Do you not sense my admiration
when I purpose my walk to go by
your address? Could I describe these
colours you deploy, had I the skill?
They are water in bleached wood
streaked bare with green that pinks,
a faint blue fragile as egg’s shell,
grey that goldens this scratch of
bark, held to fall but lifting

into dusk when sun picks out
each detail of your leaf & bough
in rose gold blush. On the best
days, rain turns your trunk to
mauve and lemon lineages of style.
Your slenderness aims upward
to spread of limbs. You outreach
the house. Canopy’s open lace
of lance and arm accords itself
to your hidden roots. They search out water, keep conversation in soil with fungi and mites. You make light shimmer with self. Painterly, your bole shifts according to weather in hues that shine and slow my pulse while joy quickens towards you. Beyond allegory for any other lover, you are your most becoming.

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