

My Tree
Bob Poe

Outside my window grows a tree;
A tribute to God's majesty
Reminding me of hope and life
Despite our daily stress and strife.

In winter, straggling branches scramble;
The wind blows through the loose-knit bramble;
An inviting perch for wintering birds
Abandoned by migrating herds.

In spring the tiny leaves creep out
And then burst forth as with a shout:
"It's time to wake; it's time to preen;
To show our finery of green."

In summer, birds may hide at night,
Then leave their roosts for morning flight.
Squirrels and moths, pets and pests,
Find food and prey, or make their nests.

Fall brings color to the cheeks
Of maples, oaks, and coppery beech.
Each canopy makes a glorious crown —
My tree just turns to gray and brown.

When fall is o'er and winter's here
The leaves are gone, but shed no tear.
The tree looks dead, yet I know better;
It's waiting, waiting, for more spring weather.