

RICHARD DEUTCH

*The sun from behind the house*

The sun from behind the house  
makes the water half pewter,  
half indigo. My new life,  
rising behind me.

You can hide your reluctance to go on living  
from a wife, but not the trees.

Old trees digest  
your pain, suggesting of rigour.  
The young fir is saddened, confused.

I don't want to hurt  
anyone  
ever  
again!  
See, my body doesn't drink  
anymore,  
not even  
dew.