

Edna Blythe Elwell  
1355 S. Uravan St.  
Aurora, Co. 80017  
(303) 752-4630

REQUIEM FOR AN OAK TREE

In the forest called De Soto,  
Grew the oak trees, tall and stately,  
Arms uplifted to their Maker,  
Never doubtful of their safety.

A hundred years, beside their brothers,  
They had grown to mighty stature,  
Each one distant from the others,  
As ordained by Mother Nature.

Into the forest, came the woodsmen,  
With their rope and axe and saw,  
Looking for the finest timber,  
Though it is against the law.

Carefully they eyed the forest,  
Lest a Ranger might be near,  
Then they set about arranging  
All their spacing and their gear.

Having settled on a victim  
And a place to fell the tree,  
They wrapped the rope around it,  
Anchored for infinity.

Swiftly climbing to the tree top,  
With their bodies sleek and brown,  
They began to drop the branches,  
One by one, upon the ground.