

Trees Bless Us

On the hills in SW Portland (Oregon),
and
in the Western woods
I walked on grass like velvet
Saw the full moon on a rustic hill
breathtaking and clear
city lights in the valley below
Felt the strength of the trees
the land, the quiet
Trees bless us always
Steady and towering, rooted and tall
Weeping boughs over precious heads
We are all one and they know it
We are human
and they bless us still.

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