

Tree

On you I lean:
I look and wait.
Only today I realize
that your crown has thickened
with brilliant leaves.
Bare, you welcomed me,
and not for a moment
I loved looking at you
with my distant eyes.
Only now I realize
that you never moved.
If you don't leave me,
how can I leave you,
I, that I am less
than a tender leaf?
If only you could take me
into that forest of heights
that bends to the wind and rests.
A moment, just a moment I ask,
nothing more.
To forget the earthly ground
and to smell the sky's breath.

But you silently don't look
at my touching you closely.
How silence is stronger,
than a hundred,
a thousand words.
And perhaps silence I sought
when I was speaking words.