

The Tree

I stare at the lonely tree,
Shattered and filled with broken glee,
Falling as I reach my end,
Never to be seen again...

I look back to gaze,
Insignificant, akin to a guttered haze,
Filled with tarnished unjust pride,
Blocked from every spacious side.

I turn to the lonely tree to stare,
Soon, becoming troubled by the galvanizing glare,
Something in... Eternally broke
And quavered to a hearted choke.

Suddenly, I stare into the abyss
Motionless, as I saw the dead amiss,
Filled with decimated pleasure,
Truant of felicitous leisure.

I escape back to the sanctuary of the lonely tree,
Bent down double on my broken knees,
My organs failing, muscles paralyzing,
My numbness invading, my heart failing.

