CONSTANCE RICHARD

Eucalyptus

Clouds hurry past like people skirting a graveyard.

Heat infuses the air, simmer of menthol. Santa Ana winds help undress,

piece by piece, the globulus eucalyptus. Arms, legs, a face revealed.

Her body thrashes and pulls in the annual shedding of skin.

Long and narrow leaves, shards litter the ground, scarves of a dancing woman.

She moves the sky and roots hold her. Disrobed, she’s porcelain.

She has nowhere to grow but down.

Constance Richard received her Master of Fine Arts Degree from Emerson College in Boston. Originally from Southern California, she currently lives in Brookline, Massachusetts.