

## **The Sun and a Birch Tree**

by Elizabeth Madox Roberts

As I came home through Howard's lane,  
The trees were bending down with rain.

A still mist went across their tops,  
And my coat was powdered gray with drops.

Then I looked in the woods to see  
The limbs of the white birch tree.

It made a bright spot in the air,  
And I thought the sun was shining there.