TWO POEMS BY ELSPEITH BRADBURY

Pure Wool Sheep

White winter
    made his woman of me
I am perfect fleece
What man
    would have me shorn to meat?
Believe me
Neither mutton nor a yellow demon
    lurks behind the weird eye of this
Pure wool sheep
I am winter’s woman —
    would a man unravel me?
He will not find a bleating lamb
Or a single green dream straying
    in the small skull
Of my winter’s sleep

Tree on the Skyline

— burns
grows misty
or
barren on a flinty hilltop
scorns to froth
sets no fruit
sifts paper birds from the wind
with thin black fingers
or
makes a flower