

In the great silence  
the flowers seeded and grew,  
the rain fell, the land took a breath,  
exhaled.  
The sun turned on its wheel  
heedless to the forecast doom.  
In the great silence  
the leaves folded, took their queue  
and detached from the branch,  
to become the first fruit  
of a fallen carpet  
destined for mulch.  
In the great silence, north and south,  
the seasons changed,  
exchanged batons.  
The earth, on its axis, followed a path  
long trodden,  
defined by millennia past.  
And in the great silence  
the people burrowed in,  
appeared on occasion for air,  
and breathed secure for knowing the earth  
carried on its resolve,  
resolute in purpose.  
And in the great silence  
the planet rested,  
the people rethought their focus  
and slowed,  
unfolded from the weight of lament and fear,  
and returned as a world newly formed.  
And in the great silence,  
the people rebuilt their altars,  
with the memory of the lost  
freshly engraved,  
and with the lessons of the earth  
and their treasures preserved  
the people conceived of a new way.

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