

## **This Leaf**

This leaf is from  
the gum tower  
parched with the  
antipodean habit of thirst,  
sending suctorial root-  
snakes lickety-split,  
deep down under,  
slipping and winding,  
sucking dry the garden.

Oh they slither  
and slip, splitting the bricks,  
scour the mortar,  
shifting and heaving  
the heft of the house.

A storm cracks  
shaking the crow boats  
from the sea of leaves;  
shattering the spindle fingers  
of the branches,  
rattling and scattering  
a yellow slew of spears.

The rogue Ghost is faultless  
but unkindly placed:  
a migrant spire retrieving the sun  
from a grey English sky.

