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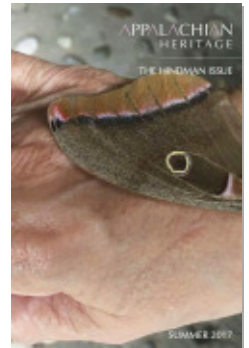
Morning Trees

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MORNING TREES

after "I Travel as a Phantom Now" by Thomas Hardy

Here is a secret world that
is mine for the listening.
A place of cool breathing
leaves, barely moving.
Where birds trill and sing and
welcome in the new day.
A holy place unnoticed
by those rushing past, a church
they do not realize exists.
Look, a God-made chapel.

I am here. I worship
in these good morning trees.
Where two or more are gathered
so am I sayeth the
Lord. Well, we are here. A
multitude of songbirds.
And we will rejoice. The
little fox and me. The
wild birds, the holy leaves
of early October.

For nowadays I move
through this world like a ghost.
Not even my own family
recognizes me lately.
They do not understand
that only recently

I have become myself.
They do not know me since
they refuse to see who
I am. But here, God knows.

**SILAS HOUSE
SUMMER 2007**