into my barren fields,  
vapour hisses from the cracks.  
Rain lashes on the window,  
sprays on my bed, pillow, face, hair  
and all I can smell is  
the beginning of the end.

Reaching the station  
just as the last train leaves.

4.

*Worlds Apart*

In my dreams woods sprout.  
I become the forest;  
my arms those branches,  
legs the mossy trail up the hills.  
A centipede crawls on me.  
Another. Another. Eleven.  
A red fox trots down  
this body of my trail.  
You walk up with the dog  
whistling a merry tune.  
Nothing happens.  
You and the dog miss the fox.  
You and the dog and the fox miss me.  
The centipedes miss each other  
and the rest of us.

Pollen trickles down  
the trail of my leg,  
Shadows of birds  
crisscross the sphere.

5.  
*Riding The Crest*

A time of drifting and the last  
hotel checks out of me.  
I step out in the blinding sun  
to the flutter of wings,  
the seagull swooping in  
to say goodbye as it crashes  
against the electric pole.

The sound of ending  
is a dry crunch I learn.

Baggage I carry around fall,  
scatter open on the pavement.  
The dead escape from them to ride  
the crest of grief inside me,  
friends, lovers and the seagull,  
now swept by the concierge  
inside the white plastic, traces  
of its little body gone,  
the doorway clean to welcome  
the new again.

Umbrellas  
along the beach  
row of empty chairs