A Tree Hugger's Eulogy

Eric Steffen

Olivet Nazarene University, ericsteffen22@yahoo.com

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We are not alone here.

A tree has life, as me and you.
And though it may not know
Whether it lives or dies,
We do.

We see the beauty in its growth and decay,
And in this I hope we see each day:
The sky serene
The tree’s true green
And nothing can compare,
To the fall of leaves
In the playful breeze
And their dancing in the air.

We are not alone here.

Products of imagination in creation.
We think, and think we’re higher,
Place ourselves above our station.
I and the bird, the squirrel and bee
Are all meant to enjoy the tree.
The shade it provides
And the shelter it hides.

We are not alone here.

We tear down trees
For buildings to build,
We box in nature
For our boxes to fill,
We tamper with climates
Because we want control,
And in our neighbors covet,
Give us more, give us more.
The cycle is vicious, momentous,
And always going round.
It won’t be broken
If we refuse to make a sound.
Look outside, see the leaf.
Take one, as a token
And carry in it your belief
That all nature is dancing,
As the wind gives her rhythm,
We join in enhancing
This wonderful system.

We are not alone here.

And this isn’t a tree.
It’s the coal, the water, the glaciers.
It’s the oil, the copper, the sweatshops, and slavers.
It’s freedom, responsibility, humility, justice.
It’s equality for all, not just us.
And it’s also a tree.

We are not alone here.

We are in the system, a part of the whole.
Called to take care of this world, from pole to pole.
And when we farm, we grow,
At times we harm, but know,
If our goal is good—
Intentions pure,
Our past may be unclean
But rest assured,
We can make again pristine.
It’s not too late,
Don’t leave this to another
Or chalk it up to fate.
And so I ask sister, brother,
Who am I?
Who are we?
God’s creation, His Stewards:
Humanity.

And if we use and abuse
This beautiful thing,
If we take for granted what we can do
Over what we should do,
And forget to change our views,
Pretty soon we won’t have anything.