

# Winter Trees

By Glenn Currier

Standing alone you spring to life,  
then the warmth explodes you  
covering every inch of your arms and bodice  
adorned in your full flowering dress.

But as I swiftly breeze by you on my way  
and only take a glance  
at you among the others of your nature  
you blend in your emerald maturity.

It is not until winter  
when you reveal yourself,  
naked for us to bask  
in all the tributaries of your inner world  
and I discover your complex truth,  
the heart of your loneliness and abandon,  
where you have surrendered  
your stunning appearance  
and reach up and out beyond your earthly roots  
for a life beyond seasons.

*Author's Note: Winter trees have always fascinated me. Their dark naked beauty at twilight captures me and casts me into a peace like none other. I disclose myself to others to some degree but never have I surrendered all my externality as do winter trees. This kind of abandon might only be possible in a deep and abiding relationship. Or will it be possible only at death? I don't know. But I think we have much to learn from these marvelous creatures?*

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