the tree at my back
for woon ai
naught for all the girls in lydia did i leave her

Sharron Margaret Turner

l’arbre à dos
Dans ce texte végérotique de tronc, fruit et fleur vulvaire, les formes se
dissolvent et se récomposent. « Woon ai », charme mystérieux ou amante,
est invoquée au début de chaque vers. Elle change continuellement de
forme : elle est arbre, oiseau, déesse. L’orchidée (fleur traditionnellement
phallique) est appropriée à une économie sexuelle mauve. Elle s’offre à
l’arbre à feuilles en forme de cœur ; l’arbre, pour sa part, donne du lait
succulent et un parfum doux. L’échange sensuel s’abandonne à une
violence opaque, sous-texte de cette lamentation, qui surgit dans des effets
rituels.
woon ai
your words caress
my ear your lips in the dark warm
touch a mauve a gentle soft of love
tastes sweet around your breath
to hear wherefrom the tree a coconut the top removes to
sweet the milk for drink
or eat the meat your mouth around my ear
your name a tree and yes permission
to see into your eyes
a deep opacity of fruit and limb

that I
bruised rose petal
might breathe into your brownsoft scent
propitious mists pellucid
not pheonix nor the muse of men
but silver threads of
woon ai
your finger tips caress my
back a curve of joy your breasts hard and mine
tucked in embrace
a fragrant fine so tongue to lips exquisite
arouse and lift to bodies close one eye to eye   blooms

dendrobium   epiphyte
your orchid grows from weak meek womanchild    pernicious
and my I cannot wear your skin your fragile soft of mauve
nor can I feed your trunk her agnate bulbous root
the root from where the vulva blossom’s name
sweet orchid

is greek    a testicle
woon ai
coyotes cluster on a hill moonmelodies of thrill
and we our rhymes our lines our lime white yellows glow
too soon a thousand years
of loud so loud our dance a sweet a honeydew
exudes our laughter sounds around our heads

now soft a mime enate recline blossoms
new nectar pulses tongue to lips one eye to eye
a looking glass smothechoes whispered bliss
warmgentle tides and serpentwise

we know
woon ai
   your pierce of \textit{bite my nipple}
   at glenmore lake while a raven’s pursued by a magpie
   the magpie bites at the raven’s wings

   raven takes her wings \text{ up down}
   magpie flaps her croaks \text{ bites at}
   raven’s bass deep voice on \text{ floats on}

   and me my soft breathes \textit{no}
woon ai
your black head body squats inside the hollow of a tree
a child is there and me
the child small hands their blood teeth white inside
    a blackened mouth with adult tongue destructive
to tell your stranger true
to keep your stranger true

    and me
    smother in a flesh of cloth disguised with down to soft
to hold and mould in to your hands
a peace inside the curve of shoulder breast of thigh

are mangoes rotting in the sun
their pinescent pierces nose and eyes
to bleed your need intense in need
to grind and decompose the flesh to feed your need

    for silence
woon ai

airsways face your body your trunk your luminous
of tones of softword etched in to your rind
exudes a scent a sultry woman tongue emetic
howls from in the gourd
where bleeds your girlchild thrusts against the wall

mouthes melody of
woon ai
most false is she who most distrusts her
body carves of cauline lies or lines of thirsty rain cups drops
your heartshaped leaves too purplegreen
asleep paulownia deep
against my breast

awake and fingers touch a peace a vetiver to havoc
trembles you you’re unaware outside your skin there’s

tender laughter lulls of silver threads of dinner talk of
bean curd fish of poetry veracious
woon ai
me my mouth I cannot find to
life my body's tongue love's death
my child and naked in the cold
rain cold blue nectar fruits your pulp your taste for blood
pervasive

clots bud your branches break
to penetrate the past
of frigid water rushes through your boughs
a crystal crash in interstice all music sleeps