

To a Dead Tree

Carman Wilson

Clean and smooth, you are.
Clean and smooth —
 while about you
May displays its greens
and shines its leaves.

The sun warms you
 silvered bark,
the same as it did
 when you were
 tall and branching.

And in your awkward
 broken arms
we see shapes
and make pictures
and think,
 sometimes.

Dead tree,
time hums by
and enters your soul.
You meditate
inside your stillness—
whispering, alone,
 to your hidden roots.

Mellow truths,
secret prayers
while waiting—
You meditate
and moons respond
 to your silhouette,
 dead tree.

Their platinum shafts
 wash and caress you,
they soothe your
 never-ending dream,
and they cocoon your sleep
 with infinite love.

My dead, and beautiful tree;

