

The Sheltering Tree

By Marilyn Reeves

The path so long, the day so dreary;
My feet grow sore, my body weary.
Dark clouds menace overhead.
Shards of lightning crack
between them,
And sounds of thunder warn: Make haste!
Seek shelter from the gathering storm.

I trip, I fall, I rise again,
But a sudden blast of wind-borne rain
Topples me to the ground again.
Now sobbing, wet and chilled to bone
I crawl to the refuge of a wide-spread tree.
But through its woven branches I see
That I am not alone.

Creatures that have gathered here
are huddled all around me.
For they, like me, have all sought cover
'neath the wide and generous branches of the tree.
Some are predators, some are prey,
But pose no threat to one another,
Nor do they bother me.

At peace with one another
We await the storm's departure
As we huddle here together
'Neath the wide and sheltering branches
of the tree.