

ELLEN SHEARER

Eye

The eye
of the birch tree, black
knot who benignly witnesses

the fallen summer, soiled
leaves unraked
plans that failed to keep

our attention: this eye
watches discolouring skin, fading
trust, euonymous
leaves gaining
sepia translucence while they shrink

against the brick of our house and the window
pane against which I watch the birch tree watching.