

## Sunrise

## And Also The Trees

The floodplain is still  
With our weariness, the days end  
Back to the wooded hill  
Our leaning shadows lengthen  
And though our bodies rest  
Our minds still reach up through the leaves  
For the purple Pershore plums  
Thread smooth ladders through the trees

The sun sets on the vans  
As the abbey bells peel  
Through the radio hum  
Over the silted fields.

It splinters through the crates  
And seeps through the churns  
Over Mick Preece washing  
Its gilt ray turns  
All for a second to gold.  
Water like a scar snakes his ribs  
And glints and drips  
into the swilling bowl...  
The sun sets in Georgia's eyes.  
The sun sets and the wasp hum dies.  
The sun sets in Georgia's eyes.

Naked to the waist  
Tight plum stuck skin  
On my arms around her  
In my wasp numb touch  
As the flood plain floods over us  
In the green darkness of the grass smell  
And her river scented dress  
And the TV's flicker grey  
And they flicker blue.  
And there is nothing on the flood plain.

A child's voice sings with the sunrise  
Its boy-voice high and thin  
As still as the morning reeds.  
The sun rises with the babies heads  
To the mother breast.