

THE MAJESTICS
by Helen Schacht 1969

Looking out of my window at the stately forest of trees,
The birch, the oak and the willow burst forth in their majesties.
Looking up toward the heavens, forgetful of turmoil around,
Towering, swaying in breezes with roots that stem from the ground.

How peaceful, quiet and calm their heritage through the years.
Only ruffled by seasons storms, but sturdy beyond all fears.
Their majesties always remembered by those they seem to please.
Never their joys be forgotten – that beautiful forest of trees.