

## I see men as trees, walking.

He takes me by the hand  
and we walk out of town.  
I feel his touch and then  
begin to see these trees  
that seem to walk.

I reach to touch  
their trunks – some smooth  
as boys' unshaven faces.  
Others whiskered – old men now –  
walk towards me through the mist  
with waving boughs.

I nod at them without a word –  
is that what walkers do?

I feel his touch again.  
The darkness clears when I look up.  
Now I can see a crowd of men.  
The trees that walked  
have walked away.

I stand in silence in my clearing  
and hear him tell me – now walk home.  
Do not tell them in the town  
about the trees you saw  
that walked.

And he cometh to Bethsaida; and they bring a blind man unto him, and besought him to touch him.  
And he took the blind man by the hand, and led him out of the town; and when he had spit on his eyes, and put his hands upon him, he asked him if he saw ought.  
And he looked up, and said, I see men as trees, walking.  
After that he put his hands again upon his eyes, and made him look up: and he was restored, and saw every man clearly.  
And he sent him away to his house, saying, neither go into the town, nor tell it to any in the town.