

He weeps.

Thin. Twisted limbs. Sparse hair long absent of red and now white.

How he musters the strength to visit me every week, let alone shed tears once here, I can't say. But it's been forty-five years, and not once hasn't he showed. The worst weather doesn't keep him away, and I've seen him in all states of wellness.

Until his last breath, he will appear to grieve beside my sturdy frame.

He whispers her name, and talks to her as if she's before him. He laments his continued existence and begs Death to reunite them.

As always, he asks me why.

Once I answered his cries and revealed I'm aware, we're all are all aware and listening. I couldn't then, and I can't now, explain how I came to be her final resting place. That isn't for me to know, and for the man and his kind to solve.

But she used to sit on my branches and sing, and the sound was sweeter than the birds, and I grew to love her. Not as much as him, but I loved her. I didn't want her forgotten, so I'd told where to find her.

Since then, he comes every week. He weeps.

And I weep with him.