

Living

Stretching out through the loam
Around the occasional stone
my roots connect to others of my tribe

Their support helped me grow
Even when my resources were low
They spoke to me, the elders of my tribe

Until I stood tall and straight
A goodly heft, a goodly weight
But no longer heard from my tribe

Suddenly silence ran through the ground
The buzz of insects and bird song
Spoke of the death of my tribe

Through disease and machine
They were no longer to be seen
The elders of my tribe

I was left all alone
To wail and to moan
At his loss of my tribe

Still, I grew straight and true
As I knew they would want me too
The missing elders of my tribe

The seasons came and went
And as though heaven sent
I felt a tingling in my roots

Young saplings calling out
To see who was about
And now as an elder of the tribe

It was my turn to support
And in my way escort
This new growing tribe

Until once again we spread
Our boughs over the earth
As had been mission throughout our lives