Poetree

Salman Sowdagar

Bearing no foliage

Let alone fruits

There it stood

From ages

That big old wood

In a corner of the park.

An oak and maple

And the likes do shed

But only for a time

Unlike that big old wood

Which takes all the rain and sun

From ages

And still stands heedless

Of the stroller's want

For shade.

No wonder no eye it draws

Save the lover's

Which seeks in its vastness

Privateness

To bring forth emotions

Raw and romantic

And those that invoke strife.

But had only that lad

Who meets his beloved under the tree

Every eve

Done something special for her

On her *anniversaire*

She would be more than pleased

And not walk out the park

Stamping her feet in disgust

Leaving alone the lad

In company of the big old wood.

The lad followed suit

But only to return

In the dead of night

With a paper in left hand

And a white chalk in right

To write

On the brown bole

Of the thick tree

The verses he had inked

For his sweetheart

Which talked of love

That filled his heart.

The morning

That followed the night

Saw the lovers reunite

For the lad had inscribed

Poetry on a tree

Which seemed to the girl's eye

Strikingly beautiful.

But had they once looked up

Before leaving the park

To the big old wood

They would see

On the topmost bough

Of the big old wood

In all its glory

A fresh bud.

And had they once looked up

Before leaving the park

To the big old wood

They would know

Indisputably

Poetry revives not only love

But also life.