

The Agreement · *Jeffrey Greene*

There's an agreement among the trees.
All afternoon they stalked the grass.
Now, they've achieved the full darkness
of night and so retreat.
Children are unafraid.
All day the iris was explained pointlessly.
I must know everything.
Are the trees harmless?
Are the children sole possessors of glory
against them?
Are the knees of every American woman
dislocating with small cries?
If I knew like the bat,
turn left, turn left,
I'd stay clear of the trees.
All day it was explained
that over and over I chose to see
myself alone or the face of someone I love
like a kite as if sadness
were the end of sadness.