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Feet

Cover Page Footnote
Sister's Feet

We Trees

By Aubrey Thompson

Guys always go for flowers.
Their colors and petals are magnetic.
They are the fresh pastels of Spring
And lively brights of Summer.
Their petals are soft,
Their petals are delicate,
Their petals dance
With the aria of a gentle breeze.

No man goes for trees.
We bear the scars of harsh Autumns
And relentless Winters
That the flowers could not endure.
Our trunks are rough and grooved.
We tower over the slight, fragile flowers.
Our colors are mute.
We sing not the aria of innocent flowers;
We are the deep, soulful voices
Of the Earth itself.

We are the virgin mothers
Of Nesting Robins
That build their cribs on our outstretched arms;
Of Graceful Owls
That find sanctuary in the hollows of our hearts;
Of Playful Squirrels
That feed upon the fruits of our spirits.

We take upon our shoulders
The brunt of every storm
And comfort our sweet babes—
Tell them not to fear the thunder.
We stifle the scorching rays of Sun.
We breathe life into all around us.

But the men wage war
On our selfless bodies.
They tear us apart,
Cut us down,
And feed us to the fire.
They destroy us
To build their dwellings.
Why do they kill us
To construct mere houses
When what we offer
Is not an empty frame
But a home?

They do not understand
That the curves of our trunks and branches
Are not made for the flirtations of flowers,
But for a pure and sacred love.
Our devotion is not blown about
By the winds of infatuation like the flowers—
They allow themselves
To be swept away at the first breath
That flutters their silk petals.

Not we trees—
For we trees choose our passions.
We trees have deeper roots.
