

The Tree

by Nicole Winston

In a bright yellow leaf tree leaves begin to fall.
The branches wave good-bye as the tree sings a lonely sad song.
On the tree, squirrels preparing for a long winter's nap,
Birds singing sweetly, chipmunks running laps.
Under the tree in the soil ants burrow underground
Waiting until spring to once again rebound.
Next to the tree, there I am
Watching the tree as best as I can.
In the winter I know the glory will be gone,
But next year I know I can again listen to the trees song.