

The Sun, the Trees, the Clouds, the Grass

by Bill Yarrow

I.

The sun was a dish of burnished courage
The trees were a masque of plaster axes
The clouds were a ring of singing whispers
The grass was a shrug of humble comfort

II.

The burnished sun was a dish of courage
The plaster trees were a masque of axes
The singing clouds were a ring of whispers
The humble grass was a shrug of comfort

III.

The sun was a burnished dish of courage
The trees were a plaster masque of axes
The clouds were a singing ring of whispers
The grass was a humble shrug of comfort

