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Willow

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Willow
By: Nathaniel Jones

I see your beauty,
even though your limbs are weak, and
base partly uprooted
eroded from the years of tears
and dreary, delusions
that seem to keep you leery,
on the precarious cusp, for the
fear of losing—it
continues to pull you down into
opaque darkness
or leaves, that already departed
detached themselves from carcass
and lay to cushion the soon to sprawl.
Yet...she still stands tall, once.
The respect, her hairs a knotty
mess
of twigs and empty nests, left
over from the fall.