

A Weeping Willow

Swisshhh! The wind blows my
drooping branches. Swaying, swaying.
My friends, proud and tall, look over
the lake. Swaying, swaying. My trunk,
hunchbacked and bent, it is un-
satisfying. Swaying, swaying. My
leafbuds, sprouting anew. Swaying,
swaying. The oaks and maples, smiling
while I weep like I should. I no
longer sway. The wind is gone. It is summer.

By John Bridges, 5th Grade