

## In praise (or otherwise) of the Silver Birch

I've always loved the silver birch  
That graceful native tree  
With shiny bark and tiny leaves  
A joy for all to see

So when we built our house and home  
All these years ago  
We planted some to grace the scene  
And watched them slowly grow

We dug them out, those saplings,  
From a nearby disused quarry.  
When planting them I wish I'd heard  
A voice say "you'll be sorry"

In spring the buds produce those tiny  
Leaves of tender green.  
A sight for sore eyes as we gaze  
Upon the scene

On summer days the sun casts dappled  
Shadows on the drive  
And as we take it in it feels good  
To be alive

Autumn follows summer with varied  
Hues of red and gold  
And we are lost in wonder as we  
Watch the scene unfold

In exchange for all this pleasure  
We have to pay a price  
When gusty winds begin to blow  
Things aren't quite so nice

That's when the multitude of leaves  
Begin to flutter down  
Transforming my usual sunny smile  
To a disagreeable frown.

That's also when the garden vac  
And rake come into play  
And cleaning up the leaves tends to  
Occupy my day

Anyone within earshot may also hear  
Me muttering  
The occasional mild expletive as I  
Clear them from the guttering

The graceful silver birch is acclaimed  
In verse and song  
When I said it was my favourite perhaps  
I got it wrong

The silver birch is a dainty lady is how  
One poem goes  
But listening to it now it  
Just gets up my nose

So my original opinion I now  
Am forced to ditch,  
She may be a dainty lady but she's  
An untidy bitch!