

The plane trees

by [Luci Shaw](#) in the [May 20, 2020](#) issue

River Seine, 2006

So, you decide *this* is worth
writing about, or painting—
the shapes of the branches on
the trees, how the afternoon sun
gleams on the mottled trunks,
how their reflections echo in the river.

You cannot change the image;
it has been there for centuries.
All you can do is move your own
body, shifting the angle here and there,
back and forth, so that you
see the thing differently,
until you find a satisfaction.

Is this how we solve
the enigmas of living? Things are
what they are and God is
who God is, unchangeable.
To satisfy our souls it is we
who must move, or be moved,
within the contours of grace.
Until. Until a fresh composition
in space, where light will
beautify our faces enough to
establish us in a fresh, particular
space in the creation.