

Unnatural Acts

Espalier

Nature made the apple round, yet here I grow
crucified
against a wall, my favored branches
bound
to grow just so
my leaves, my fruits, my limbs
designed
to please the eyes
of passers-by.

Topiary

Boxwood bright- tight- green
trimmed, tortured. sculptured
shaped by steel, a clip. a snip
recreated, reshaped, redefined
What's your wish, your vision
for me? Am I a box? A hedge?
Or, god forbid, a corkscrew?
call me clay- mister malleable
but oh, how I long for thorns.

Bonsai

I'm your pampered trophy –
twisted
showing your mastery of my nature.

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