

*Earl McKenzie*

## THE POINCIANA BOUGH



On this side of death  
is everything I know.

Like this Poinciana bough,  
an outstretched arm  
shedding its benediction  
of red blossoms  
on a parked car.

The irritated motorist  
brushes the flowers away,  
casting them  
to the pollinating wind  
and drives out.

There is purpose  
even in this  
seemingly indiscriminate  
squandering of beauty.

Trees, too,  
long for immortality.