

What's the view like?

So what kind of
Life is it?
To be young and
Reaching in my dreams
For the dreams
Perceived through a child's
Eyes.

The tree yearns for
Sunlight
And puts all its energy
Into reaching to the
Top of the trees around.
What then can it do
Once it reaches that
Height?
The dreams it must have
As it stretches and grows.
What might be visible
Once it gets there.
And when it gets there
To the top,
Yes, there is a view
But was it worth it?
How long can you keep
Looking
At the same view?

And meanwhile some other
Trees
Have been starved of
Sunlight,
Have withered and died
Because all the goodness
In the soil has been

Sucked up by this
One tree.

On the other hand
The creepers have
Used the trunk
To stretch themselves
And grow,
And birds have nested
And spiders have
Ambushed their prey.
And what about me?
I had the dreams,
The classical music,
The poetry,
The zen.

I grew until I was
Tall enough
To see the future
And what then?
You realise that the
Dream
Was just that,
To get you to grow.
In fact the view
Isn't worth it but
Your parents, teachers,
All egg you on to
Keep reaching.

I suppose it's something
To do
Something to fill the time
Between being born and
Becoming an adult.

So, adulthood is
When you realise the
Dream is over.

It's when you replace
The toy car with a
Real one
And when girls replace
Their dolls with babies.

And then
Once you realise that
There is no reality
To the dream,
Just reality,
We go on to confuse
Ourselves
In new dreams,
Adult versions of our
Childhood ones.

It takes a brave man
to stop.
The emperor has no clothes!

If the tree stops
It soon ends up
Being overtaken by
The trees around.
So in its striving
All around also continue
To strive
So they can say
We can see the view
Although they already
Know
There isn't much to see
And the view remains
The same.

It's the habit of
Stupidity
That keeps it striving

Because to stop striving
Will only leave
A vacuum
And how will we fill that?

One day the tree
Will die
And no one will hear
It fall.

Someone might use the
Dried wood, the corpse
For firewood.

It might keep someone
Warm

And mushrooms might
Grow and insects
Might hide underneath.

But most of all
The gap left in the tree line will be filled
By others, striving
But not thinking that
Their future lies
In death like the
Trunk, the husk of
The tree
They are all tripping
Over to replace.

And so back
To me.
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