

## easter morning

a girl is running towards me in the morning light  
her hair melts into the sunshine  
her hands      her skirt      her shoes      her body  
all melt into the sunshine

transparent  
the girl is running towards me  
the sunlight slips into the woods

the girl becomes green  
treetops whisper to each other as if  
they'd heard one morning in a foreign country  
their own mother tongue

the girl goes out to the meadow  
a pair of cream-coloured cows are chewing dewy grass  
*how will the green of the grass change inside the bellies of these cows*  
wonders the girl

the girl comes to an orchard  
apples are about to ripen  
their fragrance soaks the air and lingers like mist  
the girl becomes the fragrance  
the apple skins grow resilient  
resist bursting    in the bright light

the girl is running on and on  
light breaks      wind rises      squirrels awake

the girl comes into the room where I am asleep  
my dream is dyed many colours  
I hear the sound of water welling  
I see how time moves like water welling

the girl and I go delicately beyond my dream  
the girl slowly fades  
I slowly awake  
I see the sun

**Andrew McCallum**