

## *THE WITNESS*

A poem by Deborah Kerbel

Have you ever really looked at a weeping willow?  
Ever wondered what it's seen  
in the years that have passed between  
the time it was a tiny seed  
and now?

How many seasons witnessed turning?  
How many nights shift into morning?  
How many forest creatures yearning,  
to enjoy the coolness of its shade?

How many years has it just *been* there,  
silver leaves sweeping the air,  
bark wrinkled, branches bowed  
stooped and bent but standing proud  
as it tirelessly guards the banks of this pond?

And do you think the willow has ever paused  
in all the years spent on the job  
to glance down and  
wonder  
about  
you?