

## **free standing trees**

a countryside full of full stops  
symbols of largesse contentment hope  
a universe of their own but  
the dead tree appalls us  
whitening branches on blue summer days  
incongruous a note of perfidy

take us away until lane and hedgerow  
village and field are full again  
not fragile ghosts of former time  
but great oak and hornbeam  
dark chestnut and high beech  
silvery lime and rich walnut  
grey birch and old poplar  
new elms two for every loss  
come we are planting like lovers  
give us back England!