

The Lilac and the Apple

(Kate Wolf)

1

A Lilac bush and an Apple tree
Were standing in the woods,
Out on the hill above the town,
Where once a farmhouse stood.

2

In the winter the leaves are bare
And no one sees the signs
Of a house that stood and a garden that
grew
And life in another time.

3

One Spring when the buds came bursting
forth
And grass grew on the land,
The Lilac spoke to the Apple tree
As only a good friend can.

4

Do you think, said the Lilac, this might be
the year
When someone will build here once
more?
Here by the cellar, still open and deep,
There's room for new walls and a floor.

5

Oh, no, said the Apple, there are so few
Who come here on the mountain this
way,
And when they do, they don't often see
Why we're growing here, so far away.

6

A long time ago we were planted by
hands
That worked in the mines and the mills,
When the country was young and the
people who came
Built their homes in the hills.

7

But now there are cities, the roads have
come,
And no one lives here today.
And the only signs of the farms in the hills
Are the things not carried away.

8

Broken dishes, piles of boards,
A tin plate, an old leather shoe.
And an Apple tree still bending down,
And a Lilac where a garden once grew.