**No Ordinary Sun**

**Hone Tuwhare**

Tree let your arms fall:

raise them not sharply in supplication

to the bright enhaloed cloud.

Let your arms lack toughness and

resiliance for this is no mere axe

to blunt nor fire to smother.

Your sap shall not rise again

to the moons pull.

No more incline a deferential head

to the wind's talk, or stir

to the tickle of coursing rain.

Your former shaginess shall not be

wreathed with the delightful flight

of birds nor shield

nor cool the adour of unheeding

lovers from the monstrous sun.

Tree let your naked arms fall

nor extend vain entreaties to the radiant ball.

This is no gallant monsoon's flash,

no dashing trade wind's blast.

The fading green of your magic

emanations shall not make pure again

these polluted skies . . . for this

is no ordinary sun.

O tree

in the shadowless mountains

the white plains and

the drab sea floor

your end at last is written