

In Praise of Apple Trees

—*brother Columba & brothers*

What is it about this tree
that causes you to wonder
and join the dance
of nature and creation?

A miracle year after year:
earth, sun, wind and rain.
Light clusters slowly open
while you sleep, while you work.

May blossoms
catch you waking up
and singing
God's glory in full bloom.

They lure, compel
bees by the thousands—
rush to feast
fresh nectar, golden pollen.

White confetti drops
on fresh green grass—
inviting nuptials
of earth and sky.

Gestation follows,
small green faces blush,
then redden round
by orbiting sun.

Hot August days,
choirs of katydids,
crickets entertain themselves
with delight and joy.

Soon, sweet cider
pressed down and overflowing;
Oh taste and see
the goodness of the Lord! ■