

Edna Blythe Elwell
REQUIEM FOR AN OAK TREE

The birds have stopped their singing,
And the squirrels dash away,
Still, nearby cling the butterflies,
Though quivering in dismay.

The woodsmen, having finished,
Dropped neatly to the ground,
They eyed their work with satisfaction,
And slowly looked around.

Quickly, they grab their axes,
Blow by blow, they strike the tree,
Sinking deep into its armor,
As they try to cut it free.

The tree stands tall and stately,
As they chop to undermine
Its everlasting balance,
Which won't give an inch, they find.

Each man grabs a handle
Of the vicious cross-cut saw,
Then they swing it into action,
Ripping deep into the raw.

The tree stands tall and stubborn,
The men back off in awe,
They rearrange the rope,
Again, they grab the saw.