

## **11th Standard -English**

### **Hornbill-The Laburnum Top Poem Summary**

On a bright September afternoon, the laburnum, a short tree with hanging branches and yellow flowers, stood soundless and motionless. A few leaves that had yellowed and some seeds lay scattered around it. Just then, all of a sudden a small singing bird with yellow feathers on its wings, the goldfinch, arrived chirping. She entered the foliage like a lizard—smooth, watchful and hasty.

As she entered, the tree suddenly seemed to come alive. It started up like a machine. There were shrill sounds of twittering and the tree seemed to quiver with joy. The mother bird was like the engine of her family. Like an engine she added life to the tree and flitted from branch to branch, showing her striped face, with yellow and black markings that were peculiar to her. Then with a mysterious, low whistle she flew off into the sky. Once again the laburnum quietened down as it was before her arrival.