Senselessness. . . A July Poem

The heat has ravaged our cherry tree.
The leaves are brown. . . .
   the birds have eaten the blossoms.
We shall have
   no cherries this year.
Have you also
gone mad with the heat?
Your words ramble,
You do not look at me,
Your tenderness is empty. . . .
I am sick. . . .
The birds have eaten the blossoms
We shall have
   no cherries this year.