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When a Tree Falls

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When a Tree Falls

If I were not walking through this oak wood at dawn
would the redwing blackbird sing the sun up over the horizon
with such resolute faith in its own daily capability?

Would that patch of lavender pansies
nod their broad cheeky faces at each other
with a feisty delight in their mutual beauty?

Perhaps this tall lilac bush would yet flaunt
its perfumed purple tresses above my reach,
attesting the same indisputable poise.

But would the creek still blather about its path
before spilling over that hill of boulders
with as much froth and fervor?

I suppose those wild geese might even gather
to protect their gaggle of feeding young
against the possible intrusion of someone like me

but how could the lake possibly shimmer
as blinding a reflection of morning sun
were I not, this minute, squinting in its direction?

MAUREEN FLANNERY

