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Ents

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Ents

Bob De Smith

They aren't Tolkien's trees
Exactly,
But if you are not looking,
They will pluck off your
Billed hat
Or prod you between the shoulder blades
Like some wooden desperado:
"Put 'em up!"
They'll scratch you unawares,
Blood a dried trickle down your forearm,
As you wield the push mower
Beneath low, reaching branches.

O West Wind!

Bob De Smith

Spring winds
Decide to rearrange
The play things.
A weathered basketball
Runs the curb line,
And two shuttlecocks
Show up in the back yard.
But that wiffle ball—
Is long gone.