

## Hawksley Workman

### "All the Trees Are Hers"

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all the trees are hers  
and the bees  
and furs  
not exactly hymns  
but hers

all the skies are fine  
and the beasts  
with spurs  
not exactly wings  
flutters

oh  
and the nights with stars  
and the cold  
shudders  
precise and orderly  
clutters

after quite some time  
we'll be who  
we were  
and i will certainly  
trust her

cuz when the time comes to die  
when the time comes to die  
we'll steal the truth in it  
when the time comes to die  
oh the dust and ... will rise  
who will believe the truth in it?

all the trees are hers  
tall and green  
and worst  
to pollinate the  
cup butter

even apple trees  
with reluctant  
worms

can satisfy her needs  
for sure

and the rhubarb burst  
through the  
dark rich  
earth  
makes the sweetest intermittent  
purr

and what is fallow now  
will come to  
deserve  
poetry's most  
lovely words

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