

DAD AND HIS OAK TREE

--Irma B. Williams

I well remember as a child
The place Dad chose to pick
To dig a hole and plant a tree
No bigger than a stick.

That scrawny, rawboned wiry oak
Took on a jaunty perk;
And Dad was pleased as he could be
And finished up his work.

Dad, brawny, robust, full of vim
Had planted hearty stock;
In time their rolls would be reversed--
Time won't turn back the clock.

The years rolled by and Dad retired
From years of toil and strain;
In contrast, strong the tree had grown
Thro' years of sun and rain.

Dad sat beneath its branches, and
Enjoyed its company;
He played his harp and dreamed about
Life as it used to be.

They both grew old together, both
Had put their roots down deep;
But in Dad's years of ninety-six--
Both fell--both fell asleep.