

Anna Nickerson

A Song for the Planting of Fruit Trees

We sing *waes hael, waes hael*, hurrah! hurrah!
A cup and a toast to seed, sapling, and snag—

A toast and a cup to the soil and loam,
To the litter of leaves and the mulch and the muck—

To the lifter of leaves, of branches and bloom
May your sap run quick and your bark hold strong—

May your spores spread wide, your mycelium long,
And your dark decomposing run all the wood through;

Here's to you, damson, and cherry, and plum
Be bearers of fruit and cheerers of hearts—

And a cheer for you, inkcap, and dark brittlegill
And a drink for you, fungus, and your magic fruits—

And so to the magic of day and of dark
We'll sing *waes hael, waes hael*, hurrah! hurrah!