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The Russet Tree

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THREE POEMS

Peg Brotherston

The Russet Tree

The russet tree is black and bending
Winter-dry into the west,
All December she is tending
Spongy apples at her breast,

Foolish relics to remind her
Spring was ever in her hair,
Or the lusty bees could find her
Petals flushing, falling there.

The Secret

How could I tell you what it was I found
so homely-warm the chill December night
between the skyshine and the empty trees
that place we came to late and winterbound?

You would disdain again my fooling sense
of paradox and tell me to my face
a country girl could guess the season right.
There were no drifts of daisies to the fence,
no summer-blowing banks of Queen Anne's Lace.