

**The Heart of the Forest**  
**By Kiera McKee**

In a forest the wind blows all trouble away,  
On soil years old, on a misty chilled day.  
But behind all the frost and the vast clouded skies,  
The most graceful of trees in a clearing now hides.

Its slender and dark yet bent out of direction,  
Which reminds us that life always has imperfection,  
It may not have leaves, but it will always make sure  
That the moss on it's trunk is both safe and secure.

Like a mother's embrace, the sun brightens the tree.  
Its lined with golden light, as it always should be.  
A glimpse of it reminds me of times way back then,  
Yet maybe one day I might see it once again.