

## Future Tree

Emma Pollock

Every day is hellbent on delivering fresh heaven's scent  
My focus disappears, my mind inhales hypotheses  
Rogues and thieves, you know they masquerade as new ideas  
And as the thunder peals, the damage done becomes revealed

Can only move by standing still  
Forget the views beyond the hill  
You've got this upside down  
So pour it out

Don't like to say hello, but love if you might help me make it  
so  
Hate the introduction, but still revel in a deconstruction  
'Cause you've got lots to talk about, but I prefer to walk about  
t  
Give the moment centre stage before we turn another page

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Too many numbers  
And not enough poetry  
I let them fight to the death  
But will it also be  
The death of me?

The doors we leave ajar just let the breeze in from afar  
Reminds me of the dalliance that I enjoy with second chances  
My legs still proceed, but whirling thoughts, they just bury me  
'Cause every day is new, you see, and grows another branch of m  
y future tree

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