
Broken Baobabs



They trimmed the trees in front of our house and
stacked the branches in large heaps underneath.

Probably to save money on an employee who
swept the falling leaves daily nice and quietly.

In the shade children were playing tag,
now they can get used to higher centigrades.

The bulbuls, who presented their mutual
affection wholeheartedly on the leaf
of a banana tree, saw their nest disappear
in the plastic bags filled with little twigs.

We have not heard them sing anymore.

The skeletons left behind look like broken
baobabs from the island of Madagascar.

We lived under a deck of leaves,
used to the call of an owl at night,
entering deep dreamless sleep.

Like the scent of a blossoming baobab,
for a few scant hours per year.

Now that their spirits disappear,
can the Love that knows no Death,
still be noticed at a Glance?