

BREEZE IN THE BIRCH

The breeze was in the silver birch
When at last the lone ship sailed
Towards the clouds across the sea,
It flew as pale morning light failed.

Away from fields of waving green,
Back fell the line of founding shore.
The babbling of little brooks,
Amid the waves, was heard no more.

No flowers bloom on bounding seas,
No great oak trees can break the tide.
Thundering waves cast the thought of
The bright singing of birds aside.

Though fortune favours those who fly
To feel their passion pouring forth
No easy path lies West or East,
No secret map points South or North.

For long the lights may linger on
Though withered by the waves behind,
The lost song of the silver birch
Is not so easy now to find.

May all the sweetest memories
Remain clearest in recalling,
And may the breeze be blowing fair
When silver leaves are falling.

Zak Barouh