

The Lonely Tree, Chatsworth at Dawn

I sat beneath this lonely tree and wondered what he'd seen, two lovers sitting hand in hand, sheltered by his leaves.

I looked beyond to the water's edge and saw two others stand, breathing in the beauty of this never-ending land.

There the night was peaceful, only the moonlight touched his crown, then the dawn did break and nature awoke and his branches came alive.

Two blackbirds singing out with glee did perch upon his bough, their morning song delights the tree and he gently sways and sighs.

There these two tiny creatures make a home within the tree, where entwined branches caress their nest and protect their new family.

So though I thought him lonely, I now know that not so, for he is like a father who nurtures and then has to let them go.

But once you have shown kindness and given protection from the storms, the fledglings that left and found their wings will return to you once more.

Mandy Kay