

## The Mount of Olives

An Olive grove, image of peace  
Of Mediterranean sunshine  
Drinking wine beneath the boughs  
Or joyfully netting the green harvest  
To press the luscious oil

Yet these ancient trees  
Reveal a tortured soul  
As twisting, reaching, turning  
The very trunks splitting  
Pushing away, mirroring  
in frozen dancing  
decline the memory  
of history

The sandaled feet  
That trod among their roots  
The carpenter who stroked  
Their gnarly boughs  
And thought of tiny shoots  
Of faith in fearful men  
Of sacrifice and wooden cross

God's story is written in their wood  
Each ring a passage in his time  
Their writhing tells the anguish of the world  
As man refuses to listen to his word  
Which whisper through their leaves

VMW