

WINTER TREE

Back against the forest green
deep among the lush
stands a black old withered tree
towering o'er the brush.

Now an almost ugly sight
wilting all away.
T'was once majestic beauty -
now eaten by decay.

Fighting many a freezing frost,
thriving on the rain,
Queen was She -- this mighty tree --
Princess of the Plain.

Every season's courted Her.
She's had gifts from all.
Springtime gave a bright bouquet.
Colors rich gave Fall.

In the wintertime She wore
pure white coats of snow,
and the glistening crystal jewels
Winter did bestow.

That's the way She used to be,
full of pride and charms,
But the birds no longer nest
in Her outstretched arms.

Not a leaf of hair remains.
All is sere and dry.
She has lived a long full life.
Now She soon will die.

Queen -- your reign is at its end
(black old withered tree).
Goodbye old bold ruler.
Farewell your Majesty.