

## **The Hardwood Comes to an Understanding**

By Jordan Trethewey, Poet Laureate, City of Fredericton  
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for Izzy Trethewey

I wish I were a Christmas Tree  
then everyone would notice me.  
Deep green bristles smartly shorn.  
Dazzling decorations worn.

Wrapped around with strands of lights,  
a welcome glow on winter nights.  
Shiny star placed at my top—  
a focal point when day is stopped.

Outside is where I shall remain,  
December snow, and freezing rain.  
My ornaments now blown away,  
return again, on warm spring days.

Witnessed many Yuletides past  
(don't ask, I'm terrible at math).  
The cold puts me in hibernation  
I never was one for vacation.

My shade, in summer, gives relief.  
Among my branches robins tweet.  
When Christmas rolls around each year,

I'm tempted into jaded sneer.

Holiday shrubs, again inside,  
start poking at my leafless pride.

Yet I remain here, standing tall—

Winter, Spring, Summer, Fall.