

Elegy on My Ash

The chainsaw tolls the knell of parting trees.
It makes me cry, although I must admit
that leaf mould always makes me tear and sneeze.
I wouldn't want to sound a hypocrite.
It hazards being labelled balderdash
to beat my breasts with Lady-Di despair
when I don't know my elbow from my ash.
I know it makes a lovely dining chair:
and when I sit upon my ash and mourn
that ash as well as *vita brevis*; sigh
that I must stand aside and watch it burn;
then, with a tear, I kiss my ash goodbye.