

Crane

Neruda's trees spoke my resurrection last spring equinox

As you grinned at me from under your hard hat.

Fixing your girder clamps to my psyche, sex and heart.

Wrenching me upwards.

Pulling all your levers

The ones you know and the ones you don't.

Lifting me,

Spinning, thrilling, dropping cherry blossom.

The moon went through its phases and the earth went round the sun

While I span and stretched and retched.

And then.

The working day's abruptly done.

You knocked off.

Climbed down from your cab, with empty flask and lunch-box.

Clocked off.

Boots off.

Heading home for tea.

Your steel chords are still clamped.

But so what? Your card is stamped.

And I'm just rusty metal. Dropped.

Grazed and scratched, on hard concrete.