

Solo Poem
By Amity S.G.W.N

Memories,
being the branches,
are what make the verdure
So wonderful
and long lasting.
These are
the personal jokes shared,
those brief but amazing adventures,
and those acts of allegiance.
Forming something magnificent
all around.

The leaves,
They are the
Simple things.
those that are done for
one another
not generating from any
source of greed,
but from a warm,
caring
heart.

The trunk,
This is the base
which holds everything
together.
The trust that one gives,
With a deep dark secret,
A task,
Or maybe even a life.

The honesty,
which one uses
to expose their self to the other
Sometimes hurting
But always trying to help,
always giving consideration,
And always giving
empathy.

Lastly, The fruits of the tree
That benefit
everyone involved.
The comfort gained from
Knowing you have someone to
rely on,
Knowing
that you are important to someone
And even if you're not around
For long
You will still
have them there

Like a large tree
that slowly grows and
rises over a garden,
strong and firm,
even during times of drought
or violent storms,
Amity withstands all things
and flourishes,
little
by little
Whilst the years pass