



To Love a Tree

(I heard a psychologist say, we should all adopt a tree.)

My tree is on a small peninsula.
I can see it from my window
while sitting in my chair.

It is tall and gangly,
light and dark green,
and not all that pretty

but there is something
about it that's appealing,
so it begs more than pity.

I love how it managed
to grow up from a seed
that landed in a bunch

of tightly situated weeds.
Once it was taller
than the huddled bushes,

It was freed, so it shot up
into the sky.
No longer confined,

it exited at alarming
pace and now stands
as a lookout tree

for eagles, goldfinch and me,
my comforting, calming,
receiving tree.

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