

The Cherry Tree

Dad cut down the old cherry tree today
'It needs to come down,' I had to say
So he would notice it was true,
Diseased and riddled with bugs too.

Later that night, I started to cry...
I didn't quite understand why.
Tears spun like a tornado to my core
Leaving me crying an hour, two, then more.

Now there's an empty place in our yard
Where the cherry tree once stood guard.
But if I close my eyes I can still see
The four of you picking cherries from that tree.

Those were happier days...they went by so fast.
I always knew they couldn't last...
For the four of you grew much like the tree.
So beautiful...you mean the world to me.

Now, my lovely son, four years dead —
Thoughts of you always fill my head.
Your short lifetime...only eighteen years.
Not long enough say my endless tears.

You are so deeply mourned by your sisters and brother,
But I can't know their grief...only that of a mother.
A grief so unrelenting I can't move on —
So instead, I cry when a cherry tree's gone.

— Written by Diane Royer
July 2005

In memory of Aaron S. Royer
December 21, 1982 – July 5, 2001
BPUSA/Anne Arundel County Chapter
Annapolis, Maryland