

Your Lost Pine

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Only once did I see the pine that stood by your house –
 On a drowning October day
I came back this summer –
The pine that uplifted you
From the midst of a soul-drowning rain of
 Approaching winter –
Has passed from the living world.
The sky descends,
 Replaces the tree with emptiness.

Now both of you are gone,
 You and the tree that drew you toward the sky,
Sky and Earth now bereft of the living spirits of tree and you;
Yet the times the pine spired your heart
 Toward the moon, your true mother,
Remain written in a memory -
 That is never lost,
The eternal memory of Earth and sky.