

# SEVEN LEAF SERMONS

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Artwork © 2020 Rupert Loydell

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# SEVEN LEAF SERMONS

Peter Larkin

with artwork by Rupert Loydell



The first poem of *Seven Leaf Sermons* was originally commissioned by Rupert Loydell to join an ongoing series on *Stride*, in the form of poems of 15 10-word lines, dividing into groups of 10 and 5. I have varied the divisions but kept to the 10 words per line. This can make for some protuberant or lumpy effects, but let's hope for some apt sermonising.

1.

Trees won't be miracle-filled, but can be leaf-willed.  
Is leaf not to be a weight to tree? How  
do leaves come to weigh out the entire trunk? Questionless  
once at arbour-point, might stir anything but a listlessness  
of root. They are the one element that won't pass  
through a tree, too many straws in the wind. A  
leaf's tail is opposite its stalk, it never sleeps except  
in the dawn of bud. The tree was soon parted  
from its leaves, but not its wintering seed: what's this  
casts off any distress of tree, simply wrinkles in leaf?

Lacking leaf a tree is not unhoused, but homeless enough  
a leaf at last turns *its* page. It became apron  
only to the unclenching of indigent tree, litter for free.  
Saw-leaves, no longer interior scapes of trunk passed across  
branch-scrape, but sole sly ratchet in gear above tree





2.

A pitch of leaf is its beseech, not just its repeat: leaf-pellicle, sky's own helical, no longer branch-wise. Preach leaves to a no-stalk naked star, they will find no saving glow left over to see it by. Night poaches from them its need to shelter even from that mode of temperate ray which shines a leaf as largest unshielded feeding film. Though the dark goes deep under in nursing a green filter's overt shadow: all that measures the day's illumination in penumbras of peace as well as starry pause-alongs of time, at lit quirks of night.

There is only this green under-side ripple to retreat into, to reseek how a leaf hovers only beside neighbouring leaves, they were never a shelter to themselves. Stark as the star-points which can't be blunted from an exact line on, blind leaf beams do get shed *over* night.

3.

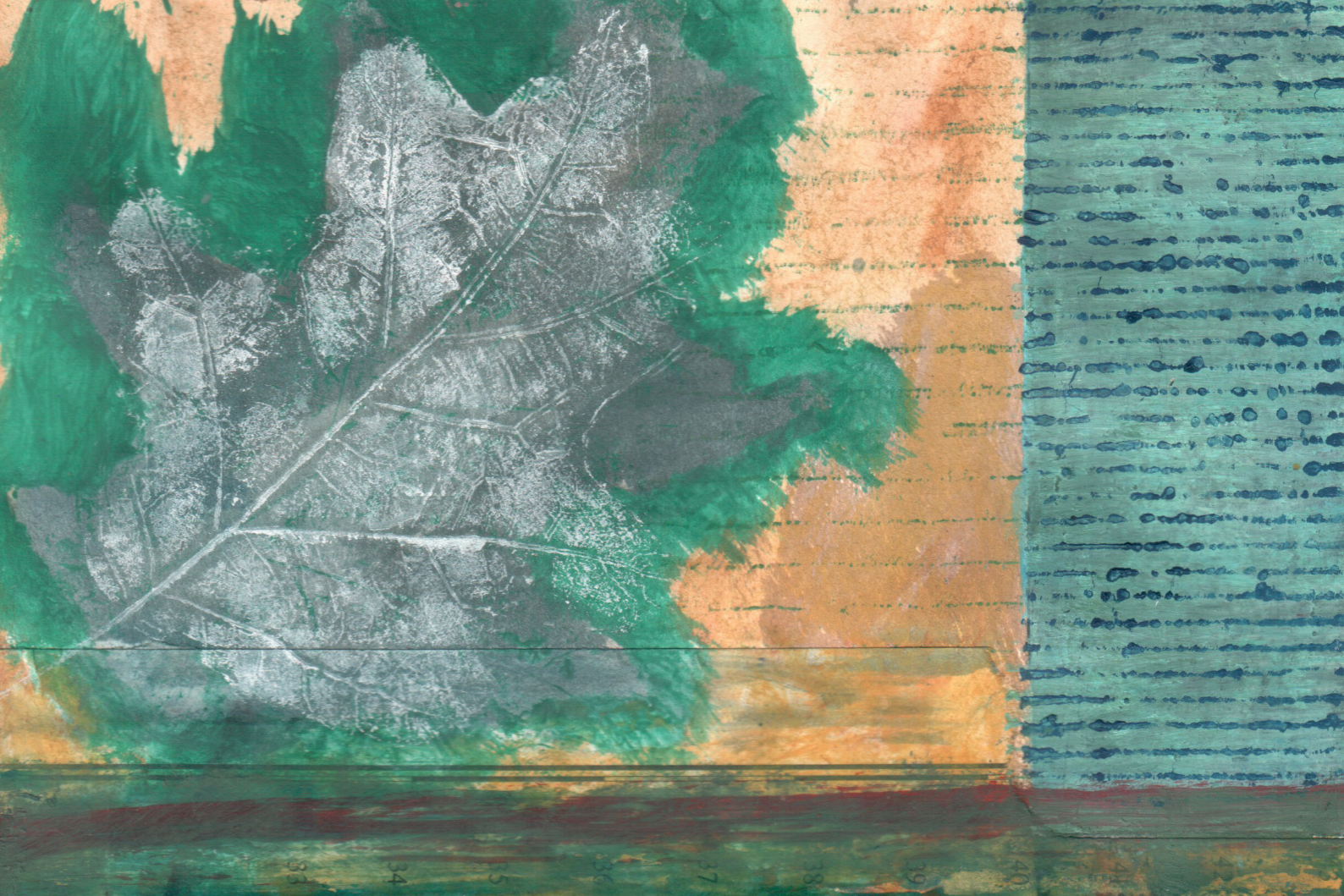
Different foregoes (energy) sooner a leaf-lethargy before spike-zones of rain: deciduous leaves were always thornless unless under hail. A leaf breathes in rain but drinks from the root.

The sound of rain is its light rattle, rinse sonics of dust down each veining canal: but not for this harmony did leaves measure the distance between wet and dry.

Greenery is not directly shower-pounded, other filters were intended. A canopy of splash drapes the former masks (mists) of leaf, latterly slight proof against feinting the path of rain.

The rain-swirl is what leaves didn't filter, they fold around one main curl further down, how root-scope gets to think (sank) the shape of its drink trunk-spiralled.

Dew a potent jog on leaf, it films a module of non-rain about a narrow morning's brief, at a first glaze before the latent cloud arose, giving direct glint.





4.

A forest throng? – the scene goes leaf begged or dissembling.  
Just so no other rags accord it a meagre nook  
(some greater flake) made from the stark of a tree.  
Leaves take their ventures solely at a lobe's end, whatever  
crouched bare thing they imbibed, is palmate sooner than bunchless.

Abandon their branch but have no fixed deficit: interior to  
some conjoined double parting, decides any above-ground outroot from  
solo leaf branching back to earth. Narrowing zones will be  
green-accused, the wild daren't take shelter but admits to  
a halter of leaf. More than mere foliage once masked  
to teach life, a sea of givings from within its  
ensign affordances: the angle of levity, full fugal confess leaf.  
Leaves endlessly unachieved profferable, so paradisal what gleans into them.

Wherever alternate, no other stipulation, leaf does the human case  
in dressage, lookup ratchets foliage, prolific dependence its frugal iteration.

5.

Assailable patience at a leaf's projection, already assimilates to a branch bewilderment with its own pre-precarity. That the making had only to patent a leaf, forward of outward leaf is all inward taper. Leaves hid their secondary scar, no tree can seal itself to a recovery apart from this re-adherence.

Rarely takes a homily in leaves: counsel a tree no hesitation before the green cloud of spring, but await the opaque substrates guiding on through summer. Moved to learn it a leaf? A tree incites these intemperate repeats, will not suffer a less than complete ravage without its annual apprenticeship.

Solar panel, a leaf's eyeless lash burnt directional or gazing out sunrise. No other niche for the leaf apart from strict gullible exposure. Only the stalk learns what can remain hidden. Droop leaves from the sunhaze of their own root-dearth. They will spark a slender trust insurrectional to glaze.







6.

Climbs beyond fenestration onto foliage, moved to disroam at leaf.  
Needs be introduced to appearance, in non-structural strands for  
a tree. The tree would have no firmament without its  
cloud of leaves. Where a bough is poised between heaven  
and earth, full in leaf points to its latent interceding.

Sprout branches mouthing oak, pre-human to the last speech  
of a span. Leafdom primitive with inflective absorption. If foliage  
strips for healing, it is minutely the cabinet it peels.  
Liturgical fan, leaves as firm as other words for tree,  
how they can have sponsored the reach they didn't bridge.

To write a prayer-scrrawl and inhabit its leaf across  
heavens of tree-pith overhead, no pittance but what in  
leaves indents, transpirationally represents. More low energy but any other  
relation to be gleaned from the green machine. Lobes cue  
poor light, 'abide weak absorption' goes for path-lengthening direct.

7.

Toward a tower of leaf, bowers at alleviative chance, post-  
stance reception, how to enter a tree stayed with it.  
Does alternate but with no other stipulation. As totally accomplished  
shelter-zone, extremes of tree mete out core moderate entourage.  
A silent spree presses from green missing determinants, pure additive  
shelter. The leaf-life spindle of time, apex of seasonal  
flotation, tree rogation. Apart from leaf-fall, the trees know  
no steeper plucking. Any nakedness of light is never like  
a skeleton tree where once leaves had been. Can leaf  
derive only from a flat modification of branch to blade?

Plot a leaf, seduce the equality of trees, but still  
towards an alphabet of shelter. That sheet ratio takes on  
a signature of remonstrance: to overspill in leaf, not scrape  
or covet bind, inseparably joins with every future germination. Slim  
to furnish cover and refinish the blank offspring of root.







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