

## TWO TREES

*For the Murison family*

The garden is paced around the two.  
The refuge of the Beech.  
Our thrown out rope to the other side.  
Password called for swinging.  
Long time ago echoes: of singing,  
gnawing at nuts, spitting out shells,  
safe from the approach from the one who tells.  
Crouched under the leaf green tent pitched in the sky  
throwing out love, warm sunlight, kisses.

The other tree's branches, heavier low  
thicker cavernous hides, sunk into leaf filled bowls  
of wet mulch, black leaves.  
The scared child waiting for the one who sees.  
Crouched against the outline of a shadow  
darkening the entrance, lowering the branches  
spongy, spidery, wet recesses.

Between them grass, laid out like the sea,  
Green water turf lapping at trees.  
Tide soon to come in engulfing memory.

Run to the Beech and cry.

