

GARDEN

I

You are clear  
O rose, cut in rock,  
hard as the descent of hail.

I could scrape the colour  
from the petals  
like spilt dye from a rock.

If I could break you  
I could break a tree.

If I could stir  
I could break a tree--  
I could break you.

II

O wind, rend open the heat,  
cut apart the heat,  
rend it to tatters.

Fruit cannot drop  
through this thick air--  
fruit cannot fall into heat  
that presses up and blunts  
the points of pears  
and rounds the grapes.

Cut the heat--  
plough through it,  
turning it on either side  
of your path.