



A small, rectangular label with a grid pattern, possibly a signature or a date, located in the bottom left corner of the painting.

The Bent Trees of Rockport

The tree stands by the waterside,
Old - shaped by forces that collide,
It may not be what it wanted to be,
But then such is life for every entity.

The tree's been burned by wind and salt,
Sturdy - able to withstand assault,
It's found a way to exist and thrive,
It's found a way to stay alive.

I taste the salt and feel the wind,
I'm pushing forward but where's the end?
Some days seem more than I can take,
Some nights I lie in my bed awake.

When darkness looms and I'm losing strength,
I think on the tree and muse at length
About the ability to bend but not to break,
Of finding water for my thirst to slake.

I feel beat up and a bit bruised,
But no fatal injury, no gaping wound,
I am alive and that's a positive,
I can still create with forces cognitive.

I take a breath of the Earth that provides
A calmness moving like a fog that glides
Throughout my body, my senses, myself,

I'm a bit bent over, but I have my health.

Like the tree in Rockport, I fight to survive,
For what is life but staying alive,
And to remain alive I need a glow,
A reason for being, a truth to know.

So I look to the tree that is bent by the wind,
And stoke my spirit and begin again,
I'm bent and pricked but standing yet,
I embrace what I am and do not fret.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Pray you bend but don't break,
And that your roots support you.