

I Wonder About the Trees

by Bill Yarrow

I stole forth dimly in the dripping pause.
I let myself in at the kitchen door.
I stayed the night for shelter at a farm.
I slumbered with your poems upon my breast.
I found a dimpled spider, fat and white.
I went to the physician to complain.
I never dared be radical when young.
I farm a pasture where the boulders lie.
I would build my house of crystal.
I love to toy with the Platonic notion.
I could be worse employed.
I walked down alone Sunday after church.
I never happened to contrast.
I turned to speak to God.
I didn't like the way he went away.
I felt the chill of the meadow underfoot.
I didn't make you know how glad I was.
I dwell in a lonely house I know.
I have wished the bird to fly away.
I advocate a semi-revolution.
I often see flowers from a passing car.
I wonder about the trees.

