

ELIZABETH BOYD

Fecundity

Strange,
 that in the autumn I should bud,
strange,
 that the distant sun stirs the seed
 that died,
 strange.

Imagine me green in winter,
A leaf-full tree among the leafless,
My branches arms of hope
Undaunted by death,
Imagine.

Strange,
 that in the autumn I should flower,
strange,
 that the bitter frost is living water,
 strange.

Imagine me blooming in winter,
A tree aflame and fragrant in the snow,
My blossoms hands of faith
Impervious to decay,
Imagine.

Strange,
 that in dark winter I bear fruit,
strange,
 that the cold north wind yields apples,
 peaches, pears,
 strange.

Imagine me eternally red and gold and green,
A fruit-full tree in every season,
My trunk a body of love
Incorruptible in time,
Imagine.