

Michael Willette

18 March 1930 - 20 March 2009



Just as even the mightiest
Of oaks once was a mere acorn
That once, by breeze or burst
Of wind was shaken
From another, also mighty tree...

And, just as that one took root--
By some combination
Of chance and persistence--
Sent up a shoot,
Survived as sapling...

And, just as over time
That one burgeoned,
Spread its mighty limbs
Green against the blue
Prairie sky, supplanting
Its lightning-riven progenitor
In the shaking acorns down
With some finding fertile ground...

And just as beloved as that
Great oak will always be,
Its might and dignity
Most revered
Held now in memory
As it leans where
Once it stood;
Buffeted by wind,
Battered by disease...

So all of this does
So sorrowfully
Lead us to concede to
What heaven's law does decree,
Though you are most beloved,
Just as it is for mighty oaks
Just so, this is as it must be.



Mary H-B, March 2009