

Ancient Wisdom

Man named me – a tree- Methuselah
and sometimes sing
“Methuselah lived 900 years”
They’re wrong - by a factor of four.’
Over four thousand years ago
sun-seed- and water
met...merged...
and I became
a bristlecone pine
born in a crack on a mountain side
at an altitude where little life grows.
Am I part of a grand design?
or a fact of fate?
Does it matter?
I was here
 when Abraham offered Issac.....
I was taller
 when Christ walked on water
I shed bark
 when Muhammad entered Mecca
and I stand today
enduring the eternal winds,
the metronomes of sunsets
the shifting of the stars
becoming comfortable with time.