

I beseech thee, lonesome cherry tree,
You know not what you mean to me,
Whose sky knows not the sun or light,
Or that these things will be alright.

This winter dark, this night so cold,
Your frigid bark, your wounds so old,
I see your fear, and share it too,
That nothing green shall grow anew.

I beg you, little cherry tree,
To dare to hope, to dare to dream,
For things beyond your sullen ken,
What's here and there, what's now and then.

Those shining things, the moon and stars,
Whose light might pierce these souls of ours,
They sing to us of times gone by,
Not one, but both to smile and cry.

I ask you, budding cherry tree,
To cloak yourself in all that's green,
The old will know your shade and shoot,
The young will know your sweet red fruit.

For life is short, and told in rhyme,
What is a tree, but seed and time,
I plant, and leave this stranger's song,
For you to know when I am gone.