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The Botany Lesson

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THE BOTANY LESSON

Isn't a wonder
the way the tree drinks
from the light?

The way it buries
its bruised roots
in stone?

This is the world I mean!

The one where
at the hour
our work is ended,
I lie down next to you
and the earth fills
with the sound
of rain.

Tell me.
Tell me again
the many names
for a tree.

Can't you see the leaves
falling there
where I kneel
beneath the branches?

Those leaves contain
all of my life.