

Maple Knoll Village

Mary Lee Fay

Dancing Trees

Quite frequently my spouse will say, "Come out and sit on the porch and let's watch the trees dance."

We watch the walnut trees perform a flamenco as they rattle their castanets. The squirrels are always happy when the season is over and they peel their "castanets" and store the inside for winter food.

The maples are especially spectacular in the fall when they rustle their red, gold, rust and green ruffles in a rambunctious rumba. They then drop tiny whirligigs to ensure that next year young saplings will develop into the next generation of dancers.

Contrary to the maples, the flowering pears are prettiest in the spring when they clasp their fingers and form canopies over roadway corridors where humans can reel under the royal arches either on foot or in whatever carriage they choose.

The oaks are so strong and powerful as they dramatically portray the Argentine Tango. Wildlife thrives in the safety of their sturdy limbs.

The evergreens sway very gently as they lift and dip in a beautiful ballet. When winter comes, they settle in for a rest snuggled in a soft white blanket of snow. When sunny days return, they begin to exercise their limbs and slowly return to their dancing.

Those crab apple trees jitterbug like gypsies juggling their little red balls; but when the dance is over, they just toss them on the floor like popcorn in a theater for others to step on.

Never paint when the poplars are dancing! While waltzing, they lose some of their white feathery costumes that waft gently in the breeze like snow in summer.

Occasionally we see the palms dancing the graceful hula. (This is mostly on the TV). Every once in a while, when the gusty winds hit the islands, they change their routine to accompany the strains of the Hawaiian War Chant.

Oh my! I have to go. My husband is beckoning to me. It must be close to curtain time. The dances are about to begin again.