

MAKING MUESLI

I love fruit. It grows on trees.
And trees conceal a subtle power.
A tree can shoot its fruit
Across five continents to land

In shining glory on your plate.
There is a tree in Astrid Park
I hug and whisper to on working days
While happy mothers go their ways.

It gives me strength. So does the pear
I chop in pieces while she combs her hair.
A tree can tell you O so much.
A pear is heavenly to touch.

For Monique's smile.
25 November 06