

The Weeping Willow Tree
Written by Alvin Ray Kessinger

Walking down, a lonely road, in the middle of the day.
I heard a voice, come to my ear, here's what it had to say.
"Where are you bound, on such a day, so tired you must be.
Why don't you come, and rest a spell, in the shade of the willow tree."
I turned and looked, all about, for one who spoke to me.
But all there was, for me to see, was a Weeping willow tree.
I walked beneath, the willow tree, in the coolness of its shade.
I wondered who, had spoke to me, and on the grass I laid.
I looked up, among the limbs, of the weeping willow tree.
To see a lovely blue bird, looking back at me.
"Was it you, that spoke to me?" I ask the little bird.
Then he turned, and flew away, without a single word.
"Where are you now, I softly said, please come and talk to me.
For I have done, as you have ask, and sat beneath the tree.
"What would you have me say to you? Said the little voice so sweet.
And what would you say to me? If finely we should meet."
"I would have you say good morning, and tell to me your name."
And I would be pleased to meet you, and hope you feel the same."
"Well open up your eyes said He, then turn and you will see.
, For it was I, that spoke to you, a weeping willow tree."
The End