

## **And Also The Trees "Macbeth's Head"**

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How beautiful and unexpected it was  
To wake and see the snow  
Butterflying in through the open window,  
Sand-dune drifting towards his feet,  
Blanketing his room  
Covering his heirlooms  
And scattered things, all smashed up and sad  
He felt so glad that they were gone  
But still there beneath the snow.

With Macbeth's clay-red arm around his neck,  
He said- 'remember... don't forget where you are...  
You're with me-'  
His clay-red arm like the muddy river  
That rambles through the reeking town  
Reaching for the sea.

Macbeth's head  
Full of clover and the town below  
Unaware of the time and the silent snow.  
Macbeth's head  
Full of barking dogs  
The churis in rags, their cloaks  
The heads of stags clashing antlers...  
Their cloaks billowing down  
The silvery hills of sleep.

Macbeth's head

Blows a silver horn of dented stars  
Across the misty heath  
But, 'come back' he couldn't say.  
Macbeth's head  
In the emerald eyes of dark women  
Barefoot on the wharf,  
The north winds sing-song singing  
Through the gorse.  
Macbeth's head  
Down in the streets below  
Blissfully unaware of the virgin snow  
His purple tongue locked inside his mouth  
Shouting drunken at the clouds

And a voice echoes through the landslide town  
Beneath the bracelet bridge...  
Macbeth's arm tenses round his neck-  
Don't forget, don't forget.  
Macbeth's head  
Full of the smell of stone.  
Falls from the satin sky  
His closed eyes  
His eyelids open...  
Macbeth's arm tenses round his neck-  
... Don't forget,  
Don't forget.

And how beautiful and unexpected it was  
To wake and see the snow.

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