

Holding on (In praise of a Whitebeam)

White beam,
On the lean,
Over the street,
Lamp to my feet,
Of strength will rise,
From root to branch,
Out to the skies,
A limited edition,
Yearning the horizontal position,
Or posture, over pasture
Whose blades are cast in,
Shadows of something greater,
Sustained by Maker,
It stands alone,
Yet stands for all,
And will not fall,
And carry on,
Still holding on,
Holding on
Holding on..... **John Winterbottom - June 2020**

