

# Imaginations



## THE TREE

I don't now how he can do it just sit in that chair and not even attempt to rise no caring he just puts in his time the tree he once planted now dies goes to mass every Sunday yet the message is not appreciated wake up soon or you may be dead climb to the top man, I wouldn't miss it for the world

Chris McCarron

Reality distorts perception  
as Aquarian tears flood memories  
of you my Moon Child  
in this the eleventh hour  
vibration patterns of need  
for security intercepted  
lunar pulls direct  
emotion hiding behind  
the sixth and eighth signs  
of spirituality crying  
beneath your protective shell  
cautions as safety and security  
like falling stars  
old photographs disintegrate in  
to darkness within darkness  
without trust the night figures  
of femininity rule  
your memory houses  
mother-love's air penetrates water  
churns and stirs and disappears  
leaving you gentle leader  
to find your own way  
backwards home.

## Sundays'

memories old make room for new  
daydreams floating through the air  
waves of CBC drone in the background casually  
connect themselves to the world outside  
of dragonfly wings humming in the haze of summer's laziness  
spreads itself over the garden that needs  
watering but not today.

savouring each steamy sip of coffee amid the smells  
of bacon fat and greasy eggs  
the voices drone on through the piles of mess everywhere  
shrugs its shoulders in silence  
quandering any wish to be cleaned  
up I get and stretch pushing aside deadlines  
don't exist in the newspaper whose unruffled pages sit idly by  
and by the time I reach out for them  
they are gone through the open window  
pane that sucks them out into air  
right rememberances of yesterdays.



Poems  
by  
Jane Noble

