



On the Chinese Elm

Spring juices bid leaves come out and play
With comrades who garland the branches,
Bathe in sweet April showers,
Play tug-of-war with gusting winds,
Block the onslaught of summer sun,
Hide a child from a mother's searching eyes.

And when come the chilling winds of autumn,
Clothe themselves in scarlet gems and miser's gold.
Neighbors fall away, grips loosen,
They float to earth,
Leaving space for the coming Spring.