ODE

Katy Lederer

I wait—for its name—and look how the tree—comes to—sing to it—wait—then harass it. I make myself like this—and—ask—for the tree—is the weight of—the tree—and—awaiting—my certainly musical form—it will quiver—and—as it was—naked—and—this—the idea—of the tree—yes, to thee—my one beech—my happy done birch tree—you are so—I want it—I come—hang my belt—from the—move me—the all—me—the sun comes—and midday is—felt about your tufted shade—you hear—that I hear—the barest of leaves—and the beech tree—the birch tree—the tree—it will have me.