

## **In the absence of trees**

In the absence of trees  
we walk among the desolations

in the absence of leaves  
there is no covering for our nakedness

naked to the sun  
we dance this dream of twigs & leaves

such as beauty has given us  
on the pathways of the Lappersfort

such as we long for  
in the many unlit places of the mind

where the Hawk resides  
as he does in wooded places

In the absence of trees  
we face the desolations

where now is the healing grace  
of the greens & browns of the earth

when the money-men make noise  
in the sacred places of the earth

Martin Burke, Lappersfort Poets Society