

On the eve of my 60th birthday

Loretta Lukaczer

Even old trees put forth small young leaves, as lime green as they ever did. It's just that when the leaves grow and shade each other, surrendering to the striking rain or the lifting wind and the turning and falling in their time the tree is not of the leaves. There is the tree, and then there are the leaves. The hope comes forth, the buds unfurl like the life of an insect, but the tree does not hope. The tree plays, watching each leaf go its way. Feel the shivering of breeze that sets free every permutation of a blissful dance when it blows all day.