

the hawthorn, a supplication

annus mirabilis o healing queen
whose white unchanging branches hang
defiant holy as a protective screen
full field and lane full, o country scene!
rich emblems of such wieldy power
never failing us in valedictory flower
while in their cream and pink brocades
down the avenues and ways we've come
dressing the contracting years

unfailing leaf and fruit for birds
whose adamant bowers stir
resistant to what storm and winter bring
wonderful archaic bush of grace
now tree-like rising upward its embrace
preparing new compassions for new eyes