

In The Tree

Roots underneath,
leaves overhead,
the trunk at the center;
pieces of a home
though we rarely learn of its inhabitants.

Some day, I would like to meet them.
We would have lunch.
I would ask where they're from.
They would tell me,
"Another tree."

I would meet the other inhabitants of all the trees.
I would find my own tree.
I would carve it out, gently.
I would rest in it.

In the morning,
I would greet all the inhabitants.
Then,
I would pick a direction.
I would walk.
I would walk until the sun was a little closer.

That would be nice.