

## **A Poem for my Great Grandmother**

A tender sapling springs forth from the earth  
And then becomes aware of all the pain,  
The difficulties, dangers, pouring rains  
That it will bear throughout its storied life.

But, hark! "What is the cause for staying when  
Life's path is sure to wreck and wear the soul?  
Why should I tack into the wind and hold  
This frightful course?" the sapling asks itself.

Then as if fate has overheard, a crack!  
And nearby, falls a mighty, withered oak -  
A tree whose image, th'sapling does evoke -  
And all at once the meaning is made clear:

The sapling grows because it holds the hope  
That it, too, touches sunlight, feels the breeze,  
And harbours sparrows - like that wizened oak -  
And offers shade, and passes on these dreams  
Unto a seed that grows within a glade  
Until, one day, the sapling turns and sees  
The hopeful trees that came before, that laid  
Foundations for it's growth with their own leaves.