

If you stood with your feet in the earth
Up to your ankles in the grass
And you arms had leaves running over them
And every once in awhile one of your leafy fingers
Was nudged by a bird flying past.
If the skin that covers you from top to tip
Wasn't skin at all, but bark
And you never moved your feet from their place
In the earth
But stood rooted in that one spot come
Rain
Wind
Snow
Sleet
Thaw
Spring
Summer
Winter
Fall
Blight
Bug
Day
Then you would be me:
A tree.

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