

## BEECH

I hold the Beech close,  
its nearer to the ground, than sky.

I watch for birds  
with my arms clasped tight.

I see swallows drift  
and stroke, open lines,

swooping curves,  
freewheeling loosely over fields;

chalk white strips,  
pasted onto Downs.

I release my hold.  
I chew her fruit,

I spit her shells,  
smoothing

my fingers  
around her knotted roots.