

Spoken Word Poem

By: Kevin

There is a tree in my backyard that has been there as far as my memory goes

The tree that blooms in the Spring and falls bare in the Winter cold

It is a beautiful tree, as I should say, decorated with leaves of serenity

It provides shade for me and a feeling of tranquility

I know that it's alive; I can feel its roots shifting

It has a soul and his thoughts are so ever drifting

It speaks, or so I think, speaks about his views

Telling me of how much he misses the world he used to know

He's an old lad, he tells me, he's lived for thousands of years

He's lived through times of prosperity and times of tears

He knows everything that goes on, his roots connect with trees all over the globe

He knows your Aunt's hairstyle, even the colour of her robe

But still, with all his wisdom, wildness and wayward ways

He's still a child underneath; he fancies a laugh or two each day

His branches are as plenty as a spider web of wood

The same branches I used to climb way back in the olden times

He's been by my side for a while now

And there's not been a day that I haven't seen his smile

Even though he's only a tree, I shall say he's my closest friend

A tree that hugs me and walks with me and talks to me every single time

We've had our ups and downs, and I've left for different towns
But in the end I still see him blooming in my old yard
I'm 80 now, a lengthy age for a man, my time is almost due
In a while I'll rise up to join the heavens with God, who is there too
But I want to stay with my old lad in my backyard
And be buried under the shade of his towering grotesque figure
The shade that provided me with a feeling of tranquility
And listen to him 'babble' about his views of the world
And hear his tall tales of a magical place he used to know.