

99 WRITING

# A Willow Tree

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**TYPE**  
**POETRY**

I looked outside  
one stormy day  
and right before my eyes  
something beautiful lay

It danced as the cruel air  
threw itself against its bark

It seemed to enjoy those winds  
that were vicious as a shark

As the wind attacked the dome of leaves  
the tree resembled a thunderbird  
that struggled against the clash of skies  
but would not let its problems be heard

Instead the tree puts on a smile  
to hide all of the woe  
for it cannot stop the harsh winds  
but it can ignore its painful blow

So it stands bright and brilliant  
as it gives off an aura of glee  
So nobody knows the true struggles

of the mysterious willow tree