

Trees At Sunset

We tip toe
to catch a last glimpse
as you fade west,

to feel your warm mercies
that bathe us all day and,
strengthen our limbs for night,

it is unlikely you even perceive we are here,
doubtful you know we strain toward you and,
catch breezes just to wave your way.

then comes every morning,
when you surprise us with your return,
we would leap for joy if we weren't rooted

do you know you are shining?
do you know we care?
Is that what keeps you coming back?

Tim Philippart

Inspiration: *Sunlit Treetops* by Roger Timmermanis