

The Trees

Paul Kelly

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