

DAVID WOOD

Rainforest

for Richard Meredith

When I visited you in the rainforest
the air seemed drinkable, so cool and clear
its libation flowed through the lungs
until the head swum with its water-sweet
quality. In the clearing you had built your house,
capturing space uniquely in terraced wood and glass and
bricked, sunny courtyard where we sat and ate lunch:
egg, lettuce, corn and tomato,
Earl Grey tea drunk sweetened and hot from a mug;
the forest all around rustling and chirping
with birds and animals and small walking stone lizards.
Bell-birds chipped the air so sweetly
that the tiny pieces seemed to fall in our ears,
opening the whole day to exquisite nuance
within a vast panoply of joy and praise
where lacerations of mind and body
were last year's mulch
from which the forest grew.