

Lessons from a Pine

by Michael Tusa

I awake one morning to find that still,
the leaves continue to fall.
How is it that they climb back up and go around again and again and
again?
What lessons have they learned?
What does the pine teach the cone?
How not to fall?
Still this very morning I see them.
Littered in little fits of life across my lawn.
And still, I find myself in love.

