

Poet's Corner

Grandmother Redwood

By ANNA PICKETT

*How has your life been, Grandma?
How do you feel about death,
now that your leaves are falling?*

*Once before green,
the cold and dark was not felt;
You have grown tall into the sky.*

*How do you feel about death, Grandma?
So full of wisdom and gold,
You sit in your chair.*

*You have created seedlings,
Your life stays here to grow.
You stand tall and watch over your children.*

*What are you doing, now that your leaves
are yellow, Grandma?
The time has passed so slowly.*

*You are respected,
Your children are sad,
Grandmother Redwood, you're dying.....*