

Hawksley Workman, All The Trees Are Hers

All the trees are hers
And the bees
And the furs
Not exactly hymns
But hers.

All the skies are fine
And the beasts
With spurs
Not exactly wings
Flutters

And the nights with stars
And the cold
Shudders
Precise and orderly
Clutters

After quite some time
Who'll be who
We were
I will certainly
Trust her

When the time comes to die
When the time comes to die

We'll steal the truth in it/We'll be
The truth in it/We'll see the truth
In it/Who won't believe the truth
In it?

All the trees are hers
Tall and green
And worst
To pollinate the
Cup butter

Even apple trees
With reluctant
Worms
Can satisfy her needs
For sure

And the rhubarb burst
Through the dark rich
Earth
Makes the sweetest intermittent
Purr.

And what is fallow now
Will come to
Deserve
Poetry's most lovely
Words