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My Crimson Friend

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My Crimson Friend

My Crimson Friend

Across the sea of brown –
- reeds faded by the turn of Fall;
Stands my friend.
Small in stature, relative to his brethren,
Yet large, and beautiful, in his diversity.
Alone amidst the crowd.

Whose journey, at springs awakening,
began as all the others.
Hard to distinguish at first glance.
Created to withstand the trials of time;
bending when oft the wind blows
standing strong when the season demands
Yet, in his silent maturity, unafraid
to turn at Autumn's call
To be set apart
with clothes that shout, "Here I am!"
Daring, if not proud, to be different.

What wisdom age sometimes brings.
For some, it is destiny.
For my crimson friend it is but his nature.

Deacon Tom Jewell