

Dancing Trees

The wind is cooking
Roaring through the trees.
Then suddenly falling
To a soft gentle breeze.
The trees are dancing
Throwing limbs around.
Then stately to the soft air
As if dignity just found.
The trees are stretching
Seeming ready to bound.
Dead needles and cones
Falling to the ground.
The wind both is welcome
Brothers scrub each others backs.
They're waiting for the rain
The evergreen and Tamaracks.
Some dance to the wind
as if hard rock is there.
Then slow to the breeze
a tender waltz in the air.
The younger trees are rocking
Throwing bodies to and fro.
The biggest trees dance
as if arthritis in the toe.
The trees are alive
Each dancing in its own way.
The wind is the cousin
just coming by to play.