

MARTIN'S WALNUT

Ode to a tree

Athor, gnawing your wooden bones
While the wind rustles in my green t-shirt,
My first love was a tree.
She never abandoned *me*.

Athor my furry friend,
She talked to me on Sunday afternoons
Down by the playing fields out of sight
And with another boy at night.

Slow brown dog turning to orange
as we lean together now
after a first firm embrace
my ear against her trunk
my eyes imagining her face
is there a bush *you* blush for?

Wander away then, tongue hanging out
as I swing on both of her arms
Slowly heaving myself aloft
To dizzier heights of depression
In a cradle of distant alarms.

MARCUS CUMBERLEGE

copy for Annie De Wilde