



People assume that I'm okay,
Ironical, strange, tragic.
They see that I'm tall and strong
and so they bring them;
Sweaty backs, laden with the stench of trouble
Stomach's swirling with too much wine
Head full of discordant thoughts
and they lean on me

They hide beneath my branches, step on my roots
and cower from their own emotions
They seek solitude, leaning on my trunk
Hoping their sadness diffuses from their back, into my bark

When the earth weakens
And I grow tired of their brooding
This tree will lean too
I'll tilt my weight on one frail human
and let them know
that I can't be strong every day.
I need rest too.