**The Willow Tree**

I carved my name in a Willow tree

in its old brown bark

making sure every indent was in place

every curve was the same

In hopes that it will eternally stay

and that maybe a wanderer with soiled brown boots

would come and see my name

and think of the person who had no fame

and even it was a fleeting subconscious recognition that would come to his aging brain

it is still the same

and I hope that it will stand forever in the green pastor that it remained

but I know

that this Willow tree will decay

like the bones that merge into the muddy soil

of which I will be laid

and my name will fade

along with the time capsule of memories once long forgotten

pictures and mementos crumble to the ground

in which it once came

and the people of the bustling streets will forget the memory of my name

and in the end

all that remains

will be the essence of a name