

Bhudda compared to the Willow tree

Why not look toward the Deben Vale
Where Willows stretch for miles round Wickham spire
There we see the two opposing forms
United by the wavering air

Not a leaf or footprint mars
The loving abstraction and the end of time
Only by a movement of the light
Are we directed to the long conversation
The infinite patience of that smile
Waiting only for quiet thought
And not the dreadful stiletto

Here the fading English air preserves
The enchantment of our identity
And in that spell older than the tower
You see the reconciliation of the tree
The intricate discourse of the growth
And the final kindness.