

Old Man Tree, Speak to Me

When winter comes and you lose your hair,
do you care?

What about when a storm comes around and blows
your arm to the ground,
do you care?

Do you cry when you lose a leaf before its time,
or was it time for that leaf to go off on its own?

What's it like to come and go for a hundred years,
but always stand in one place?

So do you ever close your eyes at night,
or are they always open to the moon?

Do you ever stop reaching for the sky?

Or ask yourself how you could go higher?

What if I touch your bark, will I feel your heart?

Speak to me, old man tree.

Kate McCusker