"Souvenir de Mauve"
Vincent Van Gogh

Some trees mean more than others
Why?

Perhaps because they're fenced
Or open to roam with the sky
Or the fog of a dream
Perhaps because they're alone
Even a smile
In the center, in bloom
Or in pairs, triplets, a row
Where one clings to another in time.

The story repeats - each one anew.

Some trees have blossoms of pink
Some white
I believe
They're as one
The beauty which all in contain.

Some trees radiate
These are the ones where I'd sit
And contemplate the dream
Of the fields opened up in the wave
And the eye of remembrance
Brought back
The song of the birds
As they read to the core
Under the tree - radiate