

# Steve Cartwright

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## Robinia

I do not want to wither Robinia.  
I want to be like you and put on your golden beauty  
And radiate to all I see.  
To breathe your summer warmth across the land  
Yet seek no recognition for this glory.  
To only wave my golden fronds, as easily as floating  
To a cloud would be, upon the wind.  
To sprawl and stretch with all the ease  
That only being easy brings.  
But as yet I cannot.  
My way is heavy with the burdens of the world  
And as yet I have not learned  
The lessons of deliverance;  
To put things down, to walk away, to let things be.  
And yet today Robinia  
I saw that I can learn from you.  
So I will keep my watch  
And maybe in the watching  
Love in all its beauty  
Inside me  
Will surely grow