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The Tree By Which I Cried

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The Tree By Which I Cried

Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2009/iss3/25
I once sang of love for God
who created and held the Earth
in a delicate and passionate love song
as he separated water from water
and forbade eating from the Knowledge Tree
To my full stomach, he cried:

“I heard you each time you cried
for the one you call your God.
As you sat beneath the sycamore tree
and felt beneath you the warmth
of earth,
your words were choked by tear-water,
but I still heard your song.”

It was a song
of longing for love; I cried
for the renewal of Grace immersed in water
I once knew God -
saw Him in the heavens, felt Him on Earth
but I feel cold in the shadow of a tree

And now stands tall the tree
as if it sings to me a song
about earth
and though of emptiness I cried
Still within and around me is God
As cleansing as rain-water

So I dip my hands in a font of water
Clean now to enjoy the fruit of the Life Tree
I bow down and look up to God
Remembering how I sang a song
And cried
To know God on Earth

Stands tall now the sun over Earth
So stand I where Earth meets water -
afraid, ready, where before I cried
Holding onto the fruit of a tree
That is alive in love and song
to God by me, to me by God

So I look to God from Earth
And sing a song of water
that grew the tree by which I cried