

Mangrove tree

A mangrove tree,
So rooted and so like me
With a brush soft as a pom-pom,
I would so like its woven leaves, as a skirt for my next prom.
Shhhhh, our flowering guardian goes
As it waves it's branches, it seems to have made a song with sweet prose

You really must see a mangrove tree
All the branches laid out as a carpet
And the bark too shy to peak out
Hidden by the marshy land
And flowers fanned.

You must see a mangrove tree
All the flowers a sea of white
And the roots stuck under a mess of brown
Muddy brown slinging itself
Before our dear tree is banned.

A mangrove tree,
So meaningful and so like me
With bark thick and made for many uses, thick as a book's spine
I would so like the fire the bark could make, fit for a King to dine
Sit beneath this tree for a time
And thy shall feel thyself in thy prime