

AUTUMN AND RE-BIRTH.

Homage to the Dwarf Willow (Which is between 1 cm and 6 cms high)

I am tough, I am firm, I am your strong pine tree,
I shall not lose my needles,
Autumn, you cannot damage me.

I am large, I am tall, I am your broad oak tree,
I shall give you acorns,
Autumn, you cannot damage me.

*I am little dwarf willow, no-one knows me,
You cannot hear my voice,
Autumn, please, will you set me free?*

Then one day a little boy, just all of three years old,
Came into the garden, he had escaped the fold.
Fallen leaves had brought him there, he wanted just to play,
But when he saw those great, huge trees, he did just back away.

How could he face the bristling oak, which tower'd over him?
Or hurt his hand on prickly pines, whose needles were so thin?
But then he saw that smallest tree, dwarf willow, all alone,
He loved that tree, it called to him, it did not have a throne.

Unlike the mighty oak tree, or the pine with all its show,
The tiny, humble willow tree, was lost, no more to grow.
But then that little errant boy, who wanted a true friend,
Walked to the tree, and cuddled it, his hand he did extend.

To make a bond, to show that tree, that size is not the thing,
But welcoming and being there, when others troubles bring.
For that young lad, he had been told, he was a naughty boy,
His mother'd told him off, you know, for breaking his new toy.

And that is why young Tom had left, to play upon the lawn,
But he was sad, because dwarf's leaves, they nearly all had gone.
His friend was dying, so Tom thought, the end was nearly nigh,
And so Tom, filled with sadness, let out a long, long sigh.

Just then the Mum came to her son, she said 'Do not be sad,
For leaves they fall, 'cos Autumn's here, and that is not so bad.
Because by shedding all those leaves, the tree will grow again,
To be re-born, to welcome you, so do not say 'Amen''.

For Autumn's not an end, you see, it's part of nature's cycle,
When what has gone, it comes again, the Fall, it is not final.
It's part of re-birth for us all, it is a chance to mend,
The broken things that we have made, and so our love to send.

To all the creatures of the Earth, to play our part in life,
And learn to give, and not to waste, our Golden Years in strife.
So Tom, he gave his Mum a hug, and kissed her on the cheek,
He learnt that when you're in the wrong, forgiveness you should seek.

'Sorry Mum, for what I did, I know that it was wrong'.
'My dear, sweet boy, it's quite all right, let's sing our fav'rite song.'
*The Autumn leaves are falling down, but let us not despair,
For Autumn does give birth to Spring, and that is why we're here.*

So we must know that Autumn time does not bring on the end,
But tells us life goes on and on, with re-birth round the bend.
So 'Thank you' Autumn, now you're here, for you do bring us joy,
And teach us all, whatever age, to lift our souls..... Enjoy!