

The Tree

Life is a tree.
Like the roots of a tree,
That rests in infinity,
Its origins cannot be seen.

From the depths of the soil,
The roots bring
Life giving nutrients to the tree.

Arising from the roots is the trunk.
Tall, wide, and strong;
It is the heart of the tree,
Storing the ancient wisdom.

From the trunk grow the bough branches.
From the bough branches grow the twigs.

The bough branches and twigs
Are like nations, communities, and families.
Each separate, but united together to the trunk.

On the twigs grow the myriad leaves,
Whispering their secrets,
Joyfully dreaming and dancing on their limbs.

Each leaf is like an individual person:
They look similar, but each is unique.

As each person is created to form and reveal the eternal,
Each leaf is created to turn toward the sun
To reveal the eternal.

The wind blows.
The branches wave.
The leaves respond with soft rustling sound;
This is their delight, their ecstasy and love play.

Listen to the rustling leaves.
They are making music,
A grand magnificent symphony,
Singing of Oneness,
And the Eternal Presence.