

Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal

Volume 6 | Issue 2

Article 13

January 2007

The Almond Tree

James Doyle

Follow this and additional works at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate>

Recommended Citation

Doyle, James (2007) "The Almond Tree," *Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal*: Vol. 6: Iss. 2, Article 13.
Available at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate/vol6/iss2/13>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by The Open Repository @ Binghamton (The ORB). It has been accepted for inclusion in Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal by an authorized editor of The Open Repository @ Binghamton (The ORB). For more information, please contact ORB@binghamton.edu.

Doyle: The Almond Tree

THE ALMOND TREE

James Doyle

Nothing is dead anymore.
Even in winter, most of all.
The snow wolves crisscross the tree.
They are sentimental and imagine
their paws are petals.
But it is the ground
that is not making any noise,
for once. The wolves seem
to have flesh in their mouths,
but it is only food. They clean
their teeth on the almond tree,
which nods this way and that.
There are bears sleeping away
the same flesh, so it can't be
very important. There is wind
that comes and goes whenever
the almond tree stops nodding.
Though the scene is formal,
it keeps resisting
the temptation to put a moral
in its story. There is no story,
just this and that holding
its own. Mouths open
for the falling snow. The tree
flexes its roots, now
moving them closer to the surface,
now deeper. The wolves
are sleeping against the hollows
of each other. Nothing
is dead anymore.