

# 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.

