

Dear Jo,

If planting trees was all it took,
To grow a life, to start a book,
Then many pages there would be,
Provided by a single tree,
If leaves could fill an empty space,
If roots could paint a golden face,
We'd fix the ending to your book,
If planting trees was all it took.
But soil can't feed the heart we lost,
And rain can't warm the numbing frost,
A girl won't grow despite our care,
Despite the fact we need her there.
So all we have is just this tree,
In hopes that if we listen, we,
Will hear her voice as branches touch,
To whisper words we need so much,
That roots will twine, will grow out long,
To reach our hands and make us strong,
That bark will cover, heal our scars,
Which wrap our memories, make them ours,
That buds will grow to burst through gray,
To bring some colour to our day,
That lilac blooms which hit the floor,
Remind us that we love you more.

Xoxo

Love Forever,

Jod Hook