



My life is a tree
Yoke fellow of the earth;
pledged
By roots too deep for remembrance
To stand hard against the storm
To fill my place.

(But high in the branches
of my green tree
there is a wild bird
singing:

Wind – free are the wings of my bird:
She hath built no mortal nest.)

Image: Christ The Worker, Altar Cross at Wychcroft House
Words: ____The Golden Thread, Words of Hope for a changing world