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