

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.