



Anne Perron

Tree of Heaven

Sweet jungle scent blossomed the city's backyard.
 Sun-dappled street,
 the tree cast white flowers on our hair,
 on soft lawns,
 we turned cartwheels
 and the sky rolled sharp blue in our eyes.

Summer, flowers turned to round green seeds,
 threw bumble sounds to grass.
 Gaslight lamps caught our first kisses,
 the tree slipped silhouettes to shadow
 and grew sharp scents in city air.

Black tree boughs cradle children's ghosts,
 each with one small wish,
 dreams cast to the vivid clouds
 and never seen again.

Melvin C. Fisher

A Marvelous Thing

Why is it such a marvelous thing
 to see the coming rain
 moving in dark straight lines
 slanting down from leaping clouds
 to see and hear drops smack the dust
 when the rain begins to fall
 and to hear chairs scrape
 on the porch as folks get up
 to run inside
 and to feel it fall cold and wet
 on neck and back
 and to sit near windows
 and see and hear the rain fall
 outside?

Lois Tenbieg-Godollei

I Ride About

I ride about
 In a little cart
 Running on a hidden track
 That masks my destination.
 I never know when a fee
 Will be asked of me,
 Or what the fee will be.
 The last collector
 Wanted clippings —
 Five or six or so —
 Rooted near the road.
 It took awhile.
 So I moved into the prisonhouse
 Of the sullen gardner's cave.
 I chanted prolix formulae,
 And pinned the vinings round and round:
 Staked them upright in the ground —
 Watered them with tears —
 And when that was not enough,
 I fed them with the gardner's blood
 And ran away again —
 In the little rusting cart
 That no longer
 Stays upon the rail —
 I think I've lost its bearing.