

HAROLD SKULSKY

Ivy

The vine's impudent finger pointing absurd,
Since God knows when, clean through the window frame—
No way you're coming in; haven't you heard
Of scissors? You can't win your waiting game,
No matter where you whisper through like gas,
Flouting the ancient law of Out and In,
Clinging out there, your leaves hugging the glass.

Before I drop the cutting in the bin,
Recoiling from the touch of it, I feel
The warmth; manage to make out a jet
Of green, alive and cringing from the steel;
Dispatch the thing; searching, find no regret,
And have no clue what this was all about.

A scuffle in the war of In and Out.

