

I used to go and sit
by an old oak tree
he stood there, silent,
proud, and free
he stood through the
snow, wind, and rain
stretching out his arms
towards the sky
every spring he'd grow
back his leaves
just turn old air into
new again
he never bent under the
strain of life
never complained when
it was too hot
nor cried when it was
too cold
And I often thought to
myself
how it would be if
I were a tree