

# A Poem

*By Anonymous*

"Dawn breaks over the circle of old oaks;  
the solace of their shade their offering  
as they bear witness to the souls awoke  
by destruction required for growing.

Their roots now deep, the seedlings may have hoped,  
but how could they have known the majesty  
of their later days or the way each sloped,  
moss-covered limb, imperfect and knobby,  
serves a grander purpose—will that transcends  
individuality—for all to see?

Whatever the weather, these old friends  
never fight the wind. They receive the rain,  
stand firm in storms, always reach for the sun."

