

The trees are coming into leaf
Like something almost being said;
The different buds relax and spread,
Their greenness is a kind of grief.

~~And yet, while year by year
meanings pass from~~

~~They try to mind the days when spring
was seen as proof that life would win~~

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Something returns, but not what we
~~have lost~~. The trees are ~~losing~~ ^{losing} too.
And yet once more
The ~~leaves~~ ^{leaves} and ~~leaves~~ ^{leaves}, heartbreakingly.

What is reborn
That ~~which returns~~ is not what ~~we~~ ^{has}
~~been~~ ^{been} lost, The trees are ~~losing~~ ^{losing} too.
And ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~will~~ ^{will} save the tree

Flowers in increasing emptiness.

Energy and innocence ^{pretence}
Their eyes, their ^{put forth} innocence

The trees are coming into leaf
Like something almost being said;
The different buds relax and spread,
Their greenness is a kind of grief.

~~Trees are renewed ^{when} we are not
And yet they ~~are~~ ^{are} also growing old
Is it that they are
Is it that they are born again
While we grow old? No, they ~~are~~ ^{age too}: die?~~

The ~~yearly~~ ^{yearly} fluke of looking new
~~is written out in rings of grain.~~
The ~~yearly~~ ^{yearly} fluke of looking new
~~is written out in rings of grain.~~

Is it that they are born again
While we grow old? No, they die too:
The yearly trick of looking new
Is written down in rings of grain.

We are not saddened by ^{pretence} ~~the false~~
Any more than the tree; it is ~~rather~~,
They still put forth, they still rejoice

It is not truth that saddens us
We could show once, or could have shown.

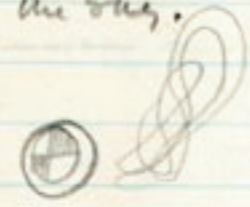
The trees are coming into leaf
 Like something almost being said;
 The different birds relax and spread,
 Their presence is a kind of grief.

~~The tender crumpled rags, the high
 Half opened fans, the sudden rift~~

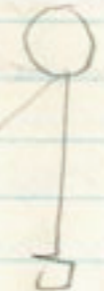
~~Exposing tiny newness, drift
 Remotely caught in branches,
 Both faint and fast against the sky,
 Unmovingly, as always, as
 Explicitly~~



pain
again



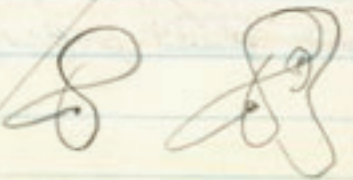
~~And of the man distant every year.~~



~~We could show once, or could have shown.~~

The tender crumpled rags, the high
 Half opened fans,

combine



Different sorts of life



The tender crumpled rags, the high
 Half opened ^{scrolls} fans, the cracks that show

A newness ready ^{patiently} waiting, ~~to~~ grow
~~thickly~~ ~~thicker~~ ~~each~~ ~~day~~ against the sky it is
~~thicker~~ ~~each~~ ~~day~~ Each day more thick

~~O leaves that will surround our lives!
 Nameless and first as long ago
 You first few weeks~~

~~As yet for us, the spring arrives~~

~~O leaves that re surround our lives!
 You first few weeks ~~are~~ ~~always~~
 Not your ~~presence~~ but our pain
 For these few weeks is born again
 As, not for us, the spring arrives.~~

3 May 67

The tender crumpled rags, the high
 Half opened scrolls, the cracks that show
 A newness ready waiting, grow
 So thick and young
 Each day more thick against the sky
 Thickly now

~~O leaves that re surround our lives! In spring~~
~~the past seems cancelled and ~~is~~~~
 Arrives for everything but us
 The only thing not ~~of~~ ~~us~~
 The past seems cancelled