

Sugar maple

That massive, regal, sugarmaple
Is well past
One Hundred winters in age.
Still the matriarch
Of our widespread sugarbush
No more the queen.

For several springs now
sap gatherers bypassed this aged trunk.
They know her days are numbered
Yet, they spare the stately tree
Their sharpened chain's wicked bite.

There was a time,
Only a twenty short years ago
When her glorious spreading crown
Shone a creamy golden luster
A herald of the Autumnal Equinox.

Those branches are long since dead
Decayed, cracked and fallen.
Only a barren crown remains
Bereft of all,
Save a scant few
Golden leaves.

Many more like this one have come.
They respectfully take her place
Donning her golden glory;
New heralds.

Still she continues in fading grace
Waiting silently for the forest
To reclaim her.