**Chronicles of a Tree's Samaritanism**

O hefty comrade of vacillating hours,

Thou screen my siesta from the Phoebus' fire.

Who stands amidst the huddle like a stout woody tower,

Thine frolicking fronds dost caper in the air.

The canopy molded by thine compound bract;

Serves as a shed for greenery beneath,

Aids young herbs and plantlets to perpetuate,

Provides a hope of warmth to life underneath.

Thy paradisiacal dates thou droppeth from heights:

Abound my backyard and surround my sight.

Hiera huge amount can befit a man's appetite,

Hiera saccharine taste can feed his crave quiet.

O throne of phoenix from the Arabian Sand;

The emblem of adorable nature in our industrial land.