**The Yew Tree**

The noble Yew Tree, native of the English countryside,

whose form’s a pleasing sight to look upon;

Its supple branches bend with grace before an angry wind

And from this tree derives the name Yvonne.

The archer’s bow is of the Yew Tree source;

It bends when pressure seems too much to bear,

But springs back when the fight has run its course;

And all the better for it they declare.

Yvonne, our Yew Tree now has run her course.

Our grief is but the price we pay for love, ‘tis true;

But grief will soon give way to pride, perforce,

When we compare her life to that set by the Yew.

The printer’s mould has been withdrawn for good,

And we must cherish all the images we find –

A picture, some writing, a trinket from her babyhood,

Stories, anything to bring her back to mind.

Her dynasty will yield the best and lasting store -

A gesture, a facial trait, for wonders never cease;

Yvonne in progeny will live for evermore,

Meanwhile, we know, her Soul will Rest in Peace.

*Roger Shakeshaft*

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