

Third Honorable Mention – Grades 5 & 6

The Willows in the Morning

Her branches they curve, the ground they sweep
As they are hanging limp, and forlorn
Dewdrops like tears, as she weeps.

Around her the forest wakes from its sleep
Careless as she continues to mourn
The death of many a dream, felt deep

Although she's piled in a tangled heap
Her body many be old and worn
The wind in her leaves makes them dance and leap

The tree is open, with no secrets to keep
Except for those whose hearts are torn
And the woods have other myst' ries to reap

The trees are silently falling to asleep
Gone is the rustling in leaves or thorn
Out of the darkness, unknowns creep
– yet -

Still she stands with branches that sweep
That continue to hang limp and forlorn
The wind in her leaves makes them dance and leap

As she forever continues to mourn

by Neal, Blacksburg, VA