

## SURVIVAL

Gillian Bickley

Thank you trees for being there, for staying  
when many of the friends you knew-  
birds and butterflies - have gone;  
for flourishing, even; growing old  
where concrete buildings  
are constantly knocked down.

How brave you are to survive  
in a place where the air is foul  
and the noise unnatural;  
you who should normally expect  
to stabilise your roots  
in humid humming forests  
alive with the smells of  
animal and vegetable life  
(not the smells of mineral death, as here).

It is good to look down a street  
and, amazed, to see you there  
solid and green and cool, uncompromised  
by the advertising posters on your boles;

a promise

that, since there was a past  
there may quite possibly be a future too.