

Trees

Delving and soaring, the trees get it right,
drawing their being from both earth and sky.
Larches in fall: glory, apricot-bright,
around each slender trunk is floating high,
and high, high up, apricot candyfloss
piles up in mountain miracles of height.
Theirs is the praise that corruscates across
the heavenly ocean into God's delight.

Rootless and skyless stands the Christmas tree,
a different magic, ancient but our own.
Victim of outer dark, it cannot shine
until we dress it like a dryad's shrine.
Our winter praise, our faery liturgy,
dances like fiery sprites before God's throne.