

# What is the dogma of a tree?

By Glenn Currier

It is firmly rooted in earth  
adheres there and is bound  
in absolute union from birth  
no freedom from ground.

The truth of its life proclaimed  
to cardinals, jays and dove  
soaked in lore and legacy of rain  
given from the sky in love.

What doctrine is professed by a tree  
but to adapt, sway and grow  
leafy limbs lift, joyous to be free,  
faithful juices rise in blessed flow.

If dogmas learned from trees  
without stiffness, disdain or conceit  
if they too made friends with the breeze  
happy with winter cold or summer heat,

if they were as loving as the divine,  
courted poets and painters and art  
as giving as oak or fir or pine  
aroused not only the mind but the heart

and like our fellow creature the tree  
if they made oxygen for the air  
they would attract poor souls like me  
to join other lost souls who care.

*Author's Note: This poem is partially inspired by a line in Chris Sorrenti's poem, "Eating pizza with God" The line is: "while discussing the stupidity of dogma" I started thinking about my negative reaction to the word, dogma. I know that dogma has its place, but I have found that concentrating on it rather than on people and loving relationships pulls me away from God. I didn't know how to approach this subject without getting pedantic and then I looked out the window and saw the spring trees moving heartily in the breeze.*

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