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,

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