

GAIL WRONSKY

Hatching in the Eucalyptus Tree

Another life I see it the one
 in which I marry you the one in
 which we dedicate ourselves and our
 devotions to the pages of the *Rubaiyat*.
 It's struggling to emerge to breathe to
 be *here with a loaf of bread beneath the*
bough a flask of wine a book of verse
and thou. Do you see it? It's
 pecked a hole in its shell.
 It's poking a wet head out blind and
 frightened of air. It's so weak
 it has to rest here. *Heaven's but a vision*
of fulfilled desire so late emerged from
so soon to be expired. Here under

the inverted bowl we call the sky
under the umbrella of maternal branches
our life a new-hatched dove
sojourning like a demi-god in the tresses
of a eucalyptus surrounded by *the shapes*
of clay. Its sticky down is drying. Do you
see it? *Fling it to the winds like rain.*