

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.