



It stands in perfect symmetry
One side one the other three
All branches reaching to the sky
One hugs the ground it knows not why

In winter it seems a skeleton
All arms return to one again
Rooted firmly at the base
Earthen vessel as is the case

In spring comes the shoot and bud
Soft rains pour its feet in mud
Then sun then leaves and flowers too
Adorned with life for all to view

In summer growing large and strong
With fruit to pick it won't be long
It's sail bends freely in the breeze
Rain or shine it stands with ease

In fall it offers from itself
Wares to put upon the shelf
Then designed for all to see
A coat red orange in majesty

But why one side one the other three
Seeming broken symmetry
With one branch low the other high
It does not bother or ask why

A tree is most like you and me
It need only know where it be
It stands upright hands held high
Receiving blessings from the sky

Now in our winters we sometimes show
Bare bones and hearts fainting glow
And what is planted in the ground
As briars spring up all around

Our springs become a time of bliss
As the easy life becomes our wish
As luck and chance conceal the trials
Birds roost in with smug filled smiles

Summer ain't so bad we think
The sun a blazing we grab a drink
Sit in the shade to ease the heat
All seems fine we raise our feet

Then strikes fall and something lost
What did we avoid and at what cost
For we did not plant or tend or grow
And stand at harvest no yield to show

Unlike the tree with hands held high
We looked not up in winter's sky
And as the briars grew all round
Sewn were shadows underground

Spring for us came none to fast
Soft rains precede the die that's cast
Summer's glare beat down on us
A glass a chair what was the fuss

Our fall was bleak now understood
Fruit won't grow on barren wood
For we did not plant or tend or grow
So what is missing we need to know

Why this likeness with diff'rent end
The simple reason we do not bend
We never learned what to do
When skies coil in menacing hue

A tree accepts what comes its way
Its roots grow deep as if to say
Here I'll stand arms stretched high
One hugs the ground I know not why

But this I know I am a tree
I stand in perfect harmony
I question not branch high or low
Or if there's rain or if there's snow

If briars grow round about my feet
I worry not I do not weep
Storms may rage I do not bother
I put my life in hand of another

A lesson taught for us to learn
When trials come where to turn
A tree is most like you and me
It needs to know where it be

It stands in perfect symmetry
One side one the other three
All branches reaching to the sky
One hugs the ground I now know why

– msbeck

