The Apple

A tree stands tall against the sunset

Its leaves long gone with wind storms past.

But it’s beauty cannot be diminished

Some things are just meant to last.

Its years are a mirror of history

Experience and joy and knowledge and pain

Yet it always stays true to itself it seems

In deceit there is nothing to gain.

With the assurance of nature, it bears its fruit

Watching over it as seasons pass by

Imparting wisdom and nurturing gifts unseen

By those not blessed with a mother’s eye.

The tree has yielded as time marches on

making room for those yet to come.

Most trying to repeat the greatness

That came so easily to some.

 So as mother would smile with a chuckle

Admiring through heaven’s gate, ajar.

She would lean down to us and whisper

Seems the apple really didn’t fall far.