

## *In the Garden*

### *Bonsai*

IN nature, shall I ever see  
A sadder sight than bonsai tree?  
Cramped and crimped and unconsulted,  
Mighty majesty insulted,  
Pigmy-pruned in shallow pan,  
Affront to Mother Nature's plan:  
A saucered root-ball to provoke  
*Lèse majesté* in English oak.

Thus contained, a forest giant  
Feels constrained to be compliant,  
While it's forced to seem at home  
As noble, nobbled garden gnome.  
“*Amazing!*” it will hear us cry:  
It never hears us asking, “*Why?*”

I thought that I would never see  
A sadder sight than bonsai tree. . .

But even less can I enjoy  
The bonsai bought as rich man's toy;  
The Tom Thumb tree obliged to stay  
For fifty years in shallow tray,  
Just two feet tall, for all its pains,  
Bought on a whim — and that explains

Why faded novelty has led  
To lack of care. . . and why it's dead.

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