

O Spirit Tree

Rose Moore

One day, I met a woman on the road
She was frail and she was old
She gave a gift to me A seed, a tiny seed she gave to me
And told me plant it, you will see
It will give all you need O Spirit Tree, see how it grows high now
O mystery, the gift she gave to me
I eat your fruit, you shelter me now I see
O spirit tree, you are a mystery So now, it grows there by the open road
A tree with branches knarled and old
And leaves that shine like gold
And there, beneath the ground you cannot see
The twisted roots of that old tree
Reach for eternity

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