

TO SHO-U (MS N.O.)

M.L. McCarthy

Your tree, late among trees, mists into leaf,
Now milder May puts colour in the sky,
And blossom-whips extort a smile from grief,
Always good-mannered, though the sun must die.
Four times this globe has laboured round the sun,
Since you put on a glorious angel's dress.
To you, at last, my history is run:
From you, each lengthening season takes me less.
Your tree, and mine, green late; and all the year
An endless road between them runs and roars,
As beating lusts of anger, pleasure, fear
Buffet this loaded world's self-conscious shores
Always, and beauty reigns beside the storm,
Serene, till passion dies at beauty's form.

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