

## Harvest Moon

Harvest Moon, how You come so soon.  
Autumn is here — in spring, You will bloom.  
A pawpaw tree sits beneath me,  
rooted in soil, but with dead leaves.

With time, I will find  
the reason why.  
Everything feels aligned.  
I don't have any question—  
just thanksgiving for what You're bringing.

The season changes,  
super moon so bright—  
new beginnings.  
When the tree bears fruit,  
perhaps then I'll know.  
But for now I go into winter,  
awaiting the snow.  
I think for now,  
I'll just let life flow.

Like the fountain  
in the center of the park  
that I circle each day—  
walking in circles,  
but always winding up  
back in the same place.

You can take a tree from the soil  
and repot it in the garden,  
planted in the spring,  
hoping that the roots harden.

Yet in the end, despite the fruit it bears,  
the leaves will shed once again,  
and the tree will stand bare.

For no tree can bear fruit here forever.  
Its roots will rot,  
and will perish altogether.  
But like these trees,  
we too bear good fruits.  
Through spreading love,  
we can dim the doom.

And through love,  
we become one with  
the source of all things—  
You won't find this  
in diamonds or fancy rings.

You were rooted in soil, tending the land.  
Followed me into the garden, gift in hand.  
A tree that appears when the moon's so bright,  
reminds me to follow the light.

So I'll just lay under this tree  
and listen as the birds sing.  
I'll dance and I'll play,  
forgetting everything.  
For we know nothing,  
though we think we really do.  
Everything may seem like it's changing—  
but there's always been You,  
Harvest Moon.