



ANNETTE R. CORKHILL

BLACK FOREST IDYLL

there came a day when the pines bent to the ground
dying lugubriously they knelt for the finale
man in all his glory was sore afraid and
dante's earth and all that was therein
screamed the anti-laudation the anti
trembling wood leafless the anti
firewood crackles there will
come
a
time
the
branches
spoke
one
day
it
could
be -
there
will be -
a
more
than
slight
constraint
on
air