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Untitled

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I Never Saw the Trees Before

Molly Boyce

I never saw the trees before until their shade was thin,
My eyes looked toward the sun, the blessing I was in.
But falling leaves cover the ground, reminders of the past,
And the sun hides underneath the dark cloud's overcast.

I never saw the trees before their limbs hung so bare.
I struggled to protect myself against the cold winter air.
Whipped within the stormy gales, they kept their self-control
While Mother Nature taunted them in a battle for their soul.

I never saw the trees before their small buds burst alive.
I sought the dignity of my own new birth as spring arrived.
But the trees stood tall in the faint warmth of promised sun
Spreading new growth ever upward, aware they had overcome.

I never saw the trees before they bowed toward the earth.
I toiled under a heavy weight without seeing their worth,
Content to watch the moon and stars encircle heavenly ways,
Never worrying about next season or learning to count the days.

