

IT'S GOING DOWN, I'M YELLING "TIMBER!"

by Ayanfe D. Idowu

A seed is planted.

It grows, germinates; seated.

It flourishes and remains rooted.

The mighty oak is ignited.

A leaf is sighted.

Spurting out from branches, ignited

By the flames of growth, veins are lighted.

The living oak is guided.

A flower is birthed.

Attracting pollinators with petals adorned.

Trapping sweet fragrance of unconditional love.

The pleasant oak is strengthened.

THEN

The seed is dying.

Drenched in poison by four-legged creatures

Who trade trees for towers in currencies with no value.

The mighty oak is faltering.

The leaf is shriveling.

Shivering with no branches for blankets.

Shrouded in darkness, factories, man-made Capitalism.

The living oak is dying.

The flower is wilting.

Stripped and beaten until its black eye makes a girl cry.

Kidnapped from its home and forced to slave for Man.

The pleasant oak is wailing.

When will Man learn to live in harmony

With Nature?

When will Man reclaim his roots and embrace

That from which it Sprung?

When will Man and Oak

Thrive side by side

Just as it was ordained?