

We Gathered There

By Marla J. Deaton

We formed a perfect circle,
Around the walnut tree.
Some just sat there cracking nuts,
Others just sat and soaked it in.

Friends stopped by asking how I was doing,
Relatives remarked how I've grown.
I watched the screen door slam,
Over again as people walk in the house and out.

Some of the men like to whittle,
Others like to smoke.
Nobody had anywhere else they had to be,
Content under the moonlight and tree.

What's with the walnut tree now,
Could it still be there?
Are other children counting the rings on it's stump,
Or does someone else's family gather there now?