## **Yvonne Reddick**

## On nature

To write on nature is always ironic.

These are leaves I write on,

Where the dendrites of the mind

Grow branching thoughts, bear fruit.

A song

Where birds once chorused a dew bright dawn.

**Immortality** 

Is in time, our blood coloured autumn.

Artifice

Risks going against the grain.

The hardest part is to grow another nature.

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