INTRAVENOUS

It

itself

not wet, the white

redbud's broad leaf

offers strong rain

halt,

a bounce,

an inclined run, mingling

of little waters, birthing

droplets at this near perfect

heart's edges.

Tiny burdens, a memory

of Christmas tree globes, can't

be borne

indefinitely.

A great, green

heart, freed, jumps,

showing its gray bottom,

startling

droplets still

left,

into fall,

off, to the puddle

where the tree trunk sinks,

where the heart of the tree drinks.