The tree is bent,
like a person spent,
dropping at an angle,
some branches still dangle.
Do its roots mingle with another?
Making each other stronger.
or sharing worldly bother,
like a brother with a brother.
The old tree has some nest(s),
can still provide shade for rest.
In past, it’s been through many test,
tall and leafy-the very best.
Does it think what will happen?
A heavy breeze may leave it shaken;
will it be cut and its wood taken,
but, it’s not yet broken.
An old man walks under an old tree,
both seem to say-you and me,
have been around and seen it all,
good-bad, zeniths and falls.
Is it time to go?
We don’t yet know.
But when the call come(s),
let us be ready to welcome.

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