

Ripening Like a Tree

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So small and tender, a seed
sprout bursts through the soil,
vulnerable, thin and wondering.

A sapling gets to know its surroundings
but wonders if cows will eat it, if
the sun will burn it, if the earth
will really fulfill its promise of rain and
nutrient.

A tree wonders a lot as it ripens.
Its confidence comes day to day. It
grows thicker, taller and can see farther
than before.

It respects its place and
how it fits with other things.
It knows the mom and child who admire it on
the way to school,
the bugs that use it for sustenance.

The tree ripens in its togetherness with its
circle of living beings.

A ripening tree, if it could look in a mirror,
would see that its shape is unique. The bump
and sway of its branches, the reach of its
tip-topness doesn't look like any other.

It wonders why?
Why do I look only like myself?

As a tree ripens it knows that
standing still is enough. Joy floods
its sap, its fruits, its flowers. A
ripe tree knows its presence matters.