

Two Poems · *Robin Behn*

WINDY POPPLES, LATE OCTOBER

Where is the big hammock all this tallness
could lie down in? All I want is rest
from my ravenous need for consoling, from all
the thick bark phone lines pointing to a blue call
more comforting than heaven. There's nothing left
to ask for. A little soreness hangs on deftly
in the highest branches. I, too, could sing soprano
once. I used to be able to hit, you know,
the chilliest leaf-dropping notes. The crowd
crowded to hear: at their expense I bowed,
they *clapped*—but not the way this mess of redness
praises wind by poppling to excess.
I never sang too well. These trees express
just trees. All they're willing to teach me is gladness.