

The Old Willow Tree
Written by Nicole Goble

A freckled-faced girl with curly hair free
met a red-topped boy with one skinned knee.
He poked her side and smiled casually,
“Let’s race on over to the old willow tree.”

A teenage girl with eyes like the sea
walked next to a boy in a plain brown tee.
He brushed hair away so she could see-
long, wispy strands like the old willow tree.

A woman stood alone waiting patiently
until a man approached then paced nervously.
He finally got the courage to get down on one knee
and they danced in the shade of the old willow tree.

A mother met her family at half past three
with a fancy picnic of jam, crackers, and brie.
The children laughed and sang with glee
as their father chased them ‘round the old willow tree.

A couple sat on their porch swing quietly.
That day the house seemed a bit more empty.
He smiled and stroked her face softly-
lined like the bark of the old willow tree.

A white haired woman in linen capris
sat on a quilt and sipped her tea.
She loved this mug stained from his coffee.
She’d save his spot under the old willow tree.

A breeze blew gentle from the canopy
and then flowers were greeted by sweet honey bees.
A pair of cardinals danced carefree-
together again under the old willow tree.