The Trees

The trees are coming into leaf Like something almost being said The recent buds relax and spread Their greenness is a kind of grief Is it that they are born again And we grow old? No, they die too Their yearly trick of looking new Is written down in rings of grain Yet still the unresting castles thresh In fullgrown thickness every May Last year is dead, they seem to say Begin afresh, afresh, afresh Begin afresh, afresh, afresh **Paul Kelly**