

Thomas DeFreitas

Of That Tall Tree

Longfellow, can you tell me the name of that tall tree?
Will poets' ghosts invade the frame of that tall tree?

Cambridge is home to dozens, scores of churches:
Do nuns pray to Mary, blessed dame of that tall tree?

Fresh-firecoal fall, ahoy! I cherish your brief weeks.
Leaves blush bright red, O the shame of that tall tree!

Spring broadcasts lilac-rumors along the peopled banks
Of the River Charles, and spreads the fame of that tall tree.

Winter caps the hedges with a kippah of fresh snow:
Mittened children try to learn the game of that tall tree.

Butterflies dance, unfazed by the heat of loutish summer;
Metallic blue sky, you are the aim of that tall tree!

Sonneteer of Brattle Street, much-belaurelled,
Your verses keep it burning, the flame of that tall tree.

Rust-throated Tommo, you sing like a creaky hinge!
What *will* you, *can* you add, to the acclaim of that tall tree?

Thomas DeFreitas was born in Boston fifty years ago. He is an alumnus of the Boston Latin School and attended the University of Massachusetts. His poems have appeared in *Mudfish*, *Dappled Things*, *Plainsongs*, *Ibbetson Street*, *Soul-Lit*, and *The 2017 Poetry Marathon Anthology*. Tom lives in Arlington, MA, and is a member of the New England Poetry Club.