

I have decided to become a tree

from this day on I will not yearn  
but will take my water and sun  
as they are given

I will live in unbroken communion  
with my sacred soil  
holding fast to my roots

I will stand tall and constant according  
to my nature  
no matter worldly regard for me

I will bow in the wind and be an open heart  
for what comes to rest or nest in me

I will not fight the seasons but drop  
my leaves in their due time  
and grow silent when winter bid me rest

I will acquire age in annual rings that  
display my gaining texture  
and I will not shame

I will shade the weary and hold up the weak

I will host an audience of cicada  
and let them speak

I will not waver before mass opinion or  
question my peculiar bloom

self-consciousness will not know me  
for I will be plunged in the pristine currents  
of being and will bear no doubt within

I will not fear  
I will be hostage to true love  
I will birth faithful fruit from the  
bright womb of sanctuary

my wounds will heal into gnarly knots of  
morph and revelation

sky will bless my nakedness with the  
elements that it chooses  
and I will seek no shelter

I will not forget my ancestors  
assault my neighbors  
or offer an offending tongue

I will whistle inside the gusts  
laugh by way of the children  
and roam richly in the storm

I will cry my sap freely  
and wear my bark with tenderness

when young love carves its dreams  
into my helpless side

I will abide

I will grow wherever my seed is sprung  
and let my story beautify me

I will unsheathe my fragrance  
and release my saplings to their own rendition  
my branches never getting in the way

I will not begrudge the saws and axes  
nor gnaw against myself

when the spiteful ones come to spite me  
I will disappear into love and not be touched

I will carry my foliage modestly  
and endure the pride of creatures

in all the noise and noxious grinding  
I will remain silent and smiling  
my cadence steady and yet not saddled  
any harness unthreaded, I will not be addled

I will be Peace  
I will be Love  
I will be in the chaos, still  
and by the moment  
as others trade their souls  
for carnival attractions  
I will be still, a tree

epiphany:  
it occurs to me that I have always been a tree

no becoming is necessary  
except the dropping of my mental leaves.