

A Tree

Murray Head

Once upon a time
He was a fearless tree;
So young and yet so wise,
They had to cut him down to size.
A passing girl took out a knife
And carved her name.
She couldn't stop, she wanted more,
As chip by chip dropped to the floor.
She saw a sculpture -
An outlet for culture.
And by degrees, as time went by,
He felt his sap run dry.
When finished carving,
She would polish him at home.
He was dusted down at weekends,
But mostly spent his time alone.
One day a burglar
Stole her statue from the shelf.
She missed it in the morning,
Took the blame upon herself.
She'd got what she wanted,
He'd been taken for granted.
From a tree to a sculpture -
She'd grown over familiar.
You don't realise just what you've got
Till it's gone and lost forever.