The trees

LIKE are coming into leaf
something almost being said;

The recent buds relax and spread,

THEIR greenness is a

KIND of grief.

Is it that they are born again
And we grow old? No, they die too.

THEIR yearly trick of looking new
Is written down in rings of grain.

YET STILL the unresting castles thresh
In fullgrown thickness every May.

LAST year is dead, they seem
to say,

Begin afresh, afresh, Afresh.

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THE TREES are coming into leaf
Something almost being said;

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THEIR greenness is a kind of grief.

Is it that they are *BORN AGAIN*
And we **Grow Old**? No, They Die Too.

THEIR yearly trick of looking *new*
Is written down in rings of grain.

Yet still the unresting castles thresh
In fullgrown thickness every May.

Last year is dead, they seem to say,
Begin afresh, afresh, **afresh.**

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Something almost being said;

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THEIR greenness is a kind of grief.

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Yet still the unresting castles thresh
In fullgrown thickness every May.

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The Trees

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Like something almost being said;
The recent **Buds Relax** and spread,
Their GREENNESS is a kind of grief.
Is it that they are *born again*
And we **grow** old? No, they
die too.

Their yearly trick of looking NEW
Is written **Down** in rings of grain.
Yet STILL the unresting CASTLES **THRESH**
In FULLGROWN THICKNESS every May.
Last year is dead,
They Seem To SAY
BEGIN Afresh,
Afresh, **Afresh.**