

CRAB APPLE TREE

Up by the hay barn
Where the ditch water seeps and trickles
The old crab apple tree
Has been knitting bonnets all day
She smells of sweetness
Bees browse in her blossomed branches
As soft breezes rustle her skirts
Contentment
Oozes from her deepest root
To the tip of her outermost twig
She nods as I pass by.