



still, another

and it comes to us from trees
there are avenues of daylight in those limbs
there are haunted driads
dropping fruit

there are no things whatsoever
untouched

and another comes down

we follow

the fruit of which
we cannot swallow

under the trees there are those things
unrooted and barely alive
discovering theories in the hope to survive

again
another one drops
and the light is increased while it's fading

uneating man thinks there's something pervading

that's the heart of it but who sees the heart?
the trees are still growing their bark
and listening for moments to drop
what is art *fruit from the realm of what's art*

perhaps in the throwing the thrower will fall
but elves are nimble and man too small
it is
another one
dropping

under the tree
a small breath stopping

7-6-82