

The memory of trees comes from experience,

When time is a trillion a dead leaf dies faling and peering at me,

The beauty and loveliness of a growing green tree,

Has a message for me and you and a meaning for free.

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I'm dreaming of heaven but to me trees are real life,

As the minutes it takes to change and minister marries wife;

And life is like that just like a tree trying to grow,

As it takes years and ages for you as they really slowly know.

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And the green and the brown looks strong and truthful,

As the leaves blow in the breeze and bough bends trustingly;

The branch over the river and roots into the bank,

Will lead me to look with the memory of a book to thank.

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In the autumn the reds and yellows are turning orange,

And the leaves drop to the ground to compost and reorganate;

As the seeds replenish the organisation of another tree to grow,

And the sapling takes time to go from a plant to a tree so slow.

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And I try for a tree and it's a hard self defeating purpose.

Because the paper is endless and I can watch in the sea a porpoise,

And the mind in mine is the metal of the steel barrel of my pen,

Which would be the wood for a house and home ten times ten.

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And the tables and shairs and furniture are of good wood,

Of trees that gave up there life for something else good;

And the old rugged cross that was so painful raised to the sky,

Was a tree who tried now in poetry I look to the eye.

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Signed,

All kinds of wood would.