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# Windy Popples, Late October

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## Two Poems · *Robin Behn*

### WINDY POPPLES, LATE OCTOBER

Where is the big hammock all this tallness  
could lie down in? All I want is rest  
from my ravenous need for consoling, from all  
the thick bark phone lines pointing to a blue call  
more comforting than heaven. There's nothing left  
to ask for. A little soreness hangs on deftly  
in the highest branches. I, too, could sing soprano  
once. I used to be able to hit, you know,  
the chilliest leaf-dropping notes. The crowd  
crowded to hear: at their expense I bowed,  
they *clapped*—but not the way this mess of redness  
praises wind by poppling to excess.  
I never sang too well. These trees express  
just trees. All they're willing to teach me is gladness.