

Passing a Tree in Fitzgerald Park

I once saw a tree cry in the rain
For its leaves were turning brown
Its silent terror was in vain -
They slowly started falling down

I've often felt like this tree
As if time's lost if I don't strive
Passing time's heavy within me
What have I achieved in life?

If I had time, how would I use it?
Today, success stories are rare
I'm scared of failing, I admit
I have dreams, yet I'd never dare

When I walked past the tree the other day
The leaves were green because it was May