

# POETRY

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A. MARY MURPHY

## The Trees Have Been Dipped in Liquid Glass

the trees have been dipped in liquid glass  
and set out along the street  
no paralysed creatures, no cats or birds  
perch immobile on fences mid-preen  
no loose-booted dreamy paperboy  
or mailman cemented on the steps  
cast-iron figures beside the door  
there is nothing fearsome in this moment  
not a solidified end of the world  
or an awakening somewhere like Oz  
this morning is solely for beauty