

THE OLD BEECH TREE

(a fifties hit)

*I talked to the trees
But they wouldn't listen to me
I talked to the stars
But they couldn't hear
I talked to them all in vain*

Till one old beech tree bent her head
Looked down and smiled at me
As I lay crying in my bed
And mildly said, "Dear little child
There is no cause to fear."

I talked to my dog, but he couldn't see
He was busy pissing against a tree
He laughed, "The toilets in this wood are free."
Even old dogs have a right to be.

At fifty-five minutes past eleven
I glanced up at the tree of heaven
Where she stood in the corner of my garden
Barking quietly at the cold grey sky.

"There are 5 minutes left for us to live,
5 minutes to forget, 5 minutes to forgive.
I have watched over you all the time,
I know you wanted to commit this crime.
Now we are immortalized in rhyme."

Ugly little city rats with axes
Tucked in the jingling pockets of their brains
And clean-cut jaws like iron saws
Talk, talk, talk, talk premeditated murder
Far below reality and truth –
The waving, singing trees of Lappersfort.

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