

Midwife

I planted the tree
and there was a time,
when I thought it
wasn't going to make it.

But it slowly stretched upward,
grew branches,
budded,
sprouted green,
was twice as tall as me,
then three times,
and finally,
more of me than I
could possibly imagine.

It was on first-name terms
with the sky by this time,
tolerated my hands
rubbing its trunk,
but its real interests
were all that blueness,
the occasional rain-shower
that buffed up its foliage,
slaked the thirst of its roots.

And there was the sun, of
course,
its mother, its father,
which made me no more
than a midwife.

I brought it into the world.

I go elsewhere for my firewood.

—John Grey

Mr. Grey's E-mail address is jgreys790@gmail.com.

