

Forest's Glory

The trees
whisper
as they settle
into the ground

No
wait
they are shouting
screaming
vying for attention

The ground
it laughs
a deep
booming laugh
and adds
to the cacophony
of the trees

"Look at me!"
the trees shout
"see my beauty
I am surely more glorious
than any other tree
in the world
my beauty is unmatched by all
my leaves more green
my trunk wider
my roots deeper
than any you have seen before"

Yet they all say this
and the ground laughs

swallowing them in its
earthy
half-formed mouth

“It would seem”
the ground chuckles
“that you have a
plethora
of choices
Each
apparently better
than all their peers
Like petulant children
they quarrel
fighting for dominance
in my vast expanse”

The trees all hush
horrified at the implication
of the ground
“But I *am* better”
they all screech in unison
“I *am* unique
these others
they are impostors
who cannot
match my splendor
Surely my luster
is greater than that of an entire forest

I am a mighty redwood
an ancient oak

a melancholy willow

a majestic pine

My ancient sylvan

glory

is unmatched throughout the world”

The earth’s laugh is deafening

echoing through the hallways

of the tree’s mausoleum

“Your glory

is built

upon each other

yet how you shun

your comrades

You would destroy each other

I think

if only you could move”

The wind stills

the earth quiets

and the trees are left

by their lonesome selves

to wait for an opportunity

to vie once more