

This is Life

I look up toward the clear sky
wondering how a tree could grow so high.
I jump trying to reach even the lowest branch
and know I simply have no chance.
For this is life.

A few years pass and I find that I
can climb up the branches and pretend to fly.
Feeling the wind blown through my hair
is when I find, I have no cares.
Life is simply this.

Seasons come and seasons go
and suddenly my heart begins to grow.
I'm carving a heart deep in my trees bark,
hoping that my love for him will leave a mark.
Life is nothing more than this!

In what seems like no time at all
I say meaningful vows as my tree's leaves fall.
Not long after, just the blink of an eye,
my own child looks up to the sky
wondering how a tree could grow so high.
This is life.

—*Ashley Irvin*