

BO TREE

From the walkway
in the temple yard
I stop to hear its song
of leaf brushing leaf,
dancing and fluttering
like twittering birds,
high with energy
in a spectacle of shimmering
light and shade.
Up down around,
heart-shaped leaves spin
in the eddy
of the wandering wand
directing the wind.

Four tree trunks adhere as one,
four lamas seated
back to back in prayer.
Textured patches,
deepened lines in the bark
score their garments,
scars of living,
like a hand's palm.
The Bo tree gives comfort
for harsh changes.
The light and dark of leaves
wax and wane,
rotating the pages
of adversity and strife,
good fortune and peace.

This Bo tree is like the one in India,
the one the Buddha sat under
when he became free.