

On reading Montale

The oak tree lemon yellow and tangential to the sun
Follows me as i circle its dead leaves
And the green field lisps through my being,
A dark perimeter of apples, pears and plums
Give their sideways glance old perambulator,
Are we worthy of these kindly trees
Which by their grace and chemistry purify us?

Is there no end to this longing for beauty
And in the misty Autumn red fruits shine through
And birds contemplate their future meals,
The field is quiet now in mournful rain
And in our inmost selves we are still free
But for the democratic noise around us,
Saved by these orange walls of beech.

We try like others to uphold the country creed
Our grasp is weakening as we plant our trees
Never to see their true scale and shape
New almonds teach their roots to seek
One yellow quince is shining through the gloom.

You far off are not to be described
Always in my mind far from resolution
I pick my way through these impoverished thoughts-
And after bread and wine you'd think of joys?
Instead i end up back to front and stupid
Still flailing in these swamps and noise.