

In the absence of trees

In the absence of trees
we walk among the desolations

in the absence of leaves
there is no covering for our nakedness

naked to the sun
we dance this dream of twigs & leaves

such as beauty has given us
on the pathways of the Lappersfort

such as we long for
in the many unlit places of the mind

where the Hawk resides
as he does in wooded places

In the absence of trees
we face the desolations

where now is the healing grace
of the greens & browns of the earth

when the money-men make noise
in the sacred places of the earth

Martin Burke, Lappersfort Poets Society