

I was a small tree growing
in a place of uncertainty and fear

The wind came to early
too strong for me to bare
bending my branches without explanation

Something broke
not enough to fall
but enough to change the way I grew

I tried reaching upward
But I leaned to the side
Twisting and turning
Reaching for whatever light I could find

No one even noticed how unstable I had become

Or maybe they did
And just chose not to see

I needed some shelter
So I could learn to be free

I grew the only way I knew how

Sideways
Around the damage
Around the silence in the wind

Seasons passed
Some winters would stay

Deep in my rings
Holding years I couldn't shed

Sometimes the sun would find me
The moments were quiet
The warmth was relieving

I learned how to stand strong
From other trees
and how they kept growing new beautiful leaves

Slowly but surely
I kept growing too
without the permission I once only knew

Not straight
Not perfect
But alive

My roots dug deeper
Than the eye could see

now I stand strong
ready for the wind to blow

I don't turn away
I'm firm in the ground

Offering what I never had

A place
Where the wind doesn't
feel so strong

A place
To know
I belong