

## Kate Wolf

### "The Lilac & The Apple"

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

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.

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

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.

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.

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.

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

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.

