

Allotment

Enough! Come out of those yellow eyes of fear!
The greedy day grabs you and me by the hands.
Have you been wronged, with your rosary of tears?
Look, our dreams hit the wall in equal shares.

Here's a tree and rain. How can we divide them?
On my way home today, I've got soaking wet.
Do you think I could trade the rain for a tree,
when it's pouring outside and the trees stand bare?

Don't fall asleep so quickly—the night is young.
Twigs of sadness clank at my window and yours.
The morning divides the world into two halves...
a thread of air binds us; we need nothing more.

Poem from the volume
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