

THE OLD TREES

The Old Trees of the forest
stand tall and stately,
their crested canopy
provide shelter, shade
for the young ones,
saplings,
which rise from the forest floor.

One day, they will fall,
these, the old ones.
Their fate to make room for those still to come,
who now need to find their own way,
their place,
in God's space,
in the leafy roof of the world.

And the fallen?
Yes, their lives, too, go on,
as seedbed, soil,
the broken repositories
of ancient lore
the nutrients in which the next generation
is born.

Lament, yes, their passing.
They were once grand.
But understand, too,
it is this sacred cycle which shapes our souls,
a collective memory
of who,
and what,
and from where we came ...

I am happy ... no, blessed,
to be one of the Old Trees.