

There

The Almond Tree

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Once There was an almond tree;
Her flowers were pink,
Her tree-trunk; brown.

There was growing leaves,
At the beginning of spring,
For all year around.

"Your role is sun-light to absorb,
From now and forever more!
One day,
At the beginning of summer,
A gift shall be back to be born!"

The leaves absorbed,
And the flowers decorated
The comings and goings by the tree trunk

And as promised,
With the passing of the season;
Gifts appeared by nature's good luck!

There, the almond tree,
Was highly impressed:
"Brown; there are! Light; they are!
Almost the same as me; The producing race!"