



THE TREE MEN

It was a very cold morning in early December.
The leaves on the trees had been gone since November.
The tree men arrived near the break of day.
They brought ropes and saws for a day of play.

They swung from our trees like circus performers;
Trimmed our old oaks and smashed down dead maples.
They had monstrous machines for chipping up branches,
The sounds of their chain saws echoed off houses.

When the work was all done in the late afternoon,
Each neighbor's house had emerged from a gloom.
We had marveled and smiled at the tree men's skills.
We even felt closer to our neighbors themselves.

How much like life this tree work seemed to us.
We humans need tree men to trim up our space,
To clear away dead branches and broaden our view,
To find fresh harmony with nature and each of you.