

**If I Were A Tree**  
**by**  
**Robert Rietschel, June 14, 2023**

If I were a tree  
What would I see?

You say I have no eyes,  
You say I have no brain.

Those may be lies.  
I think they're lame.

I know you stand and know your place.  
You close your eyes and you're in the same space.

You can see your place with your eyes closed.  
You say that is because your brain knows.

Well as a tree I stand.  
No eyes, no brain, but on my own land.

I see what you don't.  
Or maybe it's just because you just won't.

When the wind blows what do you see  
Do you see the wind or just feel the breeze?

The wind blows in straight lines.  
And I feel that linear puff.  
And I blur that line.  
It is mine to control and mine to refine.

The wind blows in eddies.  
And I sense the confusion.  
I align those whirligigs.  
Into lines of gentler illusion.

The wind comes in gales.  
The force must be reckoned.  
I muster my reserves and stand in my dale.  
I resist down to my roots that blast with its hale.

The ground hears my plea.  
Hold fast my roots!  
Stay firm my soil!  
This is our time of testing.  
This is our toil.

I hold the field.  
I stand most tall.  
I am a tree.  
I will not fall.

I saw you coming though I had no eyes.  
I knew your presence though I have no spies.  
I sensed without nerves or a central unit.  
I have my ways.  
I knew what you couldn't.

I knew your force and direction.  
I resolved to be the voice of objection.

This gale shall not own me and mine.  
We are the forest, our purpose divine.

For I saw the wind  
You say I cannot.  
I saw far more than you.  
For I am a tree  
And you are not.

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