Sitting in a Tree

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