

ELDERTREE

M.L. McCarthy

Elder, whose sumptuous dress of flowers delights,
When the young summer sleeks the juicy grass;
Whose sad-hued, cunning, pliant branches pass
Among the sturdier thorn's; whose sap invites
Thoughts of the grave, some say (so freaks and frights,
In the mind's corners, blame an innocent tree):
Wonderment, lovely dryad, you raised in me,
Such admiration as such beauty excites,
When, queen in sunlight with your glories on,
I saw you first this year; but when your flowers
Shrivelled and dropped, there strayed a thought of pressing
The shiny berry-clusters of your bowers,
To sip the nectar. Juster wishes won,
Nor pigeon's right nor nature's law transgressing.

"Eldertree" © 2005 by M.L. McCarthy