

## THE IVY-WIFE

I longed to love a full-boughed beech

And be as high as he:

I stretched an arm within his reach,

And signalled unity.

But with his drip he forced a breach,

And tried to poison me.

I gave the grasp of partnership

To one of other race--

A plane: he barked him strip by strip

From upper bough to base;

And me therewith; for gone my grip,

My arms could not enlace.

In new affection next I strove

To coll an ash I saw,

And he in trust received my love;

Till with my soft green claw

I cramped and bound him as I wove . . .

Such was my love: ha-ha!

By this I gained his strength and height

Without his rivalry.  
But in my triumph I lost sight  
Of afterhaps. Soon he,  
Being bark-bound, flagged, snapped, fell outright,  
And in his fall felled me!