An ode from the antique tree

A young fruit tree centuries ago,

Watching Keats’ swaying quill,

Through the window I see a pile with Keats’ poetic skill,

I’ve seen Keats’ secret marriage proposal,

Though he never managed to be in a wedding carriage.

New owners came and went,

I’ve heard bird’s hoots,

And witnessed men in exquisite suits,

I’ve been bashed by children,

I’ve shaped and wrinkled over the years,

I helplessly watched Keats’ death make poor Fanny hysterically burst into tears.

Now, I’m just an old tree,

Merely gripping to the ground,

Each day I get closer to my death,

The grass around me is always kept fresh.

A young fruit tree centuries ago,

Owned by Charles Brown,

But now, I’m wearing a noble branch crown.

By Selina