

Climbing Trees

Soft as tissue paper the tree smiles.
 Phil tells me how many trees he's climbed
 Me, I've never climbed a tree
 And that is what my life lacks.
 I am all hugging trees but he is climbing the tree
 Scaling and ascending up up into the blue air
 Why is the air always blue, probably isn't, you know
 Up into the Turneresque air
 Now look how I try to make a poem of it
 But Phil has simply climbed the tree
 And this is what my life lacks
 I would like him to climb more trees in our front room
 We must install more, and we do today
 A Rowen an Oak and an Ash
 A Willow, the Willow tree is special
 The nearest I ever got to climbing a tree
 And this is what my life has lacked.
 In the dream my hands and arms work again
 I cheer I laugh to see my beautiful hands again
 Beauty is in the eye of the beholder
 I have never held a bee, I have never climbed a tree
 And this is what my life has lacked.
 And Phil is tall as a tree
 And stretches up up into the atmosphere
 As if he is flying a kite
 As if he is in Mary Poppins

As if he is a magical hare

As if he is a fox climbing tree

At the top of the tree will be white sliced bread

Toasted like on a old gallery train

And we will climb and climb

And the tree will be wonderful

What we build in the tree, soft wonderful tree,

The things you can hide in the tree

And this is Monroe, the tree is an eagle

The tree is a Rowan, all singing all dancing

And still Phil climbs

And he reaches a hand down to me

Gives me a hand up and I follow him up the tree

The tree beyond words of beauty

The tree that I have lacked, he gives me back,

He gives me back

That tree that tree he gives me back so many trees

I lose count of them

And him self walking in a forest

Not caring but always daring

A magical tree, a Phil tree

My tree of always

And now I finally get to climb that tree

Flowers by the Roadside

As if to mask death a bunch of Dahlias
 Is pinned to a tree
 They look like another accident
 They look like a murmured apology
 There a dedication to the person who put them there
 Small children gather and parents put
 Tulips in their hands
 This could be the wrong place.
 This is the wrong place.
 Snails, rabbits, birds chew and grizzle
 At the so called tokens
 This is a white world full of nothing
 And no one's thoughts
 This is borrowed death growing by the minute
 A limbo of meaningless crap
 The kids do not understand,
 But they know more than the parents.
 There are no victims
 We are all running in our own race
 Can you name the bullet, can you name the spot
 Nothing too bad happens if you hear Vivaldi!
 The Easter bunny drips chocolate onto
 Little Mary's arm
 What is death Mama, what is death Papa
 A rose by any other name should not be left here.

The world would be broken and smaller
 If one only flight would be baffled and weary
 My own wings hanging unused
 My own soul held under water by a dark stone
 The scent of jasmine gone from my hair
 The wild lilia no longer adrift
 The crushed butterfly at my parents grave
 A mystery of remembered truth
 A bell that does not sound
 A cloud whose name is freedom
 Left to languish in my heart
 A burden begun when there was none
 A mountain top and no way to ascend
 A lover's picture speaks to myself
 But the language and the words undone
 If I had never seen the butterfly
 What reason to say the brutal act of wisdom
 That greets tomorrow...
 As if I were a bird of wonder
 Of innocence, of captured joy
 If I had never seen the butterfly
 I would with my whole heart
 Invent

If I had never seen a butterfly



The Trees at the Cemetery

In their defence I will say this.
 They see us, even though we do not see them.
 We trudge with our watering cans and lilies
 And our memories
 – and we see and understand nothing.
 We do not see their strange and living shapes –
 How they move and dart in the wind.
 How they are undefeated by the stars.
 Their sweet and pleasant journey in the air.
 We are prisoners of a different vision. We climb a
 Different mountain. We do not hear the melody,
 That rich and haunting tune.
 But they see us. Hear us.
 We look – and look away. Such fools we are.
 Even when they keep the sky from falling on our heads
 We do not see though the long grass, how they keep
 Our feet from falling.
 No.
 Only the shadows that are visible we see, as damaged
 And unmendable, they fall across our path.

The deep roots that cross from grave to grave,
 That almost could de-rail us.
 This is what we see.
 When we leave,
 We do not see the arms around that wave,
 Nor the green richness,
 The driving beauty of this meadow.
 We do not hear the song of hope
 That always they gather in –
 Nor with each Spring how gladly they return –
 Are Kings and Queens of blossom.
 We do not see them.
 But, always, they see us.

Helping the world,
 one micro-chapbook at a time....

www.origamipoems.com
 origamipoems@gmail.com

Cover: Profile by Helen Burke
 over photo by Jan Keough

Origami Poetry Project™

Climbing Trees
 Helen Burke © 2016

•

Every Origami micro-chapbook may be
 printed from the website.

Donations appreciated