

---

Spring 1965

## The Secret

Peg Brotherston  
*Western Michigan University*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope>



Part of the Creative Writing Commons

---

### Recommended Citation

Brotherston, Peg (1965) "The Secret," *Calliope (1954-2001)*: Vol. 12 , Article 8.  
Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol12/iss2/8>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the English at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Calliope (1954-2001) by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact [wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu](mailto:wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu).

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.