

**tree:
five sonnets**

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All prefatory quotes are from Joyce Kilmer's poem 'Trees' (1913)

*I think that I shall never see
a poem lovely as a tree*

Prosper I through plurality,
Nothofagus, Antarctic beech,
my figures primeval of speech,
polymorphous lyrebird tonality,
idiom am of *Dendrobium* vitality,
in mosslivrworte lichenferne pleach.
Auburn caesurae of fungus breach
terse Gondwanan surges of prosody—
njahnjah I whet waddawee I djadjadja
toeing your slickest stairs to weeping welts
wyy wyawya I dzeedzee I we bdabdabda
below satinwood seedlings so sweetly svelte
wwhedeetd seese whedeetd I are ulaulaula
all thingsthingsings repeated in everything else.

Drawn longbow, bodily aches,
stave careworn, splitting from strain.
Re-receding leaves desire to maintain
the finest bearing from which to slake
heaven-lust-sund-thirst-ruby-star-take.
Wart-prone plinth mandrake brayn.
Not infectd I ed but yew by blain
nont I et but yew is ay I fersake.
These eons baring wetness
en lonely stark plateau.
Yr atrocities n gorges.
Bnksia m beauful,
ey m breathless
anksia m beau.

*a tree whose hungry mouth is prest
against the earth's sweet flowing breast*

Where is your faith? Mine is bare before you.
Mine is grass felted and cloaked around me.
Mine is the charred hollow bole that lifts me.
Where is your faith? Mine is stark before you.
Where is your god? Mine is sickened by you.
Mine is earth under heaven beyond me.
Mine is flame that destroys and absolves me.
Where is your god? Mine is nothing to you.
Where is your prayer? Mine is an inching year.
Mine is blossom borne on a barren scape.
Mine is abrupt thrust of a floret spear.
Where is your hope? Mine is a seed agape.
Mine is a resinous thought rendered clear.
Mine is a wholly shrouded earthly shape.

granite above meme above granite.
whatbird left me herehere me left birdwhat.
justheard gust beneathbeneath gust heardjust.
planted bones underunder bones planted.
canit be long herehere long be itcan.
touch of rime overover rime of touch.
clutchrim of pure brinkbrink pure of rimclutch.
planet below meme below planet.
fineniche of soil slantslant soil of nichefine.
shadow behind meme behind shadow.
whineof gorge torrenttorrent gorge ofwhine.
below is bellowbellow is below.
chineof me still herehere still me ofchine.
bellow is belowbelow is bellow.

*a tree that looks at god all day
and lifts her leafy arms to pray*

Sentinel, I dwell in this quadrangle,
gone at dusk as they come, pied currawong
song cleaves the crisp mucous air, I belong
to decibels impelled at odd angle,
accessible to larks who embrangle
along my fuguebrisk updraughted headlong
brawn is borne of golden pollen threadsong,
falsetto at depth of dark tangle.
When, by dusk, courtyard flush with canticle
and woodswallows croon lunar euphony,
even I blush with moonlight in my cell
and all good hollows of me gush dolce—
again in every sleeping particle,
this harmony awakes and swallows me.