

The Shapes of Leaves

by Matthew Vetter

I want to know the shapes of leaves, if only
to make a place for you among their umbrage.
This is one thing we can do: erect sanctuaries
on rock formations and creek beds, wipe away
landscapes, their persistent clutter and debris.
As the Sassafras covers her branches with mittens,
the Sweet Gum showers the earth with green stars,
and the Redbud drops purple blossoms before
it can hang hearts from its limbs. I would rather
lay you down here, in the shade of these shapes
than on the bathroom floor, locked against
our son's short, swift, insistent, knocking.
He has something important to tell us, he shouts,
about the earthworm, about the blackbird, about.