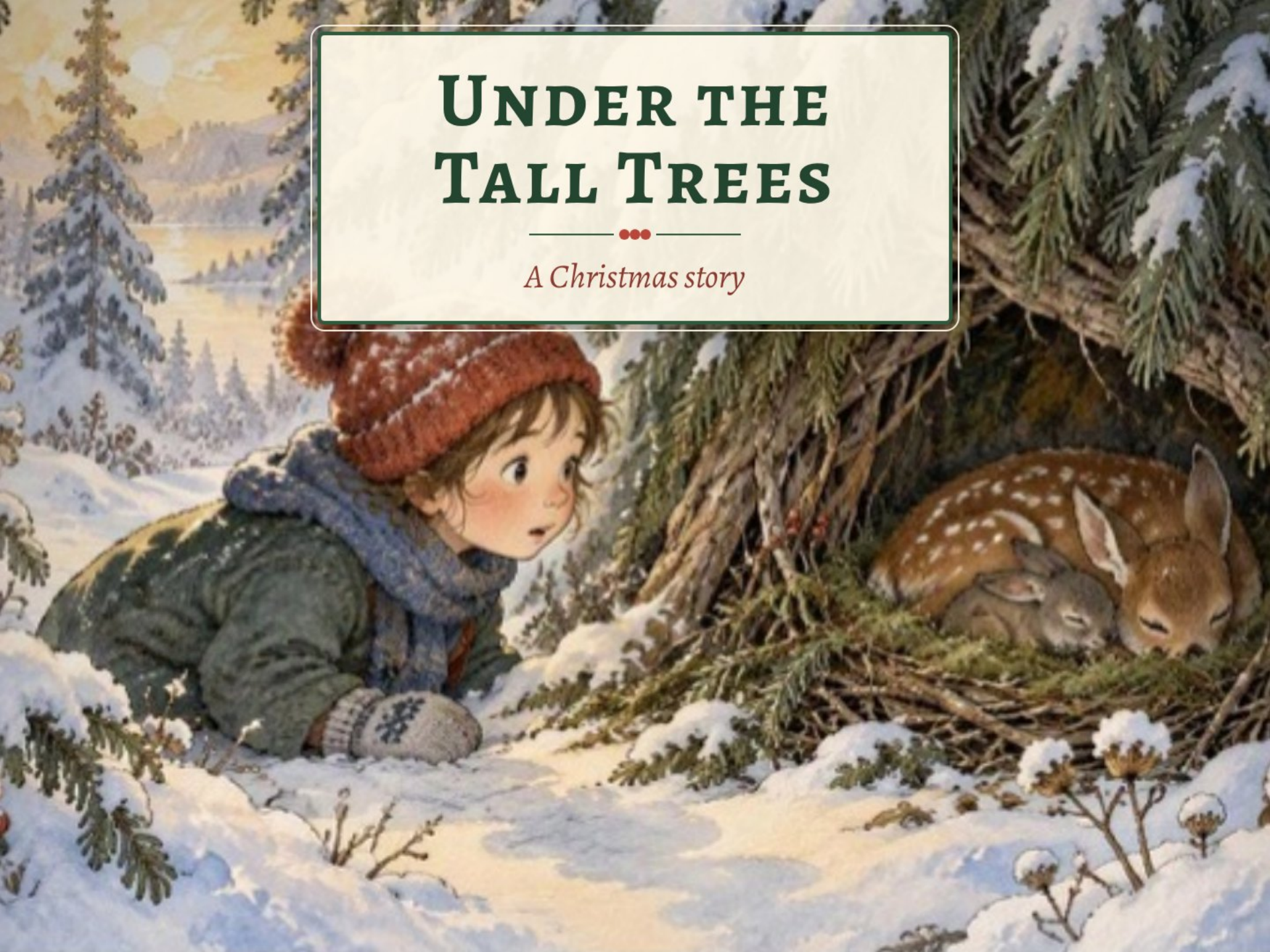

Under the
Tall Trees
A Christmas story

Under the Tall Trees



It's warmer here, under the dense canopy
Of the conifer forest.
Out on the path, the snow is deep
Yet, under this giant spruce, no snow has reached
The dark mat of needled duff beneath the tree.



I rest, my parka tight, hood up, my boots wet from the hike.
My gloves are off as
I eat the cheese and bread saved for this moment.
My thermos full of coffee,
My heart full of joy.



The forest silent, with only
A brushing of boughs laden with snow
An owl hoots in the distance
And nearby, the sound of water dripping.



Winter's deep with advent coming
A child's eyes grow wide in wonder
But no gift as precious as
A quiet nest in forest deep.



But no gift as precious as
a quiet nest in forest deep.

Under the Tall Trees