

Trees by h h higgins (c. 1987, 2012, 2023)

Trees with new buds in the spring

 Work for green leaves—that’s the thing!

 Even old leaves in the fall

 And barren branches, after all,

Are all about those shiny greens—

 That’s what crinkled grey bark means;

 Throw that sun down on this dirt –

 Leaves keep earth from getting hurt;

Along with native grasses’ aide

 Give Nature’s Crest a rest in shade.

 Summer’s assaults?—shelter’s spawned

 Underneath a frond of Palm

Or sprig of Pine, or Liquidambar

 Nothing much can get your dander

 Up as long as there are trees

 Tossed and tickled by a breeze.

Watch gross misfortune pass us by!

 Those silhouettes against the sky

 Of sunset branches, leaves unfurled

 Like happy banners save this world

With messages from ancient wood

 Instructing us how to be good

 And bright and kind as flowers, bees;

 These do their work with saintly ease.

Heat disappears from this valley

 Near rocky stream and deep-shade tree.

 Oh Elms! Without your majesty

 This ground could be the Mojave!

Trees talk and so may hear our plea:

 Liriodendron set us free!

 So trees! Let’s imitate in mime

 And so assure our place in time.

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