

Evergreen

Mostly Autumn

She knows what it means to be evergreen
She's seen more than some eyes will ever see
Clad with green, gracefully she reaches for winter sun
...the lucky one

Spring leaves learning look to the evergreen
Carried on the breeze her tales of snow storms and
icicles
With proud yarn she will spin her golden memories into
stories

She looks to the sky
She's holding on to yesterday's goodbyes
Goodbye...

She knows what it means to be evergreen
She knows how it feels to have loved and lost
She's seen faces change all around her, then moved on

She'll miss hearing wind through now fallen leaves
She'll stand scraping snow-filled skies alone
Her questions, if could be asked, would be left
unanswered

Look to the sky
Holding on to yesterday's goodbyes
Embrace the past, with a forward motion
No fear of looking back

[i]The river keeps on flowing, but the banks are ever
changing[/i]