

Serenade for the Eucalypt Outside Number 85



o you not sense my admiration
when I purpose my walk to go by
your address? Could I decribe these
colours you deploy, had I the skill?
They are water in bleached wood
streaked bare with green that pinks,
a faint blue fragile as egg's shell,
grey that goldens this scratch of
bark, held to fall but lifting

into dusk when sun picks out
each detail of your leaf & bough
in rose gold blush. On the best

days, rain turns your trunk to
mauve and lemon lineages of style.
Your slenderness aims upward

to spread of limbs. You outreach
the house. Canopy's open lace
of lance and arm accords itself

to your hidden roots. They search
out water, keep conversation in soil
with fungi and mites. You make light

shimmer with self. Painterly, your
bole shifts according to weather
in hues that shine and slow my pulse

while joy quickens towards you.
Beyond allegory for any other
lover, you are your most becoming.

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