

Weeping Willow

In a small patch of grass
A lone willow writes its will.

A lighter flicks, a whisper is heard before
A crackle crawls up the thin trunk.

A war has been waged,
As a wicked orange crackle climbs.

The figure flees to safety,
Cackling wordlessly.

Flames engulf four letters carved into the tree,
Three years before.

The figure turns, and the willow can see
This is someone that has hidden beneath the willow's shade for years.

The trunk stands no chance as the flame shimmies up.
The figure's expression quickly changes.

Ash pours as
The long lanky branches light up.

The flames engulf the green.
Scores of branches rain down like bright orange streamers.

The smoldering leaves weep,
Alone.

The figure still watches, and the tree can see
As the tree's weep is returned, by the sad man.

The sad man sprints to get help.
Finally the fire is quelled.

For months there stands a tiny little stick mercilessly charred.
With the sad man returning everyday.

Slowly the thick green brush returns to what it was,
But, the trunk stays thin, singed, and forever scarred.

Yet, the disfigured trunk is so beloved by the sad man, leaning lonely
Underneath the tree's comforting shade.