

I Wish I Was A Tree

by Leah Denison

I wish I was a tree
With the graceful bow of a willow
Her arms sweeping up memories from
The glassy waterside

I wish I was a tree
With the tingling prick of the pine,
Injecting that rich engulfing holiday scent
Into the forest air with every green needle

I wish I was a tree
With the modesty of an old oak, its ancient
And tattered leaves falling dead and brown,
To the cold dark ground
Its timeless crisp crackle, its worn holes
Reminding me of a grandfather's coat
Of the same brown and musty twill

I wish I was a tree
With the sweetness of a maple
Its sugar sap
Slowly drizzling down its thick trunk
Like a slow city rain on the grayest of days

I wish I was a tree
With the quintessential elegance of a birch
The silvery white strands
Caressing the bare trunk like a silken cloak
or a white horse's hair around its soft face
and deep black eyes.