

The Christmas Tree



A magic jungle is our fairy tree,
Blue fruit as big as planets on a string!
An anchor, green as glass, stands by the root,
Live ladybirds on silver tendrils swing
And ring out songs on giant cardboard bells
As silver sand like tinsel shimmers down
To snow and ice an orange tropic moon.

As if they'd swung and beat on golden gongs,
The doll stands penny-eyed in filmy fronds.

Rik Wilkinson