

# Veda Hille, The Trees

The trees, the trees  
Stern majesties  
I rely upon you  
Hang my reliance on you  
On your arms  
Your limbs  
Strike me as I'm driving  
While my Justin is flying o'er the sea  
The sea  
I support the monarchy  
Queen is salt  
And water  
I apply to be your daughter  
I love the beach  
Your shore  
Sand and then the highway  
The gulls are I are flying to the trees  
How much feeling can there be?  
A lot  
Branches of my heart, they pulse,  
And stop, and start  
You are dumb  
You are green  
Row after row, they say to me  
You are dumb  
You are green  
You're a sap-  
Ling  
You are dumb  
You are green  
Row after row, they say to me  
You are dumb  
You are green  
You are beneath the canopy