

## Four Trees

As you narrow your eyes and focus  
I follow the line of your sight  
to the prospect of order before us:

four trees in equipoise. The thrust  
of it—symmetrical, plumb—excites  
you. I narrow my eyes and focus

on colour, nonplussed  
by this arboreal (your favourite)  
prospect of order. Before us

were water-lilies—all blooming fuss  
and clutter—but right  
now you'd rather all eyes refocused

on this long-extinct border—this locus  
amoenus, you call it (lost overnight  
on a prospector's orders). Before us,

I say, the proof of disorder—life on the cusp  
of loss. You save that fight  
for later, and narrow your eyes. You focus:  
the prospect of order before us.

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