By: Emma Jurkic

The Lone Tree Thunder booms,

With flashing light,

Going out of sight,

As I sit under the lone tree.

The rosy horizon,

Shines in my eyes,

And starts to rise,

As I sit under the lone tree.

The smell of roses that bloom,

Follows the dusty path I go,

That leads me to the row,

As I sit under the lone tree.