

DAVID RODERICK

Sycamore

The light does not need to be perfect, only there,
whispering. A shower to lock down its roots
and house the slugs. There is a primal vastness
even in a small branch of it, just as there is

a vastness in the mind, that aging crown
that weeps and hurts, that opens its nose
to the fragrance of ozone and mud.
The lawn cut down. The sky always trotting

through its mind, shaping the clouds and pulling
us somewhere centripetally. The singing head
is gone. Something of the old dolor seeped
into it, like rain that smothers the grass

out of jealousy or love or historical need,
reaching down to soak its broken roots,
minerals and mold mixing into the foundations
of sandstone, the horse latrines, the secret folds.