

My Friend The Tree

I remember a friend that I once knew
We met everyday and saw autumn through
The world was warm and I was a boy
The days were calming and each one a joy

My friend would sway in the warm evening breeze
And I would sit and listen to his chattering leaves
At the base of his trunk I would doze and daydream
About all these moments and those that had been

Never wanting thanks or even some praise
He provided me shade in the warm autumn days
Under my tree I would whistle and sing
Right through the day until evening drew in

I would sit with him for the whole of the season
Not wanting to leave without a good reason
Until such time as from across the hills
Came the beginning of the cold winter chills

Then the winter left and the spring arrived
The sky shone blue and the flowers came alive
Through spring I waited and secretly longed
To sit beneath tree in the place I belonged

But though it tries, spring cannot remain
For soon it was time for summer again
I left my house on that first summers morning
Just as the new summer light was dawning

I rounded the corner and the jumped the fence
The summer heat so warm and intense
Through the fields and over the stream
To the sacred place where I'd once been

But he wasn't there, my tree had gone
I was denied the place I'd once belonged
All that was left was a stump in his wake
Nothing since then has had equal heartbreak

An original poem by Graham Thomas