An ode from the Ancient Tree

I was a young fruit tree,

But now I have fallen down,

I am over 200 years old,

Through the window I saw Keats suffering,

I could not do anything.

I am ancient,

I am old,

I have fallen,

I have been bashed by children,

I have been wrinkled.

Through the sturdy door I saw,

John Keats slowly perished,

He wrote a lot of letters for Fanny,

When Keats died all the people he knew cried.

I am still a tree,

And I am still free.

**By Zahra**