

~The Seasons of the tree~

The maze of roots intertwined through the ground.

It's trunk makes a cosy home for nature just as cosy as a roaring fire. Leaves rattle through the night.

The sound of maracas float through the midnight air.

Slowly it undresses itself ready for a new coat in spring.

Spring has come, flowers blossom with the movements of a ballerina.

Fruit grows and shoots of the tree in the way cannons do at war. A

carnival of colour, movement and light, the tree stands strong in the light, whoever you are, animal, human or bird you will always admire the tree and you stand under the sunlight.

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