

Song of the Tree

O tree
Where did you come from
And grew in my courtyard
How did you grow in the upper space
Teach me the art too
If you listen to me

O tree
Your root is wise
It runs water everywhere

O tree
Your branch is good
It asks for the sun's company

When your leaves fall
What do you do then?

When your new leaves come
Do you sing a green song?

When your flowers and fruits come
The sparrow goes ahead
The birds also follow
O brother tree

O tree
Do you cry
When they cut you
I'll not ask, I'll not look
Tell me your pain
O my tree
To me

O tree
You'll become firewood
You know that
To burn in the stove or the fireplace
Which suits you

Or do you become a bedstead
Or become a high attic
Or do you become a door
Or a box for jewels

Or do you become a plough
To do good work
Tell me, friend
Tree

Translation of Rukh da geet

- Swami Antar Nirav