

Joe Bruner
Poetry Workshop III

The Straight Tree – 2nd Draft

Do you see the way
the leaves
flutter in the wind?
Hear how it
knocks them to and fro
like wind chimes
in the night?
Can you feel the rough
and knotted bark?
And smell
the rich earthly scent
buried deep
within its pines?
At first glance
you would 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.