

EXPECTANT LEAVES

Six o'clock in the evening
and the day has hardly begun.

Masses of unused energy.
The sky promises more rain.

Television music whips up
enthusiasm for Belgian cuisine.

I've never shared a passion for food
beyond the occasional Mars.

In the *Bean Around The World*
Isabel nurses a lonely beer bottle.

Kenzo has been taken to the vet.
Long leaf-fronds tremble on our tree

as if they badly wanted to tell us
a Buddha was about to be born.

It's not my intention here to decipher
nature's impenetrable secrets.