

**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 végétotique 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 smoothechoes whispered bliss  
warmgentle tides and serpentwise

we know

woon ai

your pierce of *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 up down

magpie flaps her croaks bites at

raven's bassdeep voice on floats on

and me my softbreathes *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  
smothers 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

airways 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    voracious



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