



Pause for poetry: Michael Hawkes /6

## Description

### An Old Sentinel

A poem by **Michael Hawkes**

A tree, a tree, I am  
A gnarled and creaky tree.  
Still reaching for the sky, I am,  
But roots won't set me free.

They hold me down, they do, they do,  
In the very place I grew, and grew.  
Down and firmly grounded,  
That's all they know to do.

A woodsman has his eye on me,  
He does, he does, it's true.  
He wants my trunk to hew, and hew.  
He'd saw me, saw me, into boards he would,  
That's what he wants to do.

To nail me on the walls, the waiting walls,  
Of his cabin in the woods, so new, all new  
To keep out wind and rain, and rain,  
That's what he wants to do.

I ache from reaching up, I do, I do,  
So grey and bleached and blue.  
I hope he has his way with me, with me,  
I truly do.



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I'd reach that promised land, at last, at last,  
With nails in either hand, alas.  
That's what I want to do.

25\03\20 Hawkes

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**Michael Hawkes** is an 80-year-old survivor of all the world's wars. He learned and (loved to rhyme) by torturing the hymns he had to sing at school. A retired West Coast fisherman living in Montreal since 2013, he is an unschooled Grandpa Moses writing an average of five poems every week.



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