## AN ARBORETUM OF POEMS

Ten members of the U3A poetry group met at Chris' house 12thjuly to share poems about trees We had selected a wide range of poems which gave rise to some key themes:

Childhood memories of playing on trees Trees used as a metaphor -a journey to the woods as the journey of life Winter and the apparent death of trees Trees as the centre of systems of interconnectedness and mutual assistance -the Wood Wide Web They are a symbol of strength but are also a target for destruction They seem eternal and everlasting They watch and wait, take their time, and progress almost imperceptibly, whilst man hurtles headlong

Excerpts from three poems illustrate contrasting moods and are drawn from different landscapes:

The trees -Philip Larkin

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 The yearly task of looking new is written down in rings of grain

Hope -Dinah Hawken

It is to do with trees Being amongst trees It is to do with tree ferns: Mamaku, ponga, wheki.. Shelter under here Is so easily understood. You can see that trees know how it is To be bound into the earth And how it is to rise defiantly into the sky.

It is to do with death: The great slip in the valley: When there is nothing left But to postpone all travel and wait In the low gut of the gully For water, wind and seeds.

Sabbaths -Wendell Barry

What is the way to the woods, how do you go there? By climbing up through the six days' field, kept in all the body's sorrow, weariness and joy. By passing through the narrow gate on the far side of that field where the pasture grass of the body's life gives way to the high, original standing of the trees By coming into the shadow, the shadow of the grace of the straight way's ending, the shadow of the mercy of light.

**Robert Alabaster** 

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(Next meeting: Animals 09August)