

For the Lappersfort dead & living

That all the leaves should fall on sodden ground
That all the birds & all the poets be silent-
No! not this, not ever as we walk in memory of
The beautiful dead who lend their names
To tree & branch & leaf

I will sing a song for Lappersfort but make no elegy
The trees are in their winter beauty
& the dead commingle with the living

So what is a wood but a place where soul & body met
& offer celebration

Much as I offer this to those who have gone before
& lend us their beautiful names

Martin Burke, Lappersfort Poets Society, www.ggf.be