The Trees Have Been Dipped in Liquid Glass

de 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