

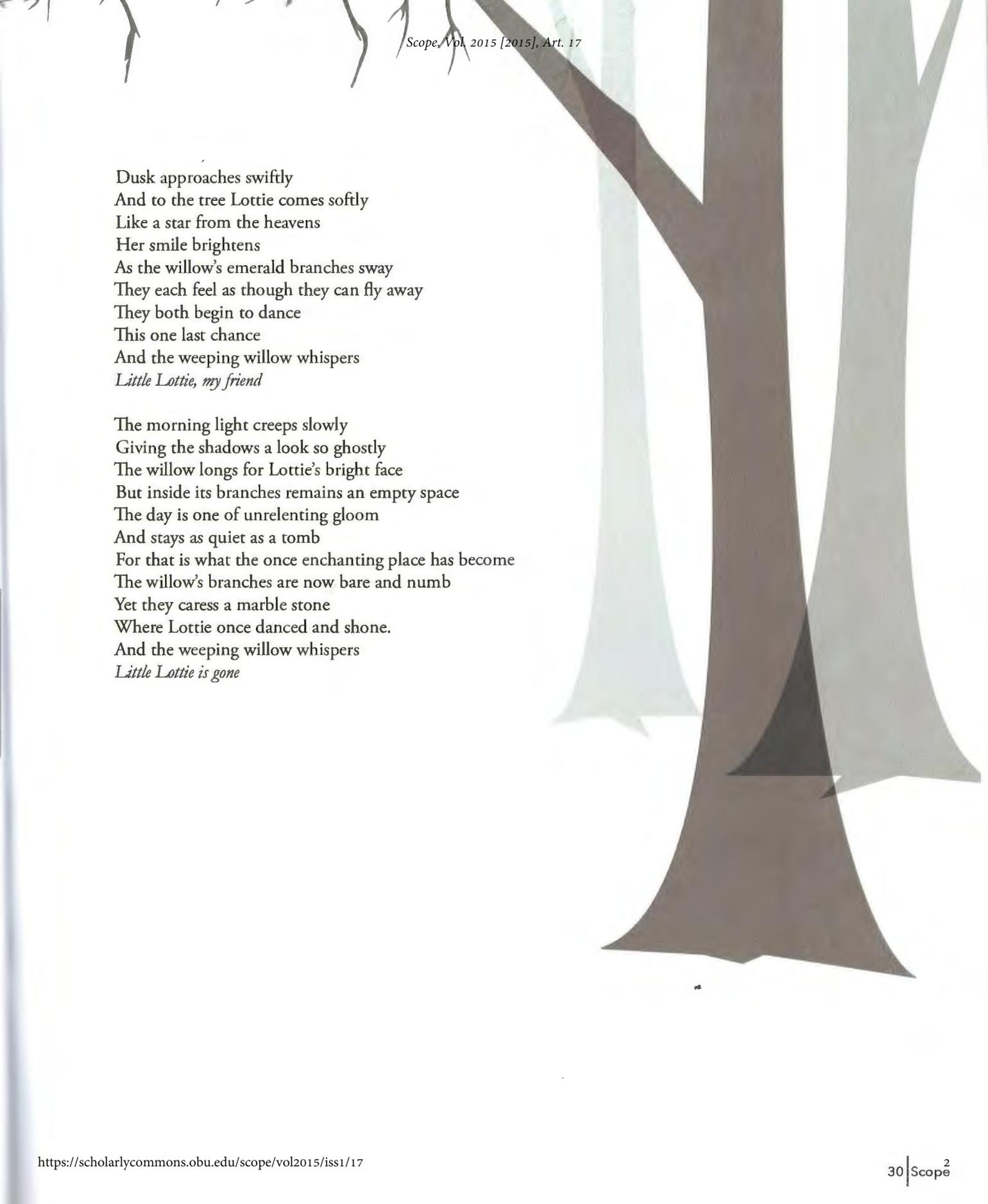
Little Lottie

Victoria Anderson

Her golden locks cascade past her shoulders
Like crystal waters rushing over boulders
Her innocent eyes are always wide open
As she runs to the willow with joy unbroken
The tree welcomes her inside its curtain of branches
Where she creates an enchanting world full of dances
Against its trunk she lays her head
The birds sing a lullaby overhead
And all the while the weeping willow whispers
Little Lottie sleep

The child's radiant smile shines
And the willow delights in that light so divine
As she climbs through its branches and sunny beams
Trusting the willow with her childhood dreams
Neither ever want this time to end
Each has become the other's beautiful friend
The sun sinks back down into its bed
While once again Lottie lays down her head
Always the weeping willow whispers
Little Lottie stay

But children grow
And it is far from slow
There are days when Lottie doesn't come
Leaving the willow feeling so lonesome
In these days of heavy solitude
Everything, even the sun, is subdued
Nothing can cure the tree's sorrow
Except the hope of seeing her tomorrow
Anxiously the weeping willow whispers
Little Lottie come back



Dusk approaches swiftly
And to the tree Lottie comes softly
Like a star from the heavens
Her smile brightens
As the willow's emerald branches sway
They each feel as though they can fly away
They both begin to dance
This one last chance
And the weeping willow whispers
Little Lottie, my friend

The morning light creeps slowly
Giving the shadows a look so ghostly
The willow longs for Lottie's bright face
But inside its branches remains an empty space
The day is one of unrelenting gloom
And stays as quiet as a tomb
For that is what the once enchanting place has become
The willow's branches are now bare and numb
Yet they caress a marble stone
Where Lottie once danced and shone.
And the weeping willow whispers
Little Lottie is gone