

### **A Little Tree On Her Lovely Hand**

So common was that little tree  
and common was its life when grown  
a life of drought, but also springs and floods  
a life of parasites and yet of normal growth  
happiness and sadness and all in between  
no doubt, just another little tree  
at last lonely and alone and years gone full  
falling into the darkness  
terminated, sleeping among ancestral trees

So many friends of this little tree  
rested well, decayed, rich soil became  
but this little one fell heir among some  
to pressure and heat and compressing flows  
lovely bark and grains of wood  
pressed into other forms beyond the mind  
wood becoming carbon  
carbon forming into earth-deepened coal

So many friends of this little tree  
retired as new-born beds of coal  
waiting to be burned  
or those advanced in death  
waiting to be mined  
to be returned to the air  
to heat a cold world  
and kiss the clouds  
with hard earned smoke  
but this little one  
fell deeper yet into the depths  
pressed even more without mercy  
nature heaping force upon force  
deeply in the deep  
more intense than light in the light

So few friends remained in any form now  
this lonely little tree changed from coal  
changed further into another form so intense  
through sufferings of heat and pressure  
through merciless moments and timeless times

Until one day  
a common little man burrowed deep  
burrowed through the deepened common earth  
to visit the dwelling place  
of the former common little tree

So then, this common little tree  
was mined on a very common day  
by very common men  
suffering extractions  
feeling violence of force  
until one day the darkened remains  
of the former little tree  
was raised to a new place  
was brought to a land  
a land which as a child  
his family in the forest  
only whispered of dreams in breezes  
rumors of special moments  
whispers of unimaginable glories  
whispers of rare and impossible ends

Such a little one  
now processed in full by elements and time  
one day met the touch  
the loving touch of a master's hand  
yet suffering one more time beyond limit  
but at last reaching the glory  
leaving agonies and darkness behind  
losing all memory of ancient sufferings

There he was, suddenly revealed  
openly displayed  
openly celebrated  
all the world could see him now  
this little one, the one priceless  
no more common  
but instead a precious stone  
sparkling, stationed in a silver ring  
in ecstasy silently declaring  
culminated spectacles of glory  
exulting in honor beyond nature  
lifted this time from a velvet bed  
from a bed of softness and majesty  
caressed wonderfully  
and placed on the finger of a lovely bride

So at last this common little tree  
honored among the most honored  
the friend, the love of lovers  
pressed into glory  
pressed into capacity without limits  
giving love, securing love  
set in an eternal sphere  
testimony to all  
that the most common little thing  
under the heat and pressure of circumstance  
bearing uncommon endurance  
may become the blesser  
and the most blest of all  
for every admiring eye to enjoy

And, "in the end"  
said the little tree  
"the price to me was...Oh! so very, very small!"

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