Sophie Davies

The Tree of Wisdom

I thought I understood you once,
Believed you were more than you appeared,
But a realisation falls upon me,
And reveals the truth that I had feared.
I sit beneath your branches, breathless,
Waiting for a moment to arrive,
When out of your body comes understanding,
And a wonderful point to be derived.
For inside you are a million pages,
Of knowledge yet to be explored,
I crave to be equal to your wisdom,
But instead I find my mind is flawed.
But then to the ground fell the fruit to me,
That kept the words so secretly.

This poem is reprinted from Not Averse, the Girton Poetry Group website, at http://poetry.girton.cam.ac.uk