

## THE TREE

by Kelly Rucker

Are you waving at me?  
Is it my attention you want?  
Surely, you can't mean me?

I stand in awe by your majesty.  
Your crown touches the sky.  
And your arms bear all of your glory.

Your strength is overwhelming.  
Your needs are so simple.  
Your influence is surprising.

So often I take you for granted  
Counting on your presence tomorrow and forever  
Planning to visit you another day.

But today I hear you calling.  
I see the invitation you're sending  
As the wind shuffles your fingers to and fro.

I am coming to rest by your trunk  
To hide away with an old friend  
In the comfort and peace of your shade

