

Sonnet for a Cretan Tree

Outside my window there's a foreign tree,
Each morning it's the first thing that I see.
I often wonder how it came to stand
Upon this very piece of no-man's land.
Those who planned the prison let it grow,
And built this place around it years ago.
The R.H.S. have blessed it with a plaque.

But does it every dream of going back?
Across the years, the miles, across the sea?
Does it long for friends and family?
Although its leaves dance on this English air,
Does it yearn to blossom over there?

It has no choice. It is a refugee.
My fellow prisoner, the migrant tree.