

**Martin Robertson**

## **Renewal**

Racked bones of the acacia stand  
leafless, lifeless, deep into spring,  
and every year “This is the end.  
The sap has ceased to rise” we think.

“Lay an axe to that brittle bole.”  
Then, one morning, at last, again  
faithless we find a miracle,  
tender on the high twigs the green.

One year, of course, spring’s power past,  
summer will show the bony tree  
still bare. Now though give thanks, be blessed  
in the reviving mystery.