

TREE OF YE A OR NAY

By Michele Newman

My eye travels in an arrow shot
To the painting I feel closest
To my innermost core.
Mindscapes... Windscapes... Soulscapes...
Metaphores?
Yes! It does carry you beyond,
Beyond time and space
To the essential being,
Brings the fragrance of all years past,
The windswept emotions of pains and joys.



This simple arc, boldly designed over the blank space,
A cup, a delta, a fruitbowl, a vessel for ambrosia
Does indeed contain cosmic energy, nature and the elements...
The rain is windswept and flows on a slant.
The tree holds exotic birds, foliage,
Flowers that exude tender and honeyed caresses,
A tree that only the Gods can imagine...
The wind blows,
The colors evoke faraway lands,
And the fullness, never exhausted
Fills you with awareness of Elysian Fields,
Eden's fruits, and the love for Creation
That only grows broader and deeper as the end nears...

Yet, hidden underground, there is, we are told
A similar volume,
The roots, a reverse form,
No less than what surfaces.
Does this not tell us the mysteries that may yet reveal
Treasures unseen... as the roots
Reach the center, the fire and the energy
That lies in its heart?

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