

In the morning, a child is born.

Nine months of hope and care now cradled in his mother's tears and father's song.

As their long-awaited treasure has finally come

Elsewhere in the house, a seedling sprouts,
Breaking free from the clutches that had held
its seed beneath the ground.

Bearing the hope of the weary man and the bird
chirping overhead, eagerly seeking a place to lay
its nest.

As the child grows, so does the baby plant.
Now a sapling, with soft leaves kissed by the
child's laughter.

The two friends frolic together, one dancing with
its leaves, and the other moving his hips in
response.

It seemed like their bond will forever last.

Except, down came the mighty axe,
Its blade swinging at every stem that ever dared
to sprout.

And the child could only watch, with tears in ~~his~~
his eyes, as his best friend fell face-flat on
the ground.

What else could a little child do?

Years pass,

But the ache in his heart remains

He sees more trees fall, meeting his best friend's
fate

A whisper in his heart turns to a thunderous
cry; "Restore!"

It becomes a fire within him,

Fueling him to awaken the dead plants,

Growing their seeds to stand firm in what was
once the mother plant's ground.

And he commits to doing that all the years
of his life.

Now, lying on his death bed, a fulfilled man.
He sees his grandson beside him, with a
potted plant in his hand, bearing leaves that
shimmer like the ones he had befriended as
a little child.

His mind slowly drifts to the future, and in it,
he sees a world where all of nature's children
could survive

And more than survive, together, thrive.