

## **My beautiful conifer tree**

at the bottom of our garden,  
dwarfed by the sycamores' dominating the Dene;  
it attempts to reach them, communicate  
I would love to believe.

When the sycamores' shed their leaves,  
'Golden doubloons,' our grandson calls them,  
the conifer has a halo of leaves strewn before it.  
'Beauty is in the seeing,' I say over and over.

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