

The Big Tree

by Tess Clarkin

unique sprawling white pine
one hundred years old
nicknamed the big tree
split down the middle
half upright half on the ground

my children their children
responded
to beckoning sprawling branches



patiently waited a turn
on the rope swing
thick rope filled the opening
in the round wooden seat
secured with huge knots

pictures of fourteen grandchildren
tucked in nooks and crevices
hanging on sprawling branches

Andrew number fifteen
to be denied his turn
recent windy weather
felled the big tree





walking to The Knob
will always hear
children's refrains
excitement in their voices
let's go to the big tree

Tess Clarkin is a Quissett poet. She wrote this poem last November, shortly after the diseased tree had been removed.

