

## The Trees

Paul Kelly

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, afresh, afresh  
Begin afresh, afresh, afresh