

## The Man-Eating Tree

### "This Longitude Of Sleep"

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In these eastern parts of a war,  
As threats drifting with days  
Built up like clouds meant  
To shroud all light - But this one here.  
But as threats,  
They never had much  
Of a real thunder to them.  
In the parts untouched by the war  
The same threats  
- Like rafts of birds -  
Would swing and buffet  
Sideways and through the  
Clouds meant to shroud all light  
- But this one here.  
But as threats, they never had much  
Of a real thunder to them.

As fire brigades  
Continue to take on  
The furnace outside,  
We would swing through  
And down again  
Like those damned birds  
Through any joys  
In this  
Bloody mess of black  
And then back down again.

While you were asleep  
I left the house  
With a burning ghost on my heels  
To chase down the clouds meant  
To shroud all light - But this one here.

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