

A Life

A hundred years, or so, had passed since life had started small,
The little seed had so much life, potential to grow tall.
The hands that held it, soft and tender, trembled with suspense
And placed it in the warm dark soil, not far from the fence.

A strong young boy, he bends the trunk, chasing after friends,
His feet so small, they stomp the ground, until the fun game ends.
The sapling springs back into place; the boy's called in to tea,
Like the boy, the tree now wishes that he could be free.

The roots are tickled, tickled hard; a ball is kicked around,
The little boys are scared away, as rain falls to the ground.
Left alone to face the rain, the tree, he doesn't mind,
His arms bend low under the weight for that which he has pined.

Lightning rents the air asunder, then thunder sounds a boom,
A life so strong, a life so proud, a life that's in full bloom.
*Come on rain and wind and storm, show me what's your best,
I'm standing here under your doom, I'm young and full of zest.*
A boom he heard, but not from sky, instead from window pane,
His grin of thrills, his grin of fun, these feelings soon were slain.
Heaving loudly from the house, came wails full of sorrow,
Chilled, his marrow quickly came and tears were soon to follow.
A hand rested on his trunk, that heaved and sobbed with grief,
His teenage boy had lost his mother, her life was far too brief.

A flash of seasons passed the tree and wisdom took its hold,
His glance peeked down upon two heads, nestled in his fold.
The heads, they inched ever closer, till they formed as one,
Then leapt apart, a scarlet hue, just after they'd begun.
Love had crept its little paws into his little boy,
Who didn't know quite what to feel, his heart had gone all coy.

*Deep in slumber, wake from slumber, someone's cut my skin,
They've gone and got a shiny blade and driven it on in.
But wait, hang on, who can this be? It is my teenage man,
He's carving in his love for her, forever may it span.*

*But wait he's back with blade in hand and tears upon his face,
Her deep strong love she felt for him, has shifted out of place.
He slashes at me left and right, hot rage within his heart,
Despite the pain it's causing me, I love him like the start.*

*The years now pass, I see him less, a man he's fast become,
I'm older too, I'm baring seeds, there's such a massive sum.
Fairy lights hang in my arms, the crowd's all hushed in bliss,
He's said his vows and she's said hers, they lean in for a kiss.
Not long now before I think I'll hear a pitter-patter,
His father's passed, he's moved back home, his wife's now getting fatter.*

*That gentle touch of tiny hands, I feel it once again,
So much potential for her life, so, so much sun and rain.
I hope I can assist her through her turmoils like her dad,
I'll try as hard as I'm allowed, to make her smile and glad.*

*The little girl she loves to swing, the rope's tied to my arm,
Although her growing weight does pain, her touch is like a balm.*

*My little boy, he's aged so much his hair's now turning grey,
His loving daughter, she has too, she's gone and moved away.
I'm young no more, my limbs do ache and creak and even groan,
Though to the man who knows me best, he'll even think I moan.
My leaves are thin and falling, tumbling faster than they grow,
Death has his cold gaze on me, yet I'm not ready to go.*

*My old man, my old old man today he came to me,
He sobbed and wept and cried and hurt and then he hugged his tree.
His wife had left him all alone, despite his desperate pleas,
He looks as if he could be broken, by a gentle breeze.
Yet deep within I know he has a strength to match my trunk,
For he has faced so many hurts, oh wait, he is blind drunk.*

*Then winter came with biting frosts and rains that felt like fists,
His mind slowed down until he felt, his thoughts clouded by mists.
A niggling thought grew in his core, and stirred his loving soul,
My years are long, this winter's harsh, it's taking such a toll.*

*The winter came to its grim end and tree was feeling weary,
His memories kept casting back to times that were more cheery.
To fun and games when girls and boys would run around the yard,
And climbed his branches to the top, he ensured it was not hard.
Though now his wizened frail limbs could not bear their weight,
He's almost ready, but not just yet, to meet his final fate.*

As spring rains fell upon his head, he couldn't help but notice,
The house in which his old man lived, had fallen into silence.
Then four strong men wearing black, carried out a casket,
Following, his daughter came, her grief, she tried to mask it.
All alone the old tree stood, forgotten and dejected,
His loving family now all gone, in truth he felt rejected.

Then something stirred deep within, an ember re-ignited,
Despite his leafless cracked old limbs, he got a bit excited.
His gnarly roots, he sought their help and sucked up all he could,
Grasping all the strength he had, he finally understood.
His purpose in the place he lived, had come now to an end,
He held his heart and mind and soul, he's ready to ascend.
Then one gusty, windy dawn, a seed he had made,
He held it up to sky above, and stars began to fade.
The wind it surged and pulled and tugged, until the seed was free,
Then carried it across the lands, until it reached the sea.
Upon the beach it rested then, longing to be found,
Then two soft hands scooped it up and held it on a mound.
The tree that saw so much of life, is now a husk and dead,
But deep within the planted seed, his life now lives instead.