SYNGMAN RHEE

The last leaf on a pruned, grey tree
A strong, young gardener could not reach.
The ladder was not tall enough,
And his taught arms were much too short.

And so, as evening falls today,
I watch it in the Eastern winds,
Above the twigs, quite sere and gaunt,
Quite lonely, since it has to start
Upon a trunk as straight as truth
Age-old resurgence, age-old pride,
Which this old leaf knows in the sun.

September 28, 1956
Los Angeles

Kate Holliday

- with my admiration