

David Wood

## WILD LEMONS

They planted the lemon orchard  
by the sea  
thinking of the sea's glass,  
a perspective of islands.  
From the house they could view  
the boats tossed to and fro,  
the darkening rows of green  
where the tractor mowed.

Down among the mangroves below the farm  
the sea has stilled to a cracked canvas, a  
masterpiece of chiaroscuro where  
the incoming tide  
is the slow lap of water-silk  
drowning bare feet and ankles.

Intentions flawed, the derelict wooden boats  
now lean on banks of mud;  
we've come to watch the heron and sea-eagle's  
calligraphy among the lemon trees;

wild-lemons on the hill below the managed  
rows of crops,  
refractory cusps of air.

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