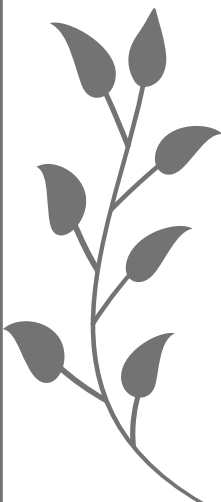
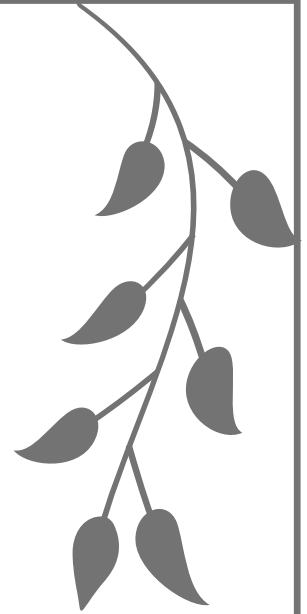


A Poem for Your Pocket

IF I WERE YOU

If I were a tree
you might be coming
every spring
to make a nest
out of my branches
although for
one spring and
one summer, only.

And I was coming
to watch your
sprouts that hymn to
life on your stems
if you were a tree.



WWW.PARKLANDPOETS.COM/POETRY

BY MANSOUR NOORBAKSH