Two Trees

One: Slowly Growing in Understanding
I yearn for the commitment of the Pine
rising to where crisp is a layer of sky
sunlight gently multiplied
on each green blade.
I lie in the shade.

Now, combine tiny purple petals
with rain and the fresh
dung of a deer;
you will smell it.

Strong like my father.
Difficult to climb.
Two: Tribute
The Eucalyptus spreads itself
with twists only it comprehends

and the tips of its limbs
reach toward the space
where its own scented breath flows.
Inhale –
watercolours brought to life by breezes shifting clouds.
Exhale –
sun-flickered leaves like a symphony of wine glasses, fingered rims and Semillon.

I fit my back to the white of its wood.
I welcome children and animals.

Heather Taylor Johnson