

Wintertime - in it's romance

There stands this tree
It seems to me
abandoned and lonely.
Cold and faded
naked in the distance;

There stands this tree,
I see it from afar
In the sky,
scattered stars.

There stands that tree
Go to it.
Step by step -
Thoughts led,
touch my forehead.

There is the earth
that gave birth.
There is the water
which nourishes matter.

There are the roots,
firmly anchored;
Branches
climb to the sky.

Fallen leaves,
but no goodbye,

lie withered and musty.
Nestled, comfortably.

There is the moonlight,
that speaks of mysticism.
The first ray of sunlight,
breaking prism.

Magnificent,
colorfully.
The night and the day,
greet tirelessly.

There stands this tree
So naked in being
And teaches me that I was wrong;

For it is not alone.

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