

The Tree

As the wind blows through your stunning emerald green leaves, you whisper secrets to me.

The sun peeks through your leaves illuminating the shadows of your leaves onto the ground.

You are truly a gift from Mother Nature.

One day you will not be here. There will just be buildings in your place.

One day, your secrets will not be heard.

One day, your shadows won't be seen.

One day no one will know you ever existed.