

Willow

Your branches dancing in the wind,
Waving in the breeze to friends near and far
A delicate balance of swaying and bending, stretching and reaching,
Balancing each fragile leaf that clings to your rope-like cord.
Me, voyeur and witness to the magic of a child's play amongst your tendrils
And laughter that inevitably comes that heralds' adventures to come.

The majesty of your shelter
Hiding wonders within your leaves.
Your arms that act as swords
Reaching and grasping to the world beyond your core.
Your piercing arms whipping each way.
Stinging and striking as it violently shatters
The air arounds its lair.
Enjoying the moments of today before the fall comes and steals your leaves away.
Winter will bring semblance of death
With your magic locked within.
Until the spring comes
And releases its potion once again.

BEK

8/14/24