

Edna Blythe Elwell
REQUIEM FOR AN OAK TREE

Hands on hips, the woodsmen pace,
Leaning down, they eye the notch.
The young man takes the axe,
Again, he chops and chops and chops!

Tree, falling, crashing downward,
In the opposite direction,
Snaps the rope and sends the men
Running for protection!

A hundred years within the forest,
Tree lived longer than a man,
Existing only as a refuge
For the creatures of the land.

Then, suddenly, a raging wind
Comes rushing through the trees,
Bowing the heads of all his friends,
Some bending to their knees.

Stars hide behind the blackened clouds
That gather 'round the bier,
Lightning strikes with golden whip,
The forest shakes with fear!

Silence, now, has settled in,
Darkness protects his brothers.
Softly, lightly, floating in,
Rain, weeping for the others.

End