MASSIVE
By Josiah Ventura

The tree is massive;
wide, like outstretched arms.
Her leaves are a shield
protecting me from danger.
She is as big as my mind.
Her branches show the twists and turns of life.
Her bark is memory.
It shows her scars with pride
and her beauty with poise.
Her branches reach far into the sky,
embracing the sun.
The tree is me and also her,
my lord above, my Lucifer,
through thick and thin she stands strong.
This is my mother’s song.