

“I like a wood” by Ian McMillan

I've got to confess I like a glade;
A tent made of leaves, a tree-shelter,
Somewhere to sit in the afternoon shade
And say, quietly
I do like a glade.

I've got to confess I like a copse;
A branch of a twig office, a root-shed
Somewhere to sit where time just stops
And say, slowly,
I do like a copse.

I've got to confess I like a wood;
A trunk-palace, a bird-street
Somewhere to sit that's fulfilling,
complete,
And say, happily,
I do like a wood.