

The Elm Tree, in memoriam

The green bloom spoke like a city to us
It was almost our image of England
Everywhere she grew calming the mind
A memory of the countryside now itself a memory

Death is that empty watchtower
Hideous in her ruined state
Near every manor house and hill
Near every stream in every park
By all our fields she dies
Returning our ancient cares undelivered

The unbearable vigour of the tree
From which we turn our eyes
Is like our English state
Where no protection issues
And the battle never comes.