



Abstract Tree

The artist sent me an abstract tree,
It's hard to explain what it says to me,
It's a statement, a symbol, a view, a thought
It's a claim for life that can't be bought.

We have the pieces assembled above,
The leaves, the wood, the dirt, and love,
A forest takes shape before my eyes,
Shades of green reflected by the sun's rise.

But wait is that dirt or wood of the tree?
That inset in the center's cloaked in mystery,
The heart of the tree, the place of its being,
Does there exist a being we are not seeing?

How do we express what cannot be known?
How do we paint what cannot be shown?
It can't be by normal words and forms
That I express what makes the bees swarm.

And so it is with the living tree,
Just sitting out there recording history,
Laying each year down in circular code,
Saying how life went in its abode.

The forest caught fire sometime in there,
And the drought came and left it sucking air
That it could not digest in the normal way,
And the ring formation had little to say.

But there's also talk among the trees,

That's carried around on the ocean's breeze,
The thoughts and fears of the shared collective,
And a bit of philosophy warm and reflective.

And from my porch here in Wimberley,
I feel the cedar forest reaching out to me,
It talks as the wind caresses the leaves,
It makes me glad I'm one who believes.

The reality may or may not be true,
But thinking this way helps me do
The tasks that must be done for the future,
Securing the relationship with another suture.

So welcome to Earth church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we embrace the abstract,
It will stimulate you.