

LUCY BONANNO

## ONCE-TREES

The page is cold and indifferent beneath my pen.  
The leaves, once sincere in trees  
Laugh at me.  
“We remember the wind in our tips.  
We can feel the cool moist earth.”

The Great White Rectangle stands firm.  
And stares me down.  
There is something. But the once-trees scoff,  
“If you can’t remember being alive  
Then there’s no use trying to write it down.”

“Can’t you remember being a tree? No?  
What about when you were a bird?  
Well, then there’s no hope.  
Go outside at once  
and breathe the leaves of grass.”

Outside the air is warm and moist.  
There are mulberries on the tree.  
Ants march as minute conquerors  
from blade to blade.  
Gum pages dance in the breeze. Listening.

