

Gabriela Serea

The Reedswood tree

When I look at you, my tree,
I see a lot of me.
Years and years have passed
over you,
So am I, here, next to you.

I would like to ask you, still,
What is your highest truth,
Your wisdom, anything will
do.

I believe that what I feel,
Is making my heart not
beating still.
So please, do share your
magic with me.

How can you reach the sky,
And stand still, at the same
time?

Is it love that makes you
grow?

Is it love that brings you
down?

Is it love that makes you tall?

Is it love that makes you
small?

Please, do speak to me.

I believe that you might say,
That things we wish are not
yet in our way.

So, patience and trust will get
us through,

And love will always come to
you.