

Trees

He watches
out the window
all the time.
I stand
in front of the pane
but he
sees through me.

For him, the trees
are animate objects
who respond
to attention.
Their leaves hang on
during storms
because of his encouragement.

The branches
are getting ready
to grow into the room.
They yearn
for him
to be
touching them.

They will strike the pane,
and break through it;
then fling themselves
into his lap.
Gently
he will tell them
all about
seasonal changes
in order to avoid
their suffering panic
when no one
can prevent
their leaves from falling.

by Sparling Mills



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