

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