

WILLOW

John Grey

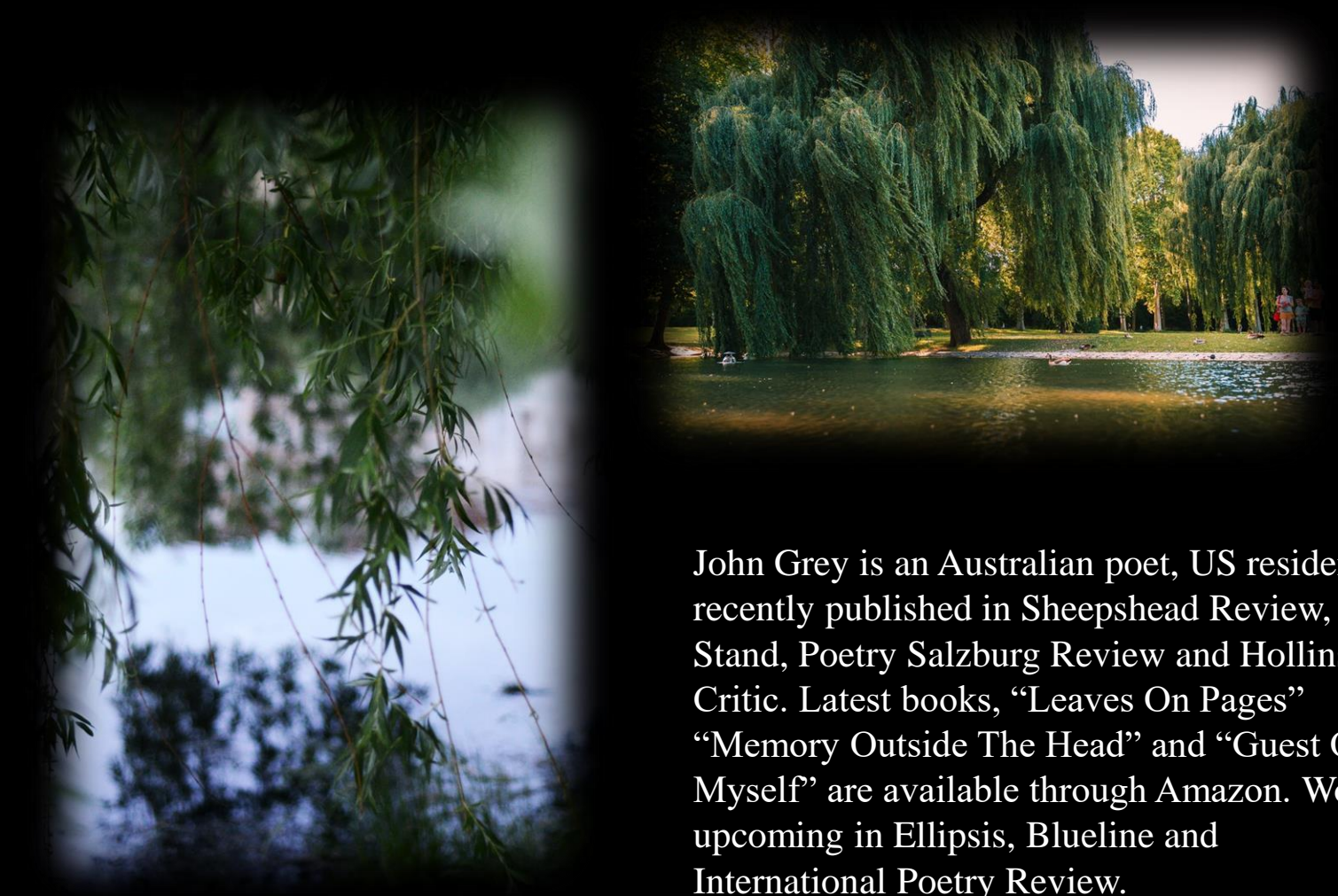
Willow leaves turn their backs to the sun,
droop down toward the moss-green river bank,

round out a pavilion of shadow, a grove for shy lovers,
low-hanging branches that curate the passing waters.

Catkins are light on the boughs, purple and filamented
like caterpillars with butterfly colors.

The advance light of morning barely threads the canopy.
Dusk's retreat barely flecks the living knoll.

Slip through the curtains for some beguiling cloistered bird song.
Prop yourself up on your elbow. Your head will thank you.



John Grey is an Australian poet, US resident, recently published in Sheepshead Review, Stand, Poetry Salzburg Review and Hollins Critic. Latest books, “Leaves On Pages” “Memory Outside The Head” and “Guest Of Myself” are available through Amazon. Work upcoming in Ellipsis, Blueline and International Poetry Review.