

Tree of my Heart

by JunoMagic

A tree poem.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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At the corner of my road there's a tree.
I don't know what it is;
But it's been pruned
So she throws back her head,
Raising her hands to heaven.
Rooted in prayer she stands.
She is late to dress in the green gown
Of spring and summer.
Late to bare herself
To curious eyes
In autumn and winter.
Daphne, I call her.
I don't know what she is.
But in a corner of my heart she has grown,
And in a corner of my soul she'll stay
Where I pray.
Daphne.