

Tethered
In a valley
On a small mound of earth
The hand of God planted
A sapling
Green came down and etched out
A place for her to grow
The burning sun saw her
Circled around her branches
Not too close as to burn
The sapling thought she must be very alone
Yet in the distance she could see
Outlines of other trees, so tall and strong
What if I fall off this little mound I am planted on? she thought
A storm could come, the winds might bend me too low
Look, already, needles off my branches are fallen around me
The reddened sun illuminated
A strong strand that reached
Around God's green hand
Attached to the sapling
Reaching to the heavens
You are tethered to me, said the true Voice
You will bend, you may lose branches in the storms
But you can never fall
I will hold you strong in all your growing
Until you join the golden forest in the distance

Painting by Gail Thornley
Poem by Debbie Laginskie

