

# Credence In Her Sycamore Tree

By Marla J. Deaton

Poor little Credence,  
Up in her tree,  
Where she sits and wonders,  
"What in the world will I be?"

Her feet aren't grounded in reality,  
They're way up high  
In that Sycamore tree.

"I wanna do something  
That'll bring me fame...  
Just enough for the world  
To know my name."

"Astronauts fly and go to the moon.  
So why can't I...be something...soon!"

She knew about poets, inventors and such  
And expected the same,  
That wasn't asking too much!

She knew about explorers, who found new land,  
And Pharaohs with eternal  
Monuments on sand.

She watched all the stars  
On late night TV,  
And said, "Why in the world  
Can't that be me?"

So I climbed right up  
Next to Credence in her tree,  
And felt I was looking  
Eye to eye with me.

I knew very well  
Of the troubles she would face,  
It seemed not long ago  
I was there in her place.

I had so much I wanted to say,

Valuable wisdom, with no words to convey.  
As I looked at her  
She began to smile.  
Then all of a sudden  
I began to feel worthwhile.

So the younger taught the older me,  
Up in that Sycamore tree.

The End