

The Tree

Written in memory of my late grandfather, Larry F. Dunlap

Tall, strong, independent tree
Bark covering the trunk stretched wide
Sprouting from the head green leaves
Bold branches emerge from side to side
For me, the tree has always been there
When in need, it gave me fresh air
The tree was there when I took my first steps
Its very own trunk held my hammock as I slept
When the sun shined too hot, its leaves covered
The tree prayed for me when uneasy spirits hovered
When I was numb, I could always feel his bark
The tree reminded me of light when I was afraid of the dark
When I came to the tree with rivers in my eyes,
the tree would soak my tears into its soil
When I would play and scrape my knee under the blue skies,

the tree would heal my wounds with its sweet oil

I never carried hunger because the tree would provide fruit

The tree would tell me, "You are of me, blood of my blood, we have
the same roots"

Now the tree has aged, broken branches, withered leaves

But I will never forget how the tree fulfilled all my wants and needs

Now it is I who must plant new seeds

For the tree was the greatest provider

But the one above everything, has called him higher