

Barbara Campbell

QUESNAY'S ASPECT

Quesnay mimics
in image the orange tree

the seed of which
he carried here from _____, will it grow

O Quesnay
lies in wait, seldom singing

warming the bark in his palms
tonguing the trunk

for fiber and foliate
oath to his vegetable life

In the street we see Quesnay
deep in the thorax of a passer-by

deep in the thorax
which carries the heart of a dog

200 years hence and he, a Yankee
at the dog's sweet ear

And the moon
which is fixed or moves

calls the stone street
Bright Snow, calls the tree

Diseases of the Senses
Quesnay, dogged, circles the tree

Brethren shout
against the roar of the carts

sell him to the Ishmaelites
calls the tree Joseph

When he withers the fig tree
salvage one fig

Brethren beckon
the lame dog to the apple tree

already withered
Beckon Quesnay, call Quesnay

the tree which sprang
Ardent busshe that did not waste