

The Sycamore Tree



The majesty of mountain peaks
Old and bold and bare
The scent of pine, and tamarack gold,
Moss on trees and gentle breeze.

The sound of wind
Through evergreens.
The serenity of space
And grass and streams.

Candle lights and Sacraments,
Prayers whispered on a wing—
Who knows what
Tomorrow may bring.

Chanting ancient songs,
A tiny chapel of stone
And glass and beams
Awaken long-laid
Plans and dreams.

Silence grips the heart
At eventide—
A soul set free
In the shade of
The Sycamore Tree.