

Meditation
Sylvia Golbin
2001

Consider the patience of a tree
whose roots anchor her to earth;
her boughs graceful in the twilight,
sampling the damp and mist.

Sometimes, wearing the weight of snow,
her clear, crystal robe of ice
shimmers in the frigid air.

When thunder rumbles in the distant hills,
her needles tremble, resonating
with celestial fire.

Consider the patience of a tree
who does not have to go anywhere
to grow.