

nities are a reality, not just a right in development trends.

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JENNIFER FOOTMAN

August Leaves

Curse those thick oaks!
Too much alive, as if ready to pull roots,
lift branches and take off to pastures new.

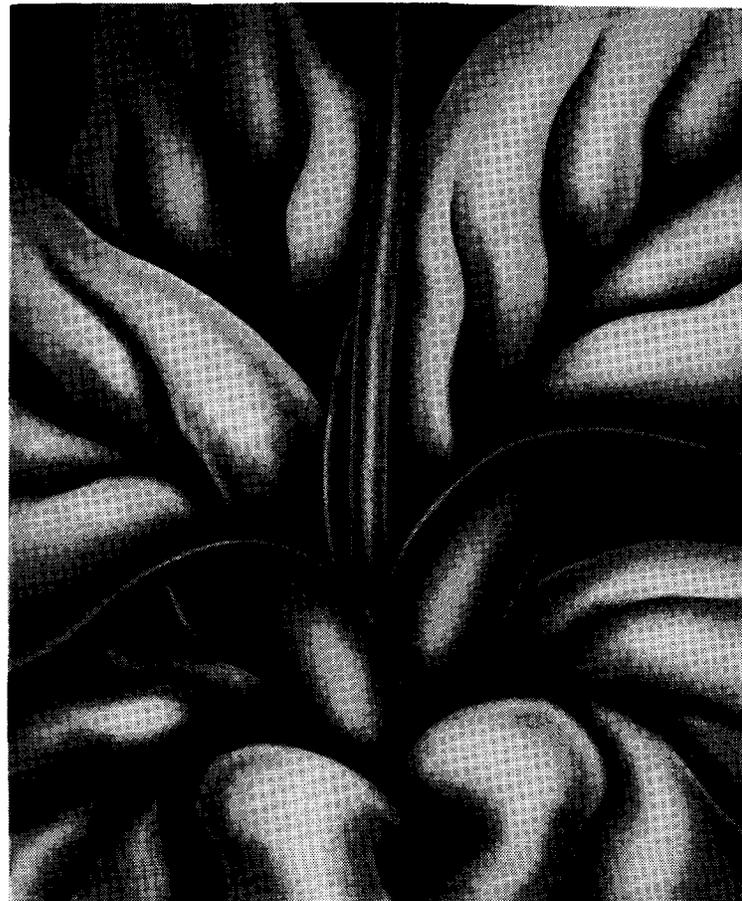
Me, tired in my tedious summer
know those leaves too heavy to live.
This damned energy pumped through full veins

goes nowhere but round and round, round and round.
Trees should know gravity will pull them down
level with the earth. Ashen

trunks stand dumb and leaves rot.
God, I'm tired of this cliché.
My bones dry in black vacuums and the vests

I weave from my hair serrate my skin.
My teeth loosen and fall from my head,
my nails burn hole in wood
and my eyes are blank white marbles.

Jennifer Footman is originally from India and is now living in Brampton. Her poetry collection, Through a Stained Glass Window, was published by Envoi Press in 1990.



Diana Thompson, *From the Rainforest*, 1986
Pastel, 22 x 27"