

The Tree and Me

I have a tree that's just for me,
Its shade is where I love to be.
Underneath its leafy arms,
I'm safe from any worldly harms.

I tell it secrets, dreams, and more,
As I sit upon the forest floor.
It listens quietly, never speaks,
But I know it hears, with all its peaks.

Together we watch the clouds go by,
And sometimes the bright, blue sky.
My tree and I, we share the days,
In countless special, gentle ways.

