

To My Father

A giant pine, magnificent and old,
Stood staunch against the sky
and all around shed beauty, grace and power.
Within its fold, birds safely reared their young.

The velvet ground beneath was gentle,
and the cooling shade gave cheer to passers-by.
Its towering arms, a landmark stood,
erect and unafraid,
As if to say, "fear naught from life's alarms."

It fell one day.
Where it had dauntless stood
Was loneliness and void.
But men who passed paid tribute, said,
"To know this life was good.
It left its mark on me. Its work stands fast."
And so it lives.
Such life no bonds can hold -
This giant pine, magnificent and old.

Georgia Harkness