



A Hermeneutic of Trees

Two trees stand naked on Lake Michigan:
one twisted and bent at broken right angles,
the other an ideal of arboreal roundness.

Silently they reach for each other, for light,
for air, for earth and sky, for water, for life.

In reaching, they do not mind the cold wind—
Chicago's winter cannot stop their branching
out toward oneness while moving in their own
wholly unique way.

There is no other way
than this—to stand near the stillness of each
other while letting a great song emerge, sighing,
from the depths of difference and connection.