

ALL WRITE

I just saw an amazing sight
a bunch of crazy people
in the courtyard of a madhouse
preparing to write

Our mission, we were told:
Write about "nature" about the
nature of sounds
and smells and mud
I looked at at
phallic-looking fire hydrant
and a TV antenna about to bud

The birds and twittering flowers
felt something missing false
Watching myself create in-
spiration out of
the clear blue dazzling sky
is not how I normally write
then snug as the bug I didn't see
sat under a speechless tree
in my element, to try

and saw people
beautifully not chattering
with nothing to say
unaware that I was there
and looking at leaves in a
purposeful way

Anyone from outside
wood look once at this sight
and say, naturally,
they're crazy all right.

Christine Pocock