

SONG OF MY HOME

Have you ever watched the trees?
They are speaking in a language all their own.
The swish of leaves and branches create a country music.
The willow is my favorite. She sings and dances in celebration.
The wind is a soft caress that leaves her breathless.
The sweet sighs are proof of her pleasure with the world.
On a balmy summer evening, you can hear her voice serenading
Those who take notice of the anthem of the south.
The music is a lovely, heartwarming sound of my home.

by Jecika Shirah