

Making a Tree

"Make us a tree," said the master.

"We have no wood, no leaves," despaired the pupil.

"Plant a seed," said the master.

"We have no tree to make a seed," despaired the pupil.

"Search for a tree," said the master.

"We live in a desert," despaired the pupil.

"Go to a forest," said the master.

"We would have to bid farewell," despaired the pupil.

"Farewell," said the master.

"Farewell, Master; I am leaving," declared the pupil.

"Then stay," said the master with a gentle smile,
"for if you are leaving, your branches will
soon bear seeds."