

## My Christmas Tree

When you look at my tree  
What is it you see?  
The quaint little packages lying underneath?  
Or the shining tinsel up on our wreath?

If you look a little closer  
If you look deep inside  
See past all the trimmings  
And push the glitter aside

You'll find something special  
And not very small  
The love of my family  
The true meaning of it all

We're all right there within its branches  
Our lives strewn out in little patches  
A story to be told  
Each Christmas when it gets cold

Our tree isn't perfect  
And my family is defiantly not  
But we're all here shining  
In this one little spot

But there are a few rough spots  
And a gap here and there  
A branch that is broken  
Even a corner that's a bit bare

A couple of lights that can't shine  
And a bell that won't chime  
A brand new manger  
And a worn out angel

A gooseberry pie  
And a new-found music note  
A dusty old pipe  
And a poem someone wrote

But the important piece  
Is the star perched on top  
It's our love for one another  
That will never stop

That is what I see  
When I look at my tree  
A mutual love  
Between my family and me  
- Megan D'Andrea