

# Twilight Tree

In the coolness of a waning winter  
spring waiting in the wings  
here you are you beauty  
in your dark magnificence  
you stand quietly without pomp  
your silhouette a public secret  
unassuming and unnoticed  
reaching out to the fading light  
as if to say "I belong here  
so nice of you to visit."  
I belong here too.

And in this now  
I feel a harmony of being  
in our moment of silent union.

My eyes and my mind  
are drawn upward  
as if in a gothic cathedral  
and its pointed arches  
but here you are gesturing  
in all directions  
with your thousand fingers  
serene in your eastward lean  
a perfect prayer of earth  
to the beyond.



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