

The mystery of trees

Sometimes, when I'm with the trees
I come into a deep down ease
a peace, a love, a gratitude
the qualities the trees exude.
A shelter too, and strength to stay
regardless of the wayward day.

They teach me gently how to live
They don't just teach, they also give
abundantly in mystery
through subtle touch of deity.

My mind comes open, heart and will
Into this space they can instil
an understanding so profound
it heals me, it turns me round.

I thank them then before I go:
"Thank you for this, for what you know
for what you are, for what you give
I bow to you. You help me live."

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27.8.22