

THE GOLDEN TREE

I march on the road to sorrow
Every step revives old memories
No matter how hard I try to stay them
I march on
And nothing can stop me
 from slipping back.

Then the rain like a good shepherd
Stops the herd from sliding downhill.
I found shelter
 under the big golden tree.

Overwhelmed by the sudden change
I closed my eyes and fell asleep.
Sunny days, friends, laughter
Flood my unconscious
I am not marching.
I am standing still.
Love like an invisible barrier
Shields me from hard reality of life.
Past memories fade
 and happiness
 fills my heart –
with a new golden tree.