My Tree

The tree outside my house stands taller than any building around, and smells like a fresh spring day.

It stands strong like a soldier, protecting my house from anyone in its way.

I feels rough like the scales on a crocodile's back, the surface a rollercoaster – smooth, bumped and cracked.

My tree is thicker than both my hands can reach, I think I'd need ten to make them meet.

When the wind blows, it makes a noise like hedgehog rustling through leaves, like if is whispering secrets just to me.

It is older than all of my household put together.

I wonder what it will see if it lives forever?