**Winter Trees**

Annie Blake

cooled branches wet from fire black

winter trees mother’s claws the witch

of craggy nails primitive teeth

hooks kissing sheep that lay their wool

every time the moon reheats its loll

floral dresses make bodies futile the city

lights even traffic lights

will do i will make her palms silver mangers

feathery twigs a cave flicking its arrow

tongue coiling my body kundalini

fingers clasped to keep warm the birth

a death first i watch the birds swim

under the glow of an invisible circumference

littoral grains bedding shells arms

like bone bridges fold out

to hold me at sunset i will return at sunrise

to work in my temenos concepts or nature fusion

with the sun’s windmill face the hot suffering

the gestalt of god