

A Shaking Tree

Whose tree is that? I think I know.
Its owner is quite sad today.
It's truly a tale of deceit or woe,
I watch her frown and pass by.
She gives her trees a hardy shake
and sobs until the tears show.
The only other sound's the break,
distant waves and shore bird noise.
The tree wraps and hugs deep,
but she has promises to attend,
until then she shall not sleep.
She lies in bed as the tears fall again,
rising from her unkempt bed,
facing the day with never ending dread.
Her tree shakes once more, another
day wishes for sunshine and smiles.

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