

Homage to A.E. Housman

Deciduous trees line Sydney's streets.
In spring, fresh green is what one meets
And broad summer leaves provide the shade
To hush the noise cicadas made.

Now of my three score years and ten,
Sixty will not come again
Take from seventy springs three score
It only leaves a decade more

And ten short years are too few days
To enjoy only spring's green displays.
So on winter ways I'll wend my walks
To see the bare entwining stalks.

Malcolm D. Broun 2001