

Under the Willow
Norman Cristofoli

Sunlight wavers
as long wistful branches
gently move in the breeze

The motion soothes and calms
Sound is the resonance
of an ancient chime

Birds seek solace
in its branches
as I do in its roots

I look up whilst
they look down
each of us seeking purpose

Tattered long brown leaves
adorn the ground
reinventing the earth

I compose verse
while they decompose
into rich, nutrient loam

I could only wish my words
had as much meaning
as their rot