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Leaves

22 May 1998

The ballot-slips are counted in
And somewhere someone's saying yes.
Even the plane tree's drop-earrings
Have almost reached their seventy-percent
Of newly-broken foetus-leaves
In the last May bursts of spring.

Till now there's only been a fist,
Half giving and half holding fast:
A green knot slowly untying
Itself from the hardened winter nut
And the half-hearted rust remains
Of another autumn's dying.

But now the planes are suddenly spread.
Over the bus as it rounds Hyde Park,
Down border-lanes, and further west
Leaves and scraps of paper cluster
In clouds and tides to carry
In light like a welcome guest.