

Beneath the Oak Tree

I recall

*Your weathered face, lined with age
Breaking into that familiar smile, bright as any star
And your rough, calloused hands
Sweeping me into your embrace.*

*The precious memories, faded by time
Of the nights spent together
Laughing beneath our special oak tree, under the stars.
Your laughter rings in my dreams, clear as a bell
Yet silky and sweet as honey,
Sweeping across the night sky
In a melodious arc.*

*I hated to disappoint you.
Your look of disapproval—
pursed lips, knitted brows and your haunting eyes
Like pools of water, filled with decades of memories
That stared at me, leaving me crestfallen.
Your pain was my pain.
Your every teardrop
Was a needle-sharp dagger, stabbed in my heart.*

*And at last, the final memory of you
Seen through eyes blurred with tears
When you were laid to rest, alone
Beneath our oak tree, filled with memories
Under the stars.*

Lee Cheuk Lam (P6)

