

When My Maple Tree Died  
By Glenda Ferguson

Today  
I lost an old friend.  
Waving as I drove away,  
Welcoming as I arrived back home.  
A deep-rooted affection for this towering living thing.  
No diamond rings decorated my friend,  
Yet not without sparkle. Invaluable.  
Circular rings of time gone by.  
Through every season of  
Falling leaves, Icy days,  
Budding blossoms, Sweltering sun.  
Roots  
exist  
deep  
in  
the  
ground,  
foundation  
of  
faith,  
perpetuating  
our legacy of friendship.