

Maple Song

In spring I slow down my bike
When the maples shed their
Seeds of down, nasty cottony
Wisps of them blown higgledy
And piggledy in the fledgling
Air they get into your eyes
And ears, brush your hair in
The salt and pepper of their
Thing so that you pedal perforce
Into a lento, or is it adagio now?
Andante perhaps - not to do
So is fool and hardy you risk
A neck or limb in the chiasma
Of cars or the miasma of buses.
Look now that bric, that brac
The kindergarten gate flies on
The wing of kidsong, look the
Peonies quivering by the teashop
The ancient players of mahjong
Dreaming of their first love,
Sipping their tiny cups of blue.
Look the cornucopia of Sinkiang
Grapes spill lilac and gold and
Emerald and red in the silvery
Light of this morning's gift,
The hum and drum of yesterday
Effaced by the maple song.

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