

IDEAL TREE

God is in the forest counting trees.
You are in the city writing poems.
You put a tree in a poem.
A tree without roots or branches
Or squirrels or sap
Without even a shadow
In its crown, for it grows
Without even a crown.
You are so pleased with your poem
And with the sound it makes
When you read it out loud
And when you whisper it
Into your pillow at night
You call your poem
“The Tree Of Everlasting Love”
And plant it lovingly
Between the waiting pages
Of an unwritten book.
There it dwells for many years
Untainted by moss or regard.
And when you finally publish
Your book of sad poems
No one even notices the tree.
No one sees it burning coldly
Through all the foggy mornings
Of your misinterpretable world.