TWO POEMS BY ELSPETH 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