

# Sitting in a Tree

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Josh Passarini

Boy and his mood; sitting in a tree,  
Throwing rocks at scenery,  
First come the thoughts; then the despair,  
Then comes the hopelessness without call or care,  
S-I-N-K-I-N-G

Man and his hopes; tangled in a tree,  
Scared of what may never be,  
First comes the silence; too dire to mention,  
Followed by dread and darkness-retention,  
F-E-A-R-I-N-G

Old man's shame; fastened to a tree,  
Hanging there for all to see,  
First comes the present; chased by the past,  
Thrust from the shadow; the whole ghastly cast,  
F-A-I-L-I-N-G

You by yourself; springing from the tree,  
Wrangling like an abductee,  
First comes the faith; then flows the fight,  
Your power has a line of sight,  
S-U-C-C-E-E-D