

## **Window Tree**

From your limbs I hear the birds fly away with the wind and snow  
Out in that cold wind you are an old friend standing outside my window  
And in the morning as I am waking you pull the darkness from a dream  
I feel beneath you as I look up through the window pane, an old refrain  
That every day you're just as new to me as the light of the sun  
And in the night I dream with a light that you hold inside of your leaves  
I hear the birds sing and I know there's a language in the silence of the earth  
And deep in your rings I know circles of death leave histories of new birth  
And out of a prayer I stare at the air, like a river it flows over you  
You nod and I have the only sensation that what stands true will continue

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