

An Oak Tree

Get Cape. Wear Cape. Fly

Take a look at the oak trees
In the park standing tall
Like a tower of resilience
Despite the leaves that fall.

Stripping them back to their
Fraught frames, all naked
And on display. Like us they
dress for the season.
It will soon be spring again.

But you and I were not designed to be evergreens I
guess
That it's time to long for April to come.

Am I willing to wait here again?
Although I'm hungry and I'm tired
And all the bridges I made on the way
Are quickly turning into fires
And as the embers are growing and no phoenix emerge
I guess another set back is another lesson learnt.

Let's strip it back to the bare bones,
Though not a matter of choice,
There's still something of worth
In just an acoustic and a voice.
As the new shoots start growing
At the start of the year,
The tree is ready to deliver
Despite initial fears.

Am I willing to wait here again?
Although I'm hungry and I'm tired
And all the bridges I made on the way
Are quickly turning into fires
And as the embers are growing and no phoenix emerge
I guess another set back is just another lesson learnt.