SCRAGGELY OAK

Old, bent, twisted,
Scraggly oak.
For many years
you have stood
uncomplaining,
unflinching
alone.
You have had
many storms,
You have weathered
them well.
Let me look at you, oh Oak!
Realize the insignificance
of my woes,
And thereby help me
to bear my burden,
Uncomplaining,
unflinching,
alone.

- Carrol Zick - '37