

During the process of writing my Spoken Word poem, I wanted to write about something that defines the importance of various virtues that go along in life. In my opinion, loyalty is the most important virtue in life, so in my poem I felt that my subject should be a living thing, and it should have the capability to live as long as man can be able to. My best thought was a tall, strong coniferous tree, which is has lived for millenia. I stuck with the tree because I believe that even though they are unconscious, they are innocent and virtuous beings. Having no consciousness, I provided this tree with the gift of individual thought. It is a wise tree, and so is the old man in the poem. I reckon that this is a true story of loyalty as both are old, weak, but they are wise and they have stayed all of the old man's life, becoming lifelong brothers of a special kind.