

A DYKE IN ROMNEY MARSH

A tree, like ancient bishop, dips
Its age-grey, twiggy finger-tips
Into the mossy chism,
A dark-green mysticism;
And here and there, inactive, cling
Brown mummies of another spring,
Frail, wizened, wrinkled leaves
Which ornament the sleeves
Of dull-shone green, that, listless, cloak
The bony arms of rush-stalk folk,
Raised up in mute despair,
Green-folded in the air.
A green-clothed pantomime,
The limbo-life of slime.