

Reflections of a Tree

By Glenn Currier

There you sit beyond the window
in what you call the inside
but think not I am on the outside
for when you look at me
you notice how beautiful I am
as my amber, coral, and russet leaves
prepare to fall into winter.

I join you to the seasons
cast you into the universe
of your origin my brother.
Your eyes feast
on my living and dying
reminding you of your own passage.

Yes, you are on the inside -
the inside of me
and when you mistake yourself as separate
you suffer the sorrow of your species.

So here we are together
in the cooling days of autumn
the wind and I and you are one
waving goodbye to what was,
and hello to what is and is to come.

Author's Note: Just outside the garden room window is a Chinese Tallow tree whose leaves are just gorgeous in the fall, reminding me of my own autumn.

*"Reflections of the Chinese Tallow," Copyright 2019 by Glenn Currier
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