

A tree with no name

You were always noticed
even if no one knew your name.
Exiled in a corner of the car park
cut off from the detached landscape,
sole survivor in the county.

Travelling from Iran to France
before the Revolution:
did some émigré smuggle a cutting
from his arboretum, memory
of lost home, lost friends, lost fortune?

Your size and strength piqued interest.
Your hanging racemes shed delight.
What *is* that tree? asked visitors.
In your beauty and mystery
you kept your secret well.

Came the day we read the news
spreading across the local press.
This dangerous tree which must be felled
.Caucasian wing-nut tree,
Too late, a name to offer visitors.

But they will appreciate
two extra parking spaces.