

Beneath the Tree upon the Hill

Synopsis: Two young lovers meet in spring, their relationship reflecting the seasons turning around them.

It was springtime when I first saw you beneath the tree upon the hill. Your eyes met mine, smiling, even though your lips were still.

Fresh new life burst forth upon the tree, it was the first season you fell in love with me.

A season of firsts. First touch. First dance. First kiss. Young spring's love truly is contented bliss.

That first spring we became lovers, you took my hand, my breath, my heart, beneath the covers.

Young love is such a fleeting thing, if only we could hold forever that wonderful first spring. But everything shifts, seasons turn, and the past is a place to which we can never return.

Summer came and as the days grew longer, the love between us grew even stronger.

The gentle wind stroked the leaves of the tree and played with your summer dress, beneath the branches your hand stroked mine in a lover's gentle caress.

I had to have you, for the rest of my life, so that summer I asked you to be my wife.

In the dappled light beneath the tree's golden boughs, we looked into each other's eyes and exchanged our solemn vows.

On each other's hands we placed a ring. You became my queen, and I became your king.

When I looked into those eyes it was if they were glowing, so it came as no surprise, deep inside you a tiny seed was growing.

Eventually summer gathered her things, and the birds and the bees took to their wings.

The first chill breeze of autumn filled the air, tugging and teasing at your golden hair.

Like the tree upon the hill, your limbs grew heavy, weary, bearing fruit, and as the day approached, I grew nervous...but you remained stoic, determined, resolute.

Suddenly an ocean of voices talking at me. I'm confused, alone, lost at sea.

"I'm sorry, there were complications, she tore, she bled." At least I think that's what the doctors said?

By now we should've been living out our dreams, instead mine are haunted by your last labored screams.

In the days that followed I tumbled close to the edge, but in that darkest hour I made a solemn pledge.

Like the shifting seasons, you blew through my life before casting me adrift, but even in my grief you've left behind parting gift.

Now there's someone who depends on me, and I will protect with all my heart, our love's legacy.

Some days I feel like giving up when I hear her tiny voice, but it's amazing what we can endure, when we have no other choice.

Autumn has faded and a harsh winter has taken its place. The cold North wind's fingers claw at my face.

Through so many seasons, memories still torment me now you're gone, but one thing remains that must be done, so through the thin blanket of snow I trudge on.

Once again, we stand together upon this hill. This time a small hand within mine, hugs tight against the chill.

"She loved you too," I hear myself say, and together we kneel for a moment and pray.

To you I make a silent promise through the tears, to care for your echo throughout her years.

I stutter, "I'm sorry. She couldn't be saved." As I remove the ring and place it with the flowers on the grave.

Love is indeed a fleeting thing, and how I yearn for that now first brilliant spring.
Your eyes are closed now and your lips still, as you lie sleeping, beneath the tree upon the
hill.