

Talking in Their Sleep

"You think I am dead,"
The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show –
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow!

But I'm still alive in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away –
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade!
But under the ground,
I am safe and sound
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.

I'm all alive, and ready to shoot,
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here –
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own.

I never have died, but close I hide
In a plummy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again –
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers.

~ Edith M. Thomas~