

One Tree Redux

Mary Lythgoe Bradford

The tree pronounced dead last fall
dresses the sky in a green cloud
as it answers a subterranean call.
The struggling sun parts the shroud
of foliage, intimidating yet sublime,
while cars and buildings disappear,
erased by fronds from another clime.
The old tree dons its brave new gear.

A trickle of sap in my veins belies the trope
of me as tree, spindly and brittle,
near death's door but full of hope,
failing but smiling through the spittle.
The tree will live to etch another ring
as I celebrate my own late spring.