

The Laburnum Top

The Laburnum Top :

The Laburnum Top is silent, quite still

in the afternoon yellow September sunlight,

A few leaves yellowing, all its seeds fallen

Till the goldfinch comes, with a twitching chirrup

A suddenness, a startlement, at a branch end

Then sleek as a lizard, and alert and abrupt,

She enters the thickness, and a machine starts up

Of chitterings, and of tremor of wings, and trillings -

The whole tree trembles and thrills

It is the engine of her family.

She stokes it full, then flirts out to a branch-end

Showing her barred face identity mask

Then with eerie delicate whistle-chirrup whisperings

She launches away, towards the infinite

And the laburnum subsides to empty