

## 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.