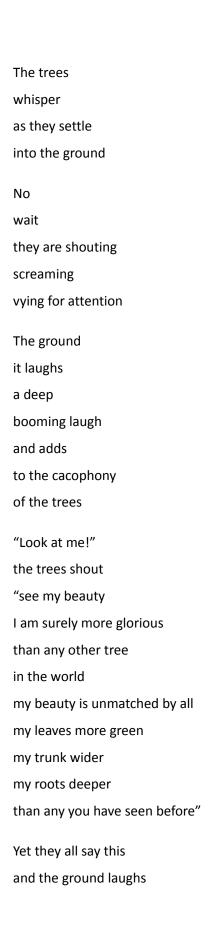
## **Forest's Glory**



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