

Tree Poem

A man I knew named and friended a Sycamore tree,
While he prepared to join
All creatures, great and small,
Who renew the earth in their dying.

His missionary journey was more learning than teaching,
Embracing native people's wisdom
That we are one with the earth, and an eternity
Spent replenishing it brought him comfort.

I too think of the waters and skies of our earth that enrich my life,
Sunsets that bring peace to stressful days.
I testify to my friend's insight,
That trees and not dogs are our best friends.

More than Sycamores, it's the Cottonwoods that have accompanied me
From Kansas streams to Indiana lakes,
Their fluttering leaves and stately size
Bringing shade and showers of summer seeds.

They were present at rowdy Boy Scout campouts and baseball games,
In city parks where they served as golf holes,
And marking Highway 50 so Dad could find the county road
Leading us home.

Today our pond at the retirement center
Has cottonwoods too, where my love and I
Sit on a glider and enjoy their serenity,
Matching our own slow dance toward eternity.