



Aspen Wind

The grove of Aspens stood with no wind,
My journey of a lifetime about to begin,
I entered the trees and became immersed
In an unfolding play I had not rehearsed.

Amidst white trunks with yellow leaves,
I was suddenly startled by the afternoon breeze,
But not by the sound of the trees that quake,
But by my spiritual self coming awake.

I first perceived a whisper from below,
And then a conversation began to flow,
Something about how the wind moved her hair,
Of feeling the mountain air beyond compare.

But where was this voice – what was the source?
I had to go underground to find it – of course,
I made myself focus and went into the roots,
And discovered the trees were all in cahoots.

What a wonderful world I found underground,
There were all types of stories making the rounds,
The trees were communicating by roots intertwined,
What a wonderful world – what a wonderful find.

I love it that trees can talk to each other,
Sister to sister and brother to brother,
Conversations continuing into the night,
Such great fun, such total delight.

What does it mean to listen to a tree?

At the least it means that I and trees be,
We are on the same planet as forms of life,
I just might return as a tree in my afterlife.

I have such joy opening-up to this knowledge
About wonderful things seldom taught in college,
And as I reach up and give the Aspen a hug,
I feel my spirit receiving a tug.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we link spirits with trees,
And hug them too.