The Dead tree:

In an arc of flamboyance it drooped in a saddened nostalgia  
The swift movement of the leaves crafted almighty's ambrosia  
It silenced scream magnified the suffering   
The cacophony of its protest slowly and slowly buffering  
Grandiloquent celebration of its legacy is now suppressed   
It just can't express itself like a Damsel in distress  
It's fury for vengeance is going through inflation  
Crafting its lustrous weapons for its own abrasion  
The nectar of its emotions is sweet and viscous   
How to re-evolve the dampen spirit is what we discuss  
Times when it catered to the appealing requests of people  
It's domed canopy was the shelter, to see the stretched dimple  
It's war won't be any defined gore  
Simply its dissolution at the deepest core  
Like the divine elixir it will vanish on its own  
Till it leaves wither in a deafening tone.