

# *Sonnet Scroll*

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## **Not Asked For**

By Mary Freeman

Sooner or later, grief comes to all of us.  
The squirrel sits upon her barren stump  
Gazing up, not glancing, on all that was:  
Paradise reduced to a box-sized lump.

The other day I watched them take it down,  
The old and venerable tree that stood  
And shook us all with trunk and limbs and crown  
When it fell: the squirrel watched from the woods.

There the nests of note were built up high,  
Just high enough to keep all safe within  
Their fortress in their tree up in the sky,  
It kept at bay the hawks and owls and kin;

When someone came and said the words “restore  
The view” —the squirrel’s view was not asked for.