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We Trees

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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.