

THE TREE OF SLEEP

In the half light of sunset the tree of the mango
Is belled heavily with the hazily glowing golden brown
fruit.

They will hang on the boughs of sleep all night in the flow

Of a dream whispering: ripeness is all....ripeness is all.

But the wind of awakening will free the heavy branches

for sensation's greenest bud,

And a greater strength will be in the tree after the mangoes
fall.