

Unit

2

Poem

OUR CASUARINA TREE

Toru Dutt



Warm Up

You visit your school after several years. As you cross the banyan tree at the entrance, cheerful memories fill your mind. Fill the bubbles with your memories.



LIKE a huge Python, winding round and round
The rugged trunk, indented deep with scars,
Up to its very summit near the stars,
A creeper climbs, in whose embraces bound
No other tree could live. But **gallantly**
The giant wears the scarf, and flowers are hung
In crimson clusters all the boughs among,
Whereon all day are gathered bird and bee;
And oft at nights the garden overflows
With one sweet song that seems to have no close,
Sung darkling from our tree, while men **repose**.

When first my **casement** is wide open thrown
At dawn, my eyes delighted on it rest;
Sometimes, and most in winter, - on its crest
A gray **baboon** sits statue-like alone
Watching the sunrise; while on lower boughs
His puny offspring leap about and play;
And far and near **kokilas** hail the day;
And to their pastures **wend** our sleepy cows;
And in the shadow, on the broad tank cast
By that **hoar** tree, so beautiful and vast,
The water-lilies spring, like snow **enmassed**.

