

From row to row
Trees dress to meet Spring's Ball
Held when God whispers his soft enchantments.
From little bitties they emerge
A doorway that has kept its secret
Tall and beautiful and with rings of time
Each splendid.
Birds home its branches
While reducing the tree's limitations,
Life gives way in the leafy arms
With wind a constant
And snow an unwanted blanket,
It just continues to sway silently.

— James Collins