

Eulogy to a Eucalyptus Tree

26 August, 2016

At sunrise, when painted skies
Heralded morning to our eyes,
I loved that, because of you
The scented air mixed with dew,
Gave sensory surprise.

So many memories we hold dear,
Just because you were here,
Like a tall, and special gentle friend,
We ache to think this is the end.
We want you always near.

Oh let me hear the rustle,
Of grey-blue leaves atop,
As the wind caresses and he dances
Please, don't let it stop.

It's hard to think when I blink
My eyes when tomorrow's here,
How I will face the empty space,
Where you once stood, without a tear.

Our own dear Eucalyptus tree,
The one we daily liked to see,
Things won't be the same, you know,
But maybe you will once more grow.
For us three.

Oh let me hear the rustle,
Of grey-blue leaves atop,
As the wind caresses and he dances
Please, don't let it drop.

We sat and read in your shade,
Around your trunk we ran and played,
With your leaves some things we made,
In your branches we hid and stayed.

I wish this were a dream and when
We wake in the morning that we see
You still standing there again--
Our favourite Eucalyptus tree.

Oh let me see the beauty,
Of grey-blue leaves up high,
As the wind caresses and he dances
Let him reach the sky.

Some things I wish could always be,
Like home, and friends, and family,
And perhaps each stately, lovely tree,
Though I suppose, like a thorn on a rose,
It's not the only things to see.

We still have much to see and touch,
My loved ones dear are all still here,
I'll wipe my tears and look above,
And thank God that we still have love!

What a loss that would be,
More precious than a favourite tree,
If the light of life were to grow dim,
Or if I'd never known or heard of Him.

I know there still is beauty,
Though sometimes I may sigh,
God's wind will caress and we can dance,
And one day never more cry.

So tomorrow I'll face the sunrise,
Whether it's clear or cloudy skies,
For if rain drops fall from cloud or eyes
I still have God, and you, and you,
Surrounded with love, we'll make it through.

With love and the Son of God above,
To surround, engulf, uplift, and renew,
Sorrow will dissipate; He then can recreate,
My joy; like roses sparkling with dew.