

**Tamarind**



M4T3Z5

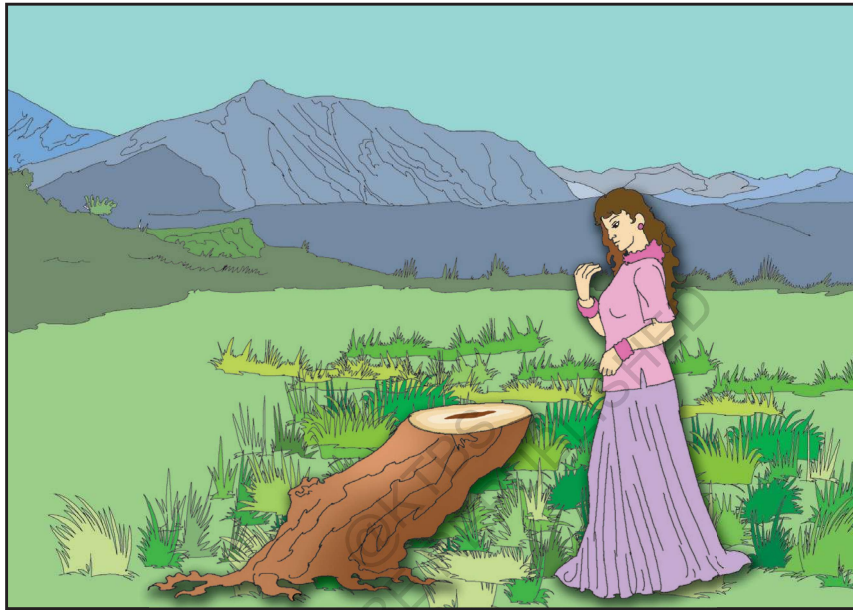


Nobody knows where my Tamarind stood  
Just by a winding lane.  
Each year it gave me fruit and shade, and drew  
Me to my home again.

I loved to sit beneath her shady boughs,  
And rest up for a while,  
To gaze out upon the distant blue hills,  
With laughter and a smile.

And now that I'm back, I'm eager to find,  
My tamarind again.  
I hasten down to that favourite spot,  
I search... but search in vain.

Then I stop and I stare; I stand quite still  
I listen to my heart.  
That magnificent tree, that was my life,  
Has just been ripped apart.



I turn to the hills, my eyes filled with tears  
For sure, I've lost my soul.  
Where once it stood tall, there's nothing there now,  
Merely an empty hole.

*Anonymous*

**Words to Know :**

boughs	: branches
drew	: past tense of draw : to pull, to attract
eager	: keen to do something, excited about something