

Willow Tree

Pale, soft, feathers wisp

you are alive when your lovely locks bend and twist

caught in a light breeze

you don't compare to other trees

Thick, jutting, and furrowed bark

you rose above with a sanctified mark

in your branches I hear the song of the chickadee flow

your massive trunk full of life and a wise glow

Rain resembles the sound of your branches

I love to watch your elegant dances

always hugging the water's edge

my love for you I will always pledge

You have been described as grieving

some even say sleeping

but I know you constantly reach and seek

our twin spirits bound apeak