

WEEPING WILLOW

Amy Mackiewicz

Such melancholy beauty does the willow bestow,
with lofty wide curtains of slender leaves that flow,
drooping a crown of branches, sweeping the ground below,
gracefully weeping tears of woe.
Foliage appears in early spring, lavishing a golden glow,
ripening into light green blades, beautifully they sow.
As autumn nears they fall from grace and in the wind they blow,
tenacious are those roseate leaves unwilling to forego.

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