

Staring at you staring

Staring at you staring –

the young oak shimmies and nods
each ribbon of breeze
lifting its leaves to dance, to perform
and to share with you
as you stare at its staring at you.

Staring at you in your orange array –

why do you sit so silent and still?
how can you bear not to
reach out your arms to the oak's invitation
or keep from stroking its leaves
with your breath?

Staring at you staring –

the chuck of the jackdaw
the grating of gulls
and the robin under your chair
connect. Move!
There's a cat!

Staring, the cat finds you
In your little blue tent.
The cat stares and stretches out to the tree.
The oak dances, alive in its pot.
The cat watches, lulled, falls asleep.

What dreams envelope the velvety cat?
What dreams lift the oak from its shiny black pot?
What dreams light the orb of the little blue tent?
What a weaving of dreams made from staring.

Staring at you staring –

the dream of the acorn
the rustle of orange
the pen on the paper

And the cat asleep in the sun.

Carmen Mills

A poem in response to 'You Staring at Me and an Oak Tee Staring at Each Other

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