

THE TREE AWAKES

During winter, the long cold winter
He dreamed often
How he'd love to reach the sky
To touch the stars
Or search amid the clouds
For the hidden meaning of the world

But now, when suddenly
The birds alight on his green boughs
Jumping and singing,
Picking the bark of his gray trunk
He gets too busy to philosophize
And he looks down
To discover a rug around his foot
A colorful coat of red and blue
Of yellow and green
Between his roots

Grasses and flowers cover the ground
And with a joyful tremor he realizes
It is spring. The snow is gone,
But not entirely
High on the peaks its pale face shows.
Looking at it the tree remembers
Its soft, white mantle
Covering him, protecting him
From wind and frost

But now nature laughs, winter is gone
The time has come to bloom, to grow
And a miracle of leaves
Sprouts on all his limbs
A jubilant dress to greet spring

Hearing the music of winged songs
And the vibrato of the soft wind
High on the sky
The sun slowly takes his way
Tracing longer and longer shadows on the fields
The tree is contented
Winter or spring
This is the life he wants to live.

The night arrives
The tree sleeps.

