The Aesthetics of Ruin

Julie Watts
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Dead tree on the side
of the road
its crumbling branches
still in the attitude
of holding.

Leaves that are left
are black tags
crumpled insects hanging,
their empty chambers
curling round themselves.

The dead tree
is the colour of ash
apocalyptic skeleton
stepped out of,
hollow as a reed

in a dry day's mouth
its frame is
a hinge of staves
and slipped notation.

The dead tree
is a gothic ballet frozen
a handless dancer
in disintegrating thrust.

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On the side of the road
it is a decoupage of loss
street art pinned
on a passing smudge
of sky.