The Old and Ugly Tree:

Not long ago my friends and I were walking in a wood,

Chittering and chattering for nearly the whole day,

Until my sight caught a tree, ten yards from where I stood.

He was ugly, burrowed, disheveled from decay,

I fixed my eye but waved my hand,

And sent my friends away.

For not from them did I care, their words had gotten bland,

Instead my love fell upon this figure of a man,

His solid trunk and stretching arms, every bit as grand.

I squinted as best as any lonely looker can,

And saw beneath the sable bark an airy void of hollow,

Concealed behind his earthen worn tan.

So sorrowful was this that it forced in me a swallow,

This creature was a giant, but only from afar,

Each day he lives and dies some more with every daily follow.

But how mighty he must’ve been, that woodland tsar,

When he was growing up and learning of the world,

Extending out his arms towards every shining star.

He practiced with the wind, danced when it swirled,

Took note of every song that nature began teaching,

And as his years went on his roots as well unfurled.

With firm feet now his arms began to stretch, ever-reaching,

Towards the stars that he knew would set him free,

So with his height he contorted at the sky, never-reaching.

How lovely and despairing was this old and ugly tree,

So perfectly in parallel with the wistful life of me.