Rain Tree

From my bathroom window, looking out I see
The golden red blossoms of the lovely raintree,
A species that is known for its heritage Asian,
One known to be of the invasive persuasion.

But today the rain tree is comforting me,
For life has imparted some misery,
Two friends have departed but not due to the virus,
I’m sharing my affection on the modern wireless.

Doyle Perkinson was known as “Daddy Doyle”,
A man who took pride in what he could broil,
A man who sheltered me under his wing,
Advice on deals and strong women were his thing.

And Hilmar Moore was a modern man,
A healer supreme, a thinking repairman,
H.G.’s visions helped me out of the box,
And helped me be open to smelling the phlox.

These two men were quite different it might seem,
But they shared a commonality of love and a gleam
That never left their fun-filled eyes,
Always finding ways to humanize.

Raintree, raintree, cry for me,
And for all us sharing the agony,
Of losing two of Earth’s better members
Two friends departed at the end of November.
The raintree stands somber like a soldier,
Lamenting that it’s hard every day getting older,
Saying “Tears for the departed are indeed important,
But you might take their departure as a portent”.

“Of what” I ask, in a voice of despair,
And the raintree places its blossoms on my hair,
And envelopes my being in the most wonderful way,
“Stoke the fire in your soul for you have today.”

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Pray the raintree’s blossoms
Comfort you too.