

## Buds

by Jack Healey



I climbed them all,  
big or small.  
It was my task  
no matter what.  
They stood there, ever  
tall and proud,  
and like a mountain,  
beckoned me:  
"Come hither, lad,  
and try me out.  
Let's see  
just what  
we're made of.



Wind-rustled leaves,  
swaying branches,  
enormous trunks,  
unbounded reaches –  
I climbed; I perched;  
I laid; I rested.  
All day sometimes  
I'd climb – imagine  
world adventures  
that I was part of.  
Never doubting  
I was lucky.  
Life was good  
without a worry.  
Trees were my friends  
and we were buddies.





Older now, I see anew.  
Yet friends I made  
still hold their ground.  
Though some are gone,  
some still remain.  
They speak to me  
as once they did.  
They whisper tales  
of storms they weathered.  
We relive times  
o'er countless years.  
They share their shade.  
They watch and wait  
for the boy that was  
to come and play.

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