

THE OLD OAK TREE

Summer breeze erodes rough bark,
Fierce weather pummels the tree like fiery fists,
People bask in the summer breeze,
Scorching, humid air presses against the tree like a wet tea towel,
Fragrant clouds soar like birds, a trail of puffy air being left behind,
The Old Oak Tree sees it all.

Flannel autumn leaves hang desperately from trees,
Foliage hangs from narrow, abyssal cracks in the tree's trunk.
An echidna perks his nose at the yawning, autumn breeze,
Kids dive into bonfires of leaves that make a resounding crunch,
Large, articulate leaves dance in the breeze,
The Old Oak Tree sees it all.

The chilling wind swirled through the hollow crevices in the tree
like a burglar trying to find the treasure hidden deep within,
Tall slender trees shiver as rushing gales engulf them,
Relentless winds attempt to implode the tree,
Children stood in their homes, cowering against the fire for warmth,
Slushy ice strangled the tree like a python,
The Old Oak Tree sees it all.

The tree tried to remain sedentary as it felt its last dying hours,
A warm breeze loomed over the horizon, slaying the ice,
Minutes later, all that remained was a mere puddle,
Lively freshness gave a floral odour that engulfed the chilled oak tree,
The tree's wrinkles began to soften and smoothen
as bees darted about like yellow airships,
The Old Oak Tree sees it all.

Without warning, a grinding noise surpasses the eccentric buzz of the bees,
The tree glances to the side of it worryingly
as it feels an aching pain travelling down its spine,
The tree attempted to keep itself together but to no avail,
The tree began and dropped to the ground which made an echoing THUD,
Workers exclaim with delight as the Old Oak Tree goes to its forever sleep,
The Old Oak Tree saw it all.