

## **BROOM – BASIL DOWLING**

Green hillsides burn with fragrant fire.  
Its flames mount high, but never higher,  
And birds and bees make merry there  
In the summer smelling flare.

These glowing torches will die down  
Before the willow leaves are brown,  
And myriad seeds from pods charred black  
Will catapult with sudden crack

Live sparks that will on later days  
Kindle another spreading blaze.  
But noiseless now, and golden plumed,  
This burning bush is not consumed.