

## Unreadably, the forest

By Joshua Blackman

shuffles its ferns, divulges caterpillars, flourishes its crowns  
wet with the dark, infeasible ploy  
of seeming meaningful  
and meaning it. When it speaks  
it's the face of an upset boar  
that forms a nebula  
in the errata of the trees  
gabbling prophecies readily  
refuted by phone  
in a tone too lofty to be true.  
You get used to it: the ceaseless  
ambient funk, the charred copse  
at the centre of the news  
the weird gap which yawns  
between the advertised tent  
and the one you've just assembled.

I'll take it: this sky, these scampering  
frogs, these subterranean tensions, this loss  
between friends, arranged here, ornamental  
as fire. Many-leaved. Still impossible.