

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.