

Karen Petersen / TWO POEMS

TREES IN MENSES

Such a frail time
you told me

Damn
happens every year
and reason won't
dispel it

(poor me, poor me)

Midol doesn't help
pre-winter wistful
autumelancholia
seasonal angst

(poor me! poor me!)

The Fall reference
more metaphysical
than anyone would
want to admit

Bloody good thing
leaves aren't bricks

SEEING THE LIGHT

winter dusk drips extraterrestrial glow
dazzled with the flavour of one full moon
on still air pretending to smell of fennel

not a wind winds its way around
wounded bones of Fall-pruned trees
but grey green light erupts to earth
where not one dead leaf is not stirring
in this green and motionless air

parched sheets of last season's reason
wee heroes matted in each other's tendrils
are combed from the hair of stoic catalpas
by the invisible air which refuses to budge
while branches ripple green and purple
like old veins in weary hands reaching
lit from within and radiant