

Done Tros In The Woods By: Picky Baralas 39

I think about that tree all the time:
That one tree in the woods that the robins made their home.
Do you remember swinging back and forth in its branches?
I'm so glad I found this picture
Of your arms wrapped around me as we sat in that tree.
It's one of my favorite memories.

Sometimes I feel like I can't help but relive my memories,
Though the ones I cherish most time after time
Are the ones where you and I sat in the swing in that tree
And wondered about the other animals that called it home.
I wish that I had more than just one picture
Of you and I in the sanctuary we made from branches.

I've known that everyone's life eventually branches
Away in their own direction. I'm thankful for the memories
That were brought up by this picture;
This one moment in time
When all of the problems I left at home
Were held off in the loving embrace of that tree.

Do you remember what kind of tree It was? Or the heart painted in the branches, That showed me my love will always have a home Beyond these memories, Beyond all of the time That's passed since we took that picture?

Isn't the mind fascinating? How so long can pass without me seeing this picture, But I can still hear the wind through the leaves. I can still smell the tree.

Years have passed since that time
The robins, from the branches,
Sangus a lullaby. Pretty birds, precious memories.
Home.

It took me a while to realize you don't have to be inside to feel at home. Home can be found in a picture,

In memories In a tree. No matter how far apart the branches

Are. Time after time.

I'm always thankful for the memories, I just wish we had more time.

I don't know where home is anymore. Or if it ever was you or the tree. I can picture the tree when I close my eyes, but you're always hidden in the branches.

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