

Eucalyptus

With Love to my Brother and Sister

We had three seasons in our indoor patio
Peeling bark, little bell flowers, tons of leaves
Sweep, sweep, sweep all year long, all year round
The drain always plugged, different textures on the roof
After the bark fell, a soft rainbow skin was revealed
After the drought, the leaves fell, dried cliff hangers
that lost their grip on the stems and branches
and we gathered them to share with strangers who knocked at the door
Looking for a cough cure or winter tea
The flowers were little bells crunched under our feet
stepping on pointy yellow carpet, swish, swish, swish
Sneeze attacks after making snow angels.
This giant saw four generations, one room on fire,
three funerals, baptisms, weddings
saw many people leaving him behind
always mastering the art of waiting
But it had a happier side, bigger, greener
It grew, and grew towards the east, crossed the street
Its branches reached the school March the 18th
And became a protective shade for the kid with no friends
Became a nice breeze for all at recess
Was a smile when the kids were laughing
he was one more running among them,
memorizing their sound,
to bring it back on a lonely day.

Galia Irish