



Yes

After he told her how he'd built
their house around that tree, after he
described the dovetailed masonry,

bole cut off right at the root, leaving
one leafy branch as bedpost, after
he reminded her he'd planed the wood

Yes

till it curved, smooth as her hips,
after he told her how he'd laid in
gold, silver, and strips of ivory

pale as her skin, woven supple
leather over its frame, oxbide
red as first blood—(that deerhound

I said

pinning a weak-kneed fawn) and what
one might call first-blooded—given her
the sema, sign, their own life story,

he asked, "Is my bed still there, or
has another uprooted that olive tree?"
As she had by now living proof,

Yes I will

she knew him again and again,
as the olive tree that's their rooted
bed flowers fullest in this,

its second decade as they delight in
each other, as their sturdy
bed blossoms in its continued cycle.

Yes