

What could e more beautiful, A mountain or the sea; A mountain in the distance, And the
wind that blows the tree,

It's really kind of simple,

Such beauty elementary;

A tree there in its beauty,

So hard for me to see the sea.

I wonder why I do this,

When it's as easy as can be;

The mountain full of beauty,

And the tree to see the sea.

It's not as if it's perfect,

This poem about a tree;

But in the peace of knowing,

God reveals the tree to me.

So as I stare to the distance,

Past the stairs there is a bird;

A tree there in its beauty,

Where there life becomes the word.

Signed,

I moved

