

Storms of Fate Witty Bartender edited

The night is at its end
and I, alone, sit listening
to the love songs of the crickets,
their voices loud and strong.
The old dead tree stands stubbornly
amongst the youth of living flesh.
He wonders why he lingers on
with reminiscent thoughts
of days when mortals stared in awe
at his strength and beauty,
his branches reaching towards the sky:
majestic hands, paused, waiting.
His recollection begins to change,
it creeps out on a brand new stage.
Like thespians before a play,
while stagehands work around them,
his thoughts switch to another time.
One not so calm and reverent,
a time when Havoc wrecked his home
and left it torn and weak,
his limbs and branches, shattered.
All those around him, screaming
cries of despair and hopelessness,
their trunks and roots lay twisted.
What caused this devastation,
this murder of the land?
The friendly wind turned savage,
ripping and tearing at his bark.
His roots were heaving upward,
as around him, others swirled,
having given up the ghost.
Their fight, this time, was over,
A passage of a rite.
He wasn't sure how he made it through
the fierce and menacing darkness,
only to suffer each passing day
awaiting his conclusion.
Yet, now, as he surveys the bright new world,
a realization presents itself
to ease his bouts of wonder.
The strong survive to guard the weak -

The ones that managed to stay alive,
and teach them ways to build their strength,
for days will come when youth is gone,
and they're the ones to carry on.