

On the Centennial of the Battle for Vimy Ridge

(To the tune of “Binsey Poplars”)

Green is the metaphysics of poets,
Whose unfurled leaves shadow the gilt-edged *Grief*
Of the speaking earth—sunflowers’ sonnets,
Unsettled petals, the sigh of a leaf

Opposing the tatterdemalion guffaws
Of cannon, the grim, hissing fog that’s gas,
Shovels slithering under brazen caws,
Trenchant in French turf all mud or charred grass.

Inked elegies for the expectant *Dead*
Echo a stallion’s dissipating cries,
Whose bright, sinister bleeding leaves it bled—
Like skulls planted in Great War histories,

The graveyard *Horticulture* that invokes
That brave, perennial stand of Vimy oaks.

(That Vimy hosts acorns *Canadian*
Ghosts Birnam wood, posting to Dunsinane.)