

Tree Shadows

(Pathetic fallacy: the attribution of human feelings,
e.g. accusation, to inanimate objects.)

Accusing branches stir the sun,
sleeping on sidewalks below
the window, and the watcher's thoughts.
Pathetic fallacy, indeed, when trees
point like things in the mind!

The day is covered with black flecks.
Coffee cups on tables shudder
into the spreading shadows. Branches stir
the swamps of sun. And in the mind,
moved by trees, swamps arise

darkly stirred by crocodiles.
The honey of the day is dried
And rain sifts through the trees.

School Children

The teacher who refused to hang
our childhood paintings on the classroom wall
has become Life to us, grows,
pushes back our sprouting heads;
don't cry, she says, count your blessings,
you'll forget it. We were not
made to forget. The rotting dream
splits from the obedient self.

And in the crowded schoolyard we can see
how our white bulbs sink down and disappear
in earth. Some laugh and run toward play,
some walk slowly home to find
a warm soil to forget in.

And the dream's
ghost calls feebly in the swamps
in the dark waters of the mind.

-- Anne O' Hara

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