

prayer

at the foot of the hill  
I am the tree  
from the fold of the branch  
I am the leaf  
from the twine of the leaves  
I am the nest  
from the warmth of the nest  
I am the egg  
from the crack of the egg  
I am the bird  
from the wings of the bird  
I am the sky  
from the sky  
I am all breath  
deeply inhaling  
I birth all that is  
all that was  
all that is to come  
infinite allness

I am the hope  
that this  
is the right prayer

## One, Two Tree

they kiss, they weep  
born heavenly as one  
ah, light's first glow  
the trees bravely come  
sheltering, homing  
branching and feeding  
refining the air  
support every needling  
solid network beyond  
plunging easily deep  
wide, thickly sounding  
sweet elixirs to seep

these two gentle maples  
obviously twins  
one grown tossed and wild  
from a quarrel lacking wins  
this snarl and tangle  
unforgiving arms wrapped  
wanton, enigmatic  
whose sibling's untapped  
ordered and restful  
ease lending kind shade  
a hoist for a swing  
tender need may be made  
changing hue light on cue  
spilling leaves with a sigh  
we groundlings gaze skyward;  
each one is as high  
as the other and wide  
one frantic, one fine  
the same only different  
regal form, full divine

from our lowly perch  
meager arms, liable limbs  
in awe, trembling thanks  
sister trees, can you swim?