

When the wind was right everything else was wrong.
Like the oak we thought built better than a house
split like a ship on rock--.

We let it stand
the winter, spectral, shagged, every sky its snow,
then cut it down, dismantled it in pieces like disease.

While limbs from the yellow poplar broke at will--
they fell from the heights like bones of the otherworldly

When the wind was right everything else was
wrong, like the oak we thought built better than
a house split like a ship on rock. We let
it stand the winter, spectral, shagged, every
sky its snow, then cut it down, dismantled
it in pieces like disease. Then limbs from
the yellow poplar broke at will--~~they~~ fell
from ~~the~~ heights like bones from the otherworldly.
And after storms to gather them in bundles
seemed medieval. The willow, by its nature,
wept long tears of its over-branching

the bird over

When the wind was right everything else
was wrong, like the oak we thought built
better than a house split like a ship
on rock. We let it stand the winter,
spectral, shagged, every sky its snow,
then cut it down, dismantled it in
pieces like disease. Then limbs from
the yellow poplar broke at will--~~fell~~
~~from the heights like bones of~~
fell from the heights like bones of
puritans, even to gather them
in bundles ~~seemed medieval~~
The willow, by its nature, wept
long tears of its over-branching,
so pale they were autumnal.

seemed

*the
puritanical*

seemed

These we turned easily to switches,
mocking the bickering in the
sycamore's nesting eaves, which crows, then jays
stole from all they could. The list,
the list. Dickinson down the road.
There was a copper beech grandparental
in its girth and sweet authority
a car clipped hard and left a scar
that was @ wound that wouldn't heal.
More apple trees that grew nowhere
but down. More maples without sugar
and hawthorns telling truth.
lies.

these

scotch pine's spruce's

perfect

me

patience

more

We tried

*looking and
by witchy, sugar,
then love.*

*scrubbing and
shrubbing out
blazing*

When the wind was right everything else was wrong.
The silverbacks of the maples blown against the green
like a school of fish alternately braiding light and shade,
And the black oak built for constancy and strength
split like a ship on rock by a single perfect strike,
so that it wore its winter aspect, spectral, ragged,
every sky its snow

When the wind was right
everything else was wrong--
the silverbacks of the maples
blown black against the green
like a school of fish alternately
braiding light and shade.
And the white oak built
for constancy and strength
split like a ship on rock
by a single perfect strike

When the wind was right
everything else was wrong,
like the poplars turning yellow
this past spring, ~~the~~ whole trees
lit^{up} with candle-loving sunlight--
no, that's a lie: only some
of the leaves

Believing /
managing /
unwilling

When the wind was right everything else was wrong.

Like the oak we thought built better than a house
split like a ship on rock by a single perfect strike.

We let it stand the winter, spectral, ragged,
every sky its snow, then cut it down--
or dismantled it in pieces like disease.

Apple yellow
poplar
me

Limbs from the sycamore and beech broke at will--
they fell from heights like bones of the otherworldly,
though to gather them in bundles seemed medieval.

Maple
maple

The willow, by its nature, wept ~~xxxxxx~~ long tears
of its branching, so pale it seemed to have passed to the other side
with spring--these

over
And

The willow, by its nature, wept long tears
of its branching, so pale they had ^{sooner} already passed
to the other side with spring--these we turned to switches.

Dickinson
dam
mend.

These we turned easily to switches.
Like the bickering in the sycamores' nesting eaves,
first crows, then jays stealing all they could.

The white oak stood for constancy, tenacity of leaves,
stability of furniture and ships--if you were
a sailor--and in winter a sort of spectral,
ragged presence, stark against the snow;

the copper beech had stateliness and grandparental girth,
smooth and silver-gray, and, in the children's rhyme,
was big as a castle, cool as a cave, calm as church,
green as a wave--though like most rhyme

wrong: more plum than green; while the buttonwood
had the largest leaves, maple-sized, five-fingers wide,
as see-through in the light as hands, and like hands
scored with messages, and like the bark

maps of disappearance; the willow weeping was obvious,
~~xxxxxx~~ twice-blessed at the river, and yellow poplars,
like weddings in the spring, lit the candles
of their tulips almost too high ~~xxxxxxx~~ in the wind;

had their been a conifer, something evergreen, who knows

Richard B. Sewall

The white oak stood for constancy, tenacity of leaves,
stability of furniture and ships--if you were
a sailor--and in winter a kind of spectral,
ragged presence, bleak against the snow--

the copper beech had stateliness and grandparental
girth, smooth, gray-silver, and in the child's
rhyme, big as a castle, cool as a cave, calm
as church, green as a wave--though like

most rhyme wrong, more plum than green--and the buttonwood
had the largest maple leaves, like hands, ~~each a message~~ ^{each a message} of its own, and bark continually
failing and maps of bark drifting, disappearing--

the willow weeping is obvious, and its wickerwork
of baskets and cradles--and the polars, ~~like~~ ^{like} above it all,
like weddings, in the spring, candles of tulips and yellow
~~wings~~

The white oak stood for constancy, tenacity of leaves,
stability of furniture and ships---if you were
a sailor--and in winter a sort of spectral,
ragged presence, bleak against the snow--

the copper beech had stateliness and grandparental
girth, smooth, gray-silver, and in the child's
rhyme, big as a castle, cool as a cave, calm
as church, green as a wave--though like most rhyme

wrong, more plum than green--while the buttonwood
had the largest of the leaves, maple-sized
like dyers' hands, with messages and maps
of bark drifting, disappearing--

the willow weeping was obvious, and its wickerwork
of baskets and river cradles--and the giant poplars,
above it all, like weddings in the spring, candles of tulips,
~~wings~~

the willow weeping was obvious, and its wickerwork of baskets
and river cradles--and yellow poplars, above
it all, like weddings in the spring,
candles of tulips lit too high to see--

there should have been a conifer, something evergreen, who knows
or a tree that actually worked for a living,
even a royal palm, since fruit trees are too small

(book)
with messages

handbook
fall

police man

workers

The had like

they like the by the animals

will deep in deep
being directed

They might as well have been pylons

To stand under even one of the slight ones
that grew in communities, let alone one of the ones
larger larger

To stand under even one of the slight ones
that grew in whole communities, let alone one
of the ones

*The Marriage in
the Snow*

THE MARRIAGE IN THE TREES

acorn

It makes a difference, oak or sycamore
or the giant yellow poplar

*difference:
kinds of
trees -
protection,
height,
volume*

The elm we loved in

The oak stands for constancy, stateliness, weight, displacement,
tenacity of leaves, yet ghostly, ragged shapes in winter,
lordly in the autumn, in spring a slow learner, the stuff
of houses, furniture, and ships if you were sailing
on the run out of your life, oak inside the acorn--

and royal height

the beech, which owns the oak, stands

century weight

white
The oak stood for constancy, tenacity of leaves,
~~stability~~ of furniture and ships--if you were
a sailor--and in winter a kind of ghostly,
ragged presence, bleak against the snow--

corner
the beech had a stateliness ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

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