



## A Poem for Tony

by Annie Fisher

I walked with my friend in the bright summertime,  
we talked about poems, and rhythm and rhyme.  
We talked of his grandchild, his joy at the birth  
and a seed he had sown for him, deep in the earth.

*A poem's a promise of harvests to come,  
the pip in the apple, the stone in the plum.*

I walked with my friend on a wild autumn day,  
leaves danced round our boots like small children at play.  
We spoke about poetry's slow-burning flame,  
spoke of beauty and truth (are they really the same?)

*A poem's a promise of harvests to come,  
the pip in the apple, the stone in the plum.*

We walked in the winter, with ice on our breath,  
we spoke about aging and sickness and death  
and the Buddha's advice about letting things go.  
He told me his tale of a ghost in the snow.

*A poem's a promise of harvests to come,  
the pip in the apple, the stone in the plum.*

We walked in the springtime, green buds on each tree.  
He said, 'Life's a wonder to savour and see.  
Our poems are seeds. They take time to root.  
Be patient. Stay simple. Wait for the fruit.'

*A poem's a promise of harvests to come,  
the pip in the apple, the stone in the plum.*

*This poem is a tribute to the wonderful children's writer, Tony Mitton, who died in June 2022. The refrain is inspired by two of his poetry collections: Pip and Plum. There's also a reference to one of Tony's picture books, Snow Ghost.*

