

Idle Thoughts

Take Any Tree

FORGET perpetual motion
And its still-unfathomed spell.
Look instead at standing still
In spinney, copse or dell,
Where trees have got the notion,
With lots of time to kill,
Of simply doing nothing, which they do so very well.

While puny man is fretting
With the problems of the day,
A tree just stands and is content
To wave him on his way,
And then to be forgetting,
Though slights may not be meant,
That man has even passed its way — still less, which way he went.
