

All The Trees Are Hers

Hawksley Workman

All the trees are hers
And the bees and furs
Not exactly hymns but hers

All the skies are fine
And the beasts with spurs
Not exactly wings flutters

And the nights with stars
And the cold shudders
Precise and orderly clutters
After quite some time
We'll be who we were
And I will certainly trust her

Cause when the time comes to die
When the time comes to die
Will we steal the truth in it?

Cause when the time comes to die
Oh the dust and close your eyes
Will we believe the truth in it?

All the trees are hers
Tall and green and worst
To pollinate the comforter
Even apple trees with reluctant worms
Can satisfy her needs for sure

And the rhubarb burst through the dark rich earth
Makes the sweetest intermittent purr
What is fallow now will come to deserve
Poetry's most lovely words