Against the Oak
by Amanda Houghton

The old man sat against the oak,
Watching the years roll by.
The leaves fall and the children left
The gray crept into sight.
The old man cried then the boy left.
No longer a boy but a young man.
A man with dreams to follow.
A life to live, a soul to fill.

The old man sat against the oak.
The day she crawled into his yard.
The old man became young.
In his later years she came to him.
Maybe to steal his heart or give him love.
He never knew, but in the end,
She had him and he had her.
The fair-haired child gave him life.

The old man sat against the oak,
Watching the young girl grow.
A flower growing from a seed.
You have to water her with your love.
You have to weed out the bad.
You have to encourage the good.
You have to let her lead her own life.

The old man sat against the oak,
Watching the years roll by.
The leaves fall the girl grows.
The gray crept back out.
The old man cried when the girl cried.
He cracked a smile when she fell laughing.
He gave hugs when she slid home.
He shouted as she sent the ball to the moon.

The old man sat against the oak.
She struggled with the spelling lesson.
He taught her pride and to stand tall.
Against life's truths and trials.
Teaching her to rope and ride the horses.
He showed her the colors of life.
Encouraging her to paint the things she sees.
He said sing out what you feel.

The old man sat against the oak.
Watching the world through unseeing eyes.
She cried out wishing he were here.
Needing him more than ever.
He taught her what life and love were,
Now he taught her the final lesson.
No matter the events of the day.
The sun will always rise and set.
The moon will shine on the morning dew.

The young girl sat against the oak.
Watching the years roll by.
The leaves fell and blew away.
The sun shone on the snow and green grass.
The girl cried when the old man left.
No longer a girl but a young woman.
A woman with dreams to follow.
A life to live, a soul to fill.

The old man sat against the oak.