

Trees

I sat in judgement of trees
in youth's conceit believing
my mental axial grid was some improvement,
dreaming of gleaming steel and glass
cathedrals.

I sat in judgment of trees
and found them wanting:
the blueprint of maples impure
chaotic knotted branches ragged
foliage.

What in Nature's confusion compared
in the season of my arrogance
to triumphant man's achievements:
playing golf on the lunar surface,
twin towers.

Until the day I saw clear
the majesty and symmetry of pines
in evergreen simplicity portray
the truly final verdict of earth
verdant.

Now as my time and generation pass on
recall the perfect incomparable
beauty of trees I
dip my gnarled hand in the river
joyfully beat.