

Johnny Appleseed

*I walked within a shadowed glen;
To feel the stir of life within.
To breath the air, to touch the trees;
Then nature brought me to my knees.*

*Where am I now? Where have I gone?
Those days I lived beneath the sun.
Where then my trail so oft did go,
A lifetime squandered, so few know.*

*I could have helped. I could have led.
My comfort, though, I chose instead.
A world in need of my support,
"It's not my job!" was my retort.*

*Then nature whispered, thin and frail;
Will you put wind back in my sail?
Will you give love to those in need?
Please care for me and plant a seed?*

*I need you now, like ne'er before,
You're whom I have been waiting for.
My fields are gone, my spirit's dead,
I need your touch to keep me fed.*

*My spirit stirred to life once more,
I knew what I was destined for.
To love the earth as if my own,
It was my cause, and mine alone.*

*I set out, then, across the land,
My seeds in bags and trowel in hand.
I planted trees and flowers too,
A beauty so few ever knew.*

*I lived my life, a ripe old age,
I was well known, a floral sage.
I planted trees, as was decreed,
John Chapman once, now Appleseed.*

