

Arbor Day

— Ken Lundquist, Jr.

The last leaf of the Sycamore fell today

The buds to new leaves give way.

An embrace so true

My arms outstretched I hugged you.

A rushing river at view atop the bank

With best friend humor I did spank.

Laughter and Joy our pimps.

The long stemmed red tulips.

So blue the sky is when highlighted by the Sun

And in soft green grass the bird has it's fun.

Frangence is the theme in air

And all that is new begin to pair.

Spring settles in, so soon it be May

My soul in rapture, on this Arbor Day.