

Joe Bruner
Poetry Workshop III

The Straight Tree

Do you see the way the leaves flutter in the wind?
Do you hear how it knocks them to and fro
 like wind chimes in the night?
Can you feel the rough and knotted bark?
Do you smell the rich earthy scent buried deep
 within its pines?

At first glance you might think this tree were like
any other.
It stands tall and straight, it's supple trunk
sways peacefully in the wind, the branches
soaring.

But when you stand under
its aching limbs and you see
the stars among the pines you realize,
this tree is sick. It is dying. This tree
is not like any other.

It stands alone.

Its nearby friends are bent over
filled with twists and turns, totally
out of shape.
But this tree. This lone tree. This lone pine tree.

It is the *straight* tree.