

## Willow and Ginkgo

Eve Merriam

*The willow is like an etching,  
Fine-lined against the sky.  
The ginkgo is like a crude sketch,  
Hardly worthy to be signed.  
The willow's music is like a soprano,  
Delicate and thin.  
The ginkgo's tune is like a chorus  
With everyone joining in.*

*The willow is sleek as a velvet-nosed calf;  
The ginkgo is leathery as an old bull.  
The willow's branches are like silken thread;  
The ginkgo's like stubby rough wool.*

*The willow is like a nymph with streaming hair;  
Wherever it grows, there is green and gold and fair.  
The willow dips to the water,  
Protected and precious, like the king's favorite daughter.*

*The ginkgo forces its way through gray concrete;  
Like a city child, it grows up in the street.  
Thrust against the metal sky,  
Somehow it survives and even thrives.*

*My eyes feast upon the willow,  
But my heart goes to the ginkgo.*